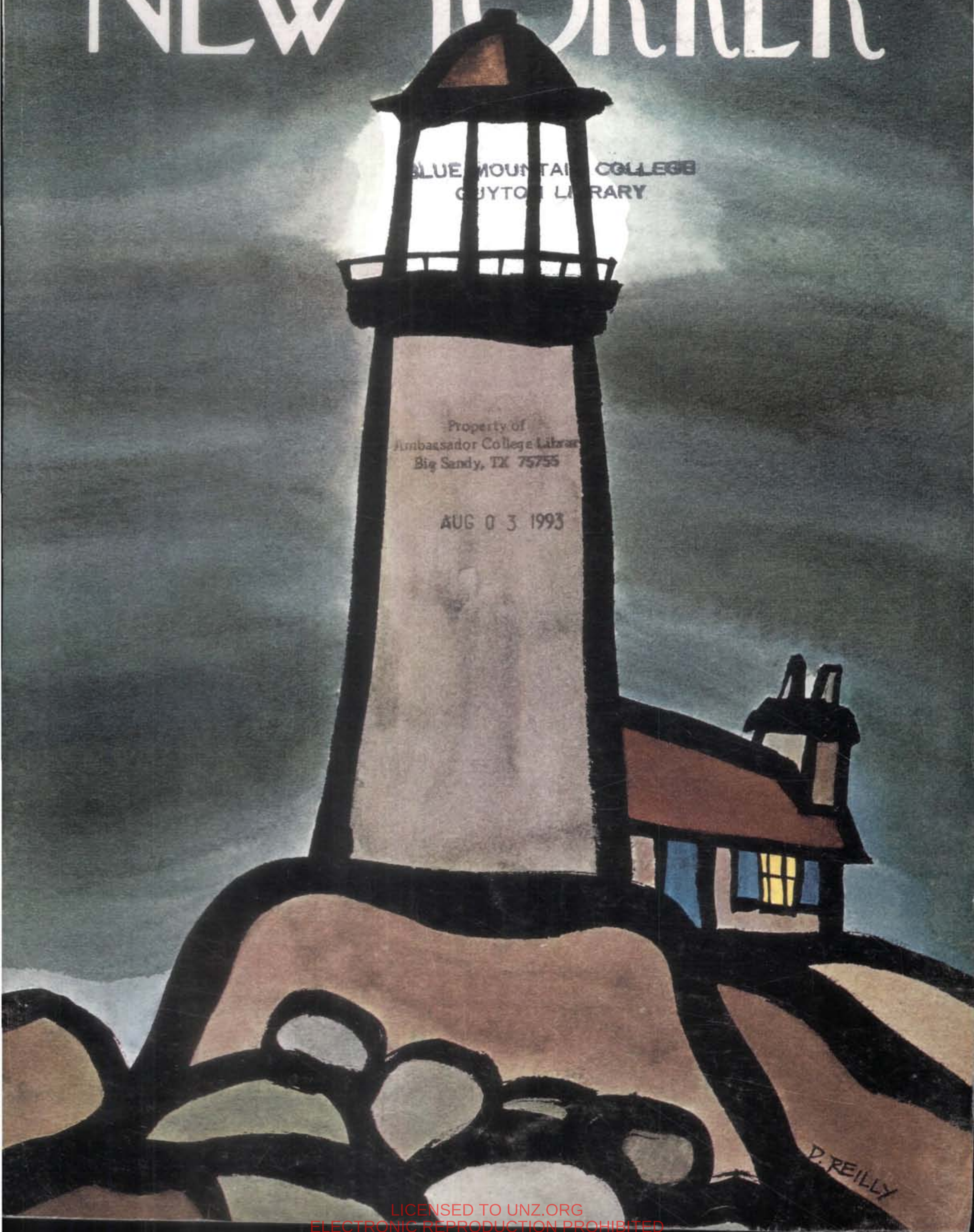
April 19, 1969

THE NEW YORKER

Price 50 cents



BLUE MOUNTAIN COLLEGE
GUYTON LIBRARY

Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755

AUG 0 3 1993

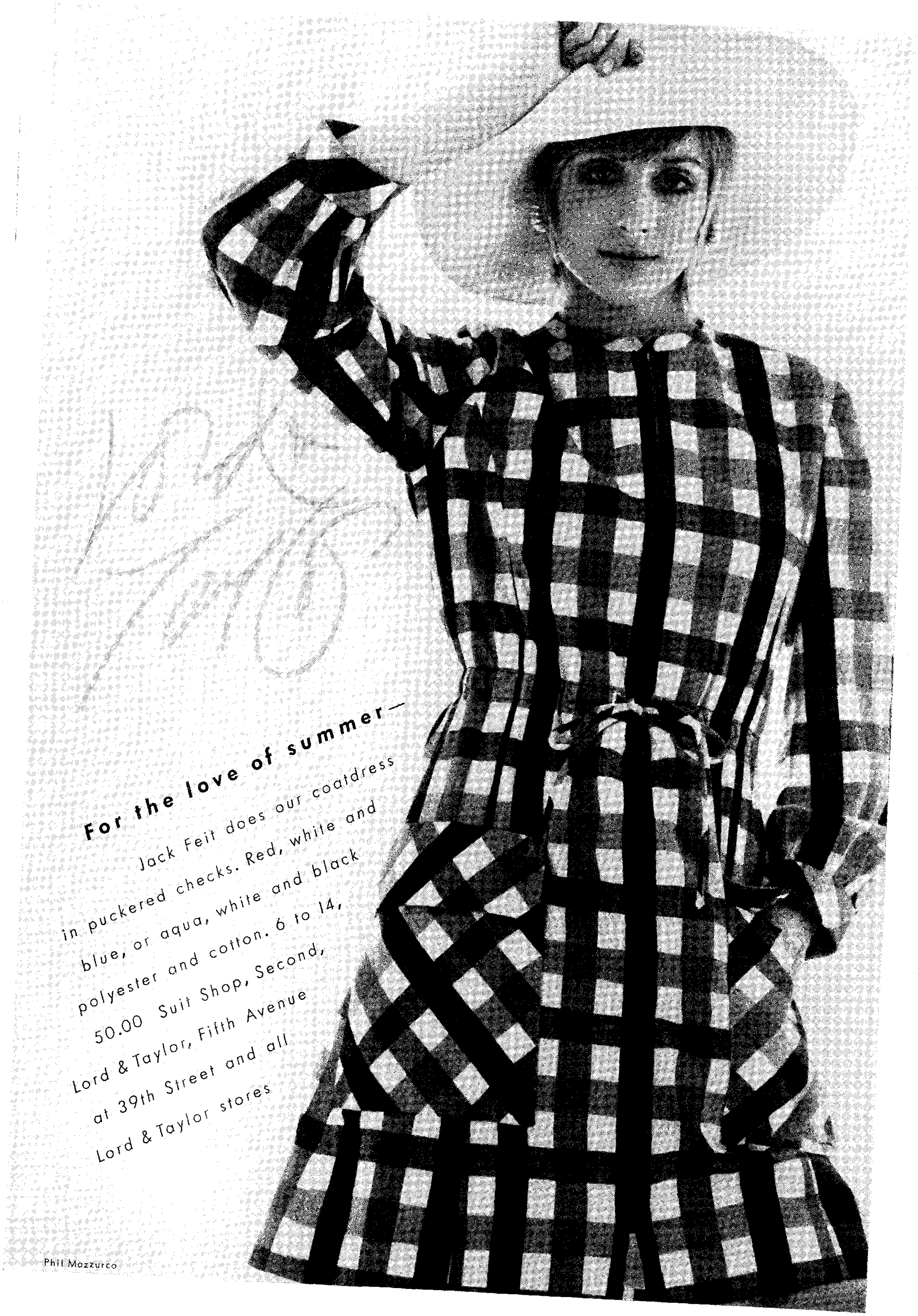
© Charles of the Ritz 1969

When was the last time he saw you blush?

We're not suggesting you don't blush.
Of course you do. But underneath heavy foundations
those charming blushes are invisible.
New Liqui-Creme® make-up
changes that. It lets you come through.
There's never been a foundation this light, this
translucent, this natural. Liqui-Creme
make-up gives you the face you've
always wanted. Your own. Only lovelier,
with all the beauty and naturalness of youth.
Come on now. Start blushing. And let him
see how pretty you look.
Liqui-Creme: the light foundation for that younger look.

Charles of the Ritz

LIQUI-CREME
Foundation



For the love of summer—
Jack Feit does our coatdress
in puckered checks. Red, white and
blue, or aqua, white and black
polyester and cotton. 6 to 14,
50.00 Suit Shop, Second,
Lord & Taylor, Fifth Avenue
at 39th Street and all
Lord & Taylor stores

Phil Mazzurco

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ADAPTATION and NEXT—Two one-acters (the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May) that together make the funniest evening imaginable. Gabriel Dell and James Coco are the respective stars. Highly recommended. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

APA REPERTORY COMPANY—The final performances of the season. Shakespeare's **HAMLET:** Thursday and Friday, April 17-18, at 8:30; Saturday, April 19, at 2:30 and 8:30; Monday and Tuesday, April 21-22, at 8:30; Wednesday and Thursday, April 23-24, at 2; and Saturday, April 26, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Molière's **THE MISANTHROPE:** Thursday through Saturday, April 24-26, at 8:30. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877.)

AN EVENING OF ONE ACTS—Three plays, in three styles and moods, that perhaps do not offer the strongest program that the Negro Ensemble Company has yet put on, although it is a lively one. The performances, under the direction of Edmund Cambridge (two plays) and Douglas Turner Ward (one play) are, as usual, a joy to behold. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Thursday, Friday, and Sunday at 8:30, and Saturday at 7 and 10:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 20.)

FORTY CARATS—Julie Harris, Marco St. John, Murray Hamilton, Franklin Cover, and several other nice people in a comedy adapted from the French by Jay Allen and cleverly directed by Abe Burrows. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

GEESE—A twin bill by Gus Weill. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE GINGHAM DOG—Diana Sands and George Grizzard in a play by Lanford Wilson. Directed by Alan Schneider. Previews through Tuesday, April 22, with a special matinée that day at 2. Opens officially on Wednesday, April 23. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE GREAT WHITE HOPE—A long, loud whoop of a play, wonderfully acted by James Earl Jones. A huge cast is required to tell this sad tale of the betrayal of a good black prizefighter by many white villains. Howard Sackler is the author and Edwin Sherin is the adroit director. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

HADRIAN VII—A play by Peter Luke, based largely on the peculiar novel of the same name by Frederick Rolfe. Alec McCowen plays the paranoid hero with great élan. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

INVITATION TO A BEHEADING—A whimsical and mannered adaptation of an early novel by Vladimir Nabokov. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 9; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 4.)

JIMMY SHINE—Dustin Hoffman in the title role is the main reason for going to see this skimpy little comedy by Murray Schisgal. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, April 26.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

LITTLE MURDERS—A revival of Jules Feiffer's black farce about violence—indoors and out—in New York. Alan Arkin, its new director, has made a hit out of this Broadway flop of a couple of years ago. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE MAN IN THE GLASS BOOTH—Robert Shaw has taken the Eichmann case out of history and into melodrama, and it makes for an exciting if preposterous couple of hours. Jack Warden now has the leading role. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

PAPP—A four-character play by Kenneth Cameron. Season subscribers only. Opens Thursday, April 17. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 7 and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM—Woody Allen playing a sort of young Jewish Lear, or maybe Othello—anyhow, not Romeo. Mr. Allen wrote this confused comedy and has had the sense to fill it with pretty girls. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

QUOAT-QUOAT—Jacques Audiberti's comedy is the first item in a month-long repertory of three plays, performed in French by Le Tréteau de Paris. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 106 Central Park S. For tickets, call 249-3074. Friday, April 18, at 8:30; Saturday, April 19, at 3; Tuesday, April 22, at 8:30; Wednesday, April 23, at 3 and 8:30; Friday, April 25, at 8:30; and Saturday, April 26. at 3. Closes Wednesday, May 14.)

REPERTORY THEATRE OF LINCOLN CENTER—Heinar

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 31

"TIME AND EFFORT" . . . . *Gilbert Rogin* 36

"THE LAST TO GO" . . . . *Penelope Gilliatt* 38

"THE ACTOR" (POEM) . . . . *Thomas Snapp* 40

"THE OLD ROOM" (POEM) . . . . *W. S. Merwin* 44

A REPORTER AT LARGE (LUNAR LANDINGS—II) . . . . *Henry S. F. Cooper, Jr.* 47

THE THEATRE . . . . *Brendan Gill* 98

THE RACE TRACK . . . . *Audax Minor* 100

"VISUAL WELFARE STATE" . . . . *H. F. Ellis* 103

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE (FEMININE FASHIONS) . . . . *Lois Long* 109

OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS (PABLO CASALS) . . . . . . *Bernard Taper* 123

THE ART WORLD . . . . *Harold Rosenberg* 136

"O'RILEY'S LATE-BLOOMED LITTLE SON" (POEM) . . . . *X. J. Kennedy* 142

LETTER FROM PARIS . . . . *Genêt* 144

THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Penelope Gilliatt* 149

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON . . . . *Richard H. Rovere* 155

MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Winthrop Sargeant* 164

BOOKS . . . . *Robert Coles* 169

BRIEFLY NOTED 177

COVER: *Donald Reilly*

DRAWINGS: *Alan Dunn, Joseph Farris, James Stevenson, Al Ross, F. B. Modell, Henry Martin, Stan Hunt, William Steig, Edward Frascino, Warren Miller, Eldon Dedini, Dana Fradon, Joseph Mirachi*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

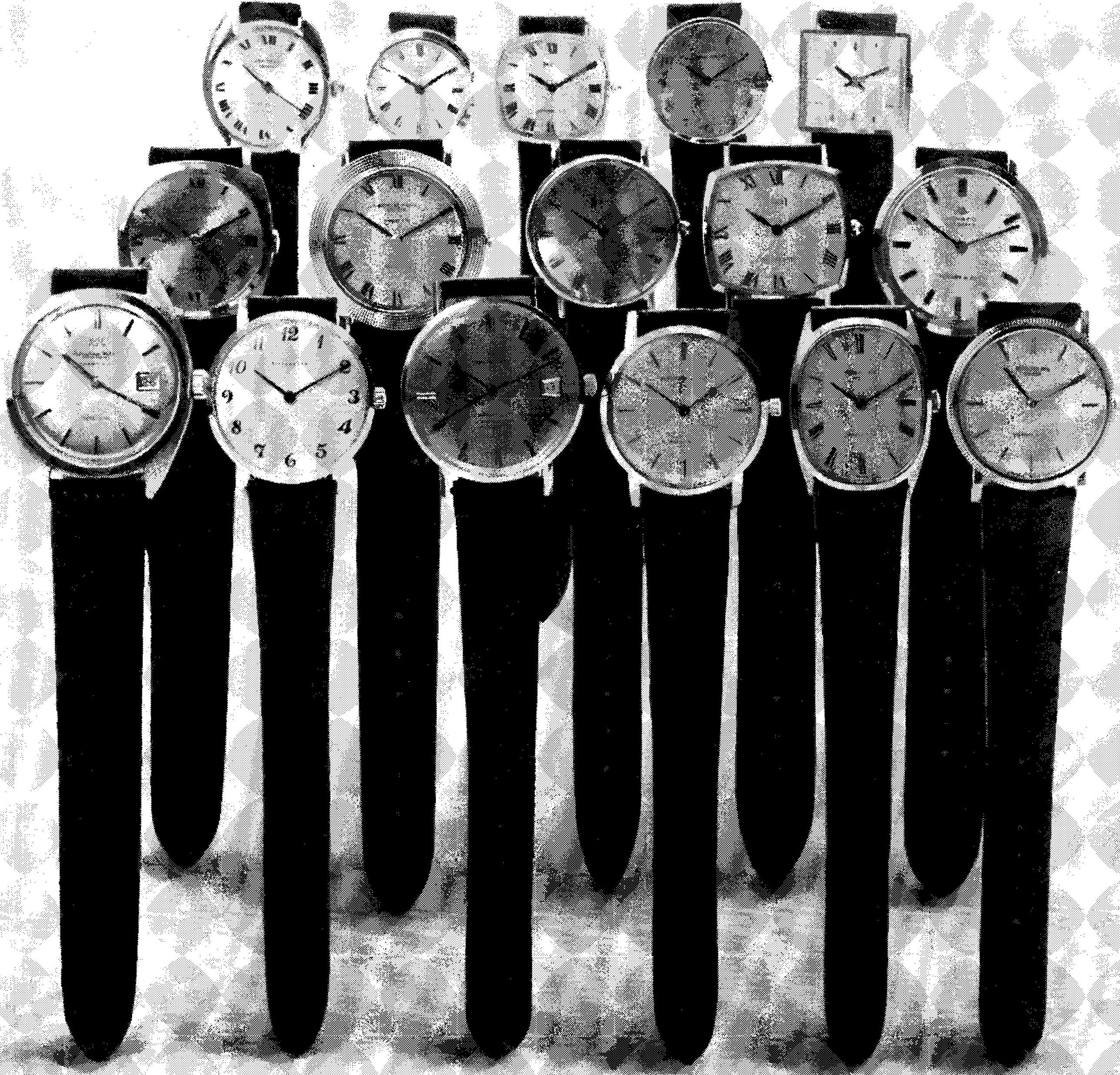
CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; R. H. Fleischmann, publisher; R. Hawley Truax, chairman of the board; Peter F. Fleischmann, president; Milton Greenstein and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; David D. Michaels, advertising director; William P. Buxton, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 437 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLV, No. 9, April 19, 1969. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1969 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $10.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $11.00; other foreign, $13.00.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY NORMAN NISHIMURA

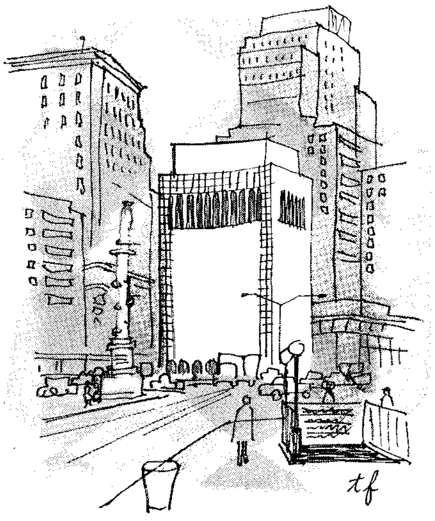
Time for graduation



TIFFANY & CO.

NEW YORK FIFTH AVE. AND 57TH ST. · **SAN FRANCISCO** 252 GRANT AVE. · **BEVERLY HILLS** 345 CAMDEN AT 9601 WILSHIRE · **HOUSTON** FIRST CITY NAT'L BANK BLDG. · **CHICAGO** 715 NORTH MICHIGAN AVE.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

Kipphardt's **IN THE MATTER OF J. ROBERT OPPENHEIMER**, a fascinating mock-documentary account, sometimes true and sometimes false, of the famous hearing at which Professor Oppenheimer was denied security clearance. In the able cast are Joseph Wiseman, Herbert Berghof, Tony van Bridge, and Charles Cioffi. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Thursday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, April 20.)... ¶ At the Forum (362-7618) in the same building is James Hanley's play **THE INNER JOURNEY**, a drab bore. (Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, April 19.)

Stop, You're Killing Me—Three brief, acrid comedies in which the principal speakers get their comeuppance, if not from the other characters, then from the playwright himself. The playwright, James Leo Herlihy, is promising and often funny. He will be even better when he has learned to check his sentimentality and conceal his hand. The performances, by the Theatre Company of Boston, are uniformly satisfactory. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

To Be Young, Gifted and Black—A selection from the letters and diaries and a sprinkling of scenes from the plays of the late Lorraine Hansberry, as recited and performed by a cast of eight. Somehow, the show is not as affecting as it might be, but it has stirring and poignant moments all the same. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

War Games—A play by Neal Weaver. Opens Thursday, April 17. (Fortune, 62 E. 4th St. 777-0030. Opening-night curtain at 7:15; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**THE BOYS IN THE BAND:** A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **PLAZA SUITE:** Three conjoined one-act comedies by Neil Simon. Barbara Baxley and Dan Dailey have the leading roles. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **SCUBA DUBA:** Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is about an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MUSICALS

Canterbury Tales—Chaucer debauched. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Celebration—A musical by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt about love, God, goodness, youth, desire, failure of desire, and death. All in two hours, and all cheerful. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Dames at Sea—An entertaining takeoff on musical movies of the thirties, with a delightful performance by Bernadette Peters as a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. 674-6060. Moves on Tuesday, April 22, to the Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St., WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dear World—A musical version of "The Madwoman of Chaillot," ingenious in everything but its music, and worth seeing for Angela Lansbury as the dotty Countess Aurelia. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

An Evening with Max Morath—A one-man show to cheer the heart. Mr. Morath, at the piano and on his feet, reintroduces us to some of the foolish popular songs that prevailed at the turn of this century, and to the intrusion of cheeky, wonderful ragtime. His words may sag a bit occasionally, but his music is always stylish, bracing, and merry. (Jan Hus, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 4.)

The Megilla of Itzik Manger—A twelve-performance return engagement of this Israeli musical, in Yiddish and English, taken from the Book of Esther. Adapted by Shmuel Bunim, who also directed. The music is by Dov Seltzer. Opens Saturday matinée, April 19, and will run through Sunday, April 27. (Longacre, 48th St., W. 246-5639. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

Peace—Aristophanes' funny satire on war, brought up to date and turned into a musical, with songs by Al Carmines and words by Tim Reynolds. Mr. Reynolds' words are good enough, but it is Mr. Carmines' score, along with his dynamic presence at the piano, that makes the show the delight it is. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Promises, Promises—Jerry Orbach, Jill O'Hara, and many others in a marvellous musical with book by Neil Simon and music and lyrics by Burt Bacharach and Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

1776—A simple-minded misreading of American history, executed with schoolboy high spirits. Starring William Daniels and Howard Da Silva as John Adams and Ben Franklin. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Zorba—An amiable musical starring Herschel Bernardi and Maria Karnilova. "Zorba the Greek" was a popular novel and then a popular movie, so the musical can offer few surprises, but in a musical who needs surprises? The tidy, pleasant music and lyrics are by John Kander and Fred Ebb, respectively, who did "Cabaret." (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

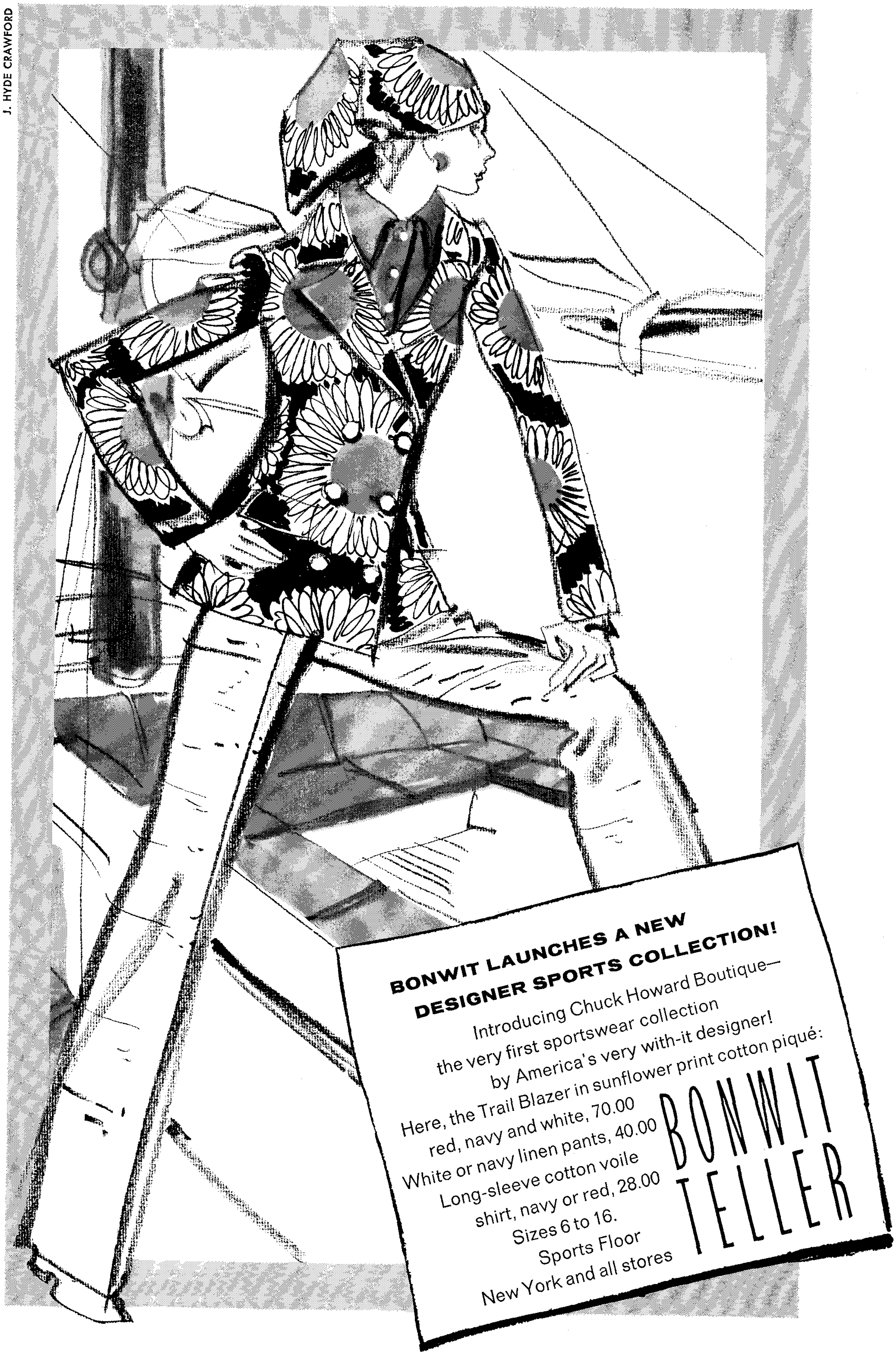
Long Runs—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **CABARET:** How things went in Germany shortly before the Nazis took over. Lotte Lenya and George Voskovec. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **CURLEY MCDIMPLE:** A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** He skipped off the gunrest and looked gravely at his watcher, gathering about his legs the loose folds of his gown. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Harry Goz in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **GEORGE M!:** An account of the life of a Broadway performer and songwriter whom many people admired but practically nobody liked. Joel Grey plays him. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, April 26.)... **HAIR:** A host of hirsute young folk hell-bent on knocking you for a psychedelic loop, and they do, they do. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **MAME:** Jane Morgan plays Auntie in the musical version of Patrick Dennis's novel. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. Robert Wright plays the title role; David Holliday substitutes for him at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) ... **YOUR OWN THING:** As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Opening performances (tentative schedule) of an engagement that will run through Sunday, June 15—Tuesday, April 22, at 8:15: "Serenade," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Agon," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue."... ¶ Wednesday, April 23, at 8:15: "Scotch Symphony," "Ivesiana," "Meditation," and "Tchaikovsky Suite."... ¶ Thursday, April 24, at 8:15: "Divertimento No. 15," "Agon," "Tarantella," and "Firebird."... ¶ Friday, April 25, at 8:15: "Serenade," "Ivesiana," "La Source Divertissements," and "La Valse."... ¶ Saturday, April 26, at 2:15: "Jewels."... ¶ Saturday, April 26, at 8:15: "Ballet Imperial," "Agon," "Meditation," and "Ivesiana." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

Royal Ballet—Opening performances of an engagement that will run through Sunday, June 1—Tuesday, April 22, at 8, and Wednesday and Thursday, April 23-24, at 8:30: "La Bayadère," "Enigma Variations" (American première), and "Jazz Calendar" (American première).... ¶ Friday, April 25, at 8:30, and Saturday, April 26, at 2:30 and 8:30: "Swan Lake." (Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center. 787-3880.)

Martha Graham and Dance Company—Final performances of the engagement—Thursday, April 17, at 8: "Canticle for Innocent Comedians," "Dark Meadow," and "Acrobats of God."... ¶ Friday, April 18, at 8: "The Plain of Prayer," "Phaedra," and "A Time of Snow."... ¶ Saturday, April 19, at 2:30: "Part Real—Part Dream," "Canticle for



J. HYDE CRAWFORD

BONWIT LAUNCHES A NEW DESIGNER SPORTS COLLECTION!

Introducing Chuck Howard Boutique—
the very first sportswear collection
by America's very with-it designer!
Here, the Trail Blazer in sunflower print cotton piqué:
red, navy and white, 70.00
White or navy linen pants, 40.00
Long-sleeve cotton voile
shirt, navy or red, 28.00
Sizes 6 to 16.
Sports Floor
New York and all stores

BONWIT TELLER

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

Innocent Comedians," and "Acrobats of God."...¶ Saturday, April 19, at 8: "The Archaic Hours," "Phaedra," and "The Lady of the House of Sleep."...¶ Sunday, April 20, at 1:30: "Errand into the Maze," "The Plain of Prayer," and "A Time of Snow."...¶ Sunday, April 20, at 7:30: "The Archaic Hours," "Canticle for Innocent Comedians," and "Cortege of Eagles." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Merce Cunningham and Dance Company—The last two in a series of performances. Friday, April 18, at 8:30: "Scramble," "Canfield," and "Antic Meet."...¶ Saturday, April 19, at 8:30: "Canfield," "Night Wandering," and "How to Pass, Kick, Fall, and Run." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre—Tuesday, April 22, at 7:30, and Friday, April 25, at 8:30: "Blues Suite," "Journey," "Knoxville: Summer 1915," and "Black Belt."...¶ Wednesday, April 23, and Saturday, April 26, at 8:30: "Congo Tango Palace," "Hermit Songs," "Metallics," "Lament," "To José Clemente Orozco," and "Revelations." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's annual paean to spring. (Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 2 and 7:30; Fridays at 2 and 8:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8:30; and Sundays at 1:30 and 6. Closes Sunday, May 11. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around the menagerie.)

Lillian Gish and the Movies—A benefit program of rare early Griffith, Chaplin, Keaton, and other films, with Miss Gish in person. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Thursday, April 17, at 8:30. For tickets, call 280-3996.)

Black Expo—A week-long festival of black performing arts. Tuesday, April 22, at 8:30: "High John De Conquer," a production put on by the Afro-American Folkloric Troupe....¶ Wednesday, April 23, at 8:30: "But Never Jam Today," an Afro-American adaptation, by Vinnette Carroll, of "Alice in Wonderland," performed by the Urban Arts Corps....¶ Thursday, April 24, at 8:30: Amanda Ambrose and the New York Jazz Sextet....¶ Friday, April 25, at 8:30: Eleo Pomare and Rod Rodgers and their dance companies....¶ Saturday, April 26, at 2:30 and 8:30: Billy Taylor and friends, with, in the afternoon, Duke Pearson's band and, in the evening, the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis jazz orchestra....¶ Sunday, April 27, at 2 and 8: A soul and gospel show, with Patti and the Blue Belles, the Dandridge Choral Ensemble, and Listen My Brother. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Coffee and tea in enormous vessels, and entertainment that's above the mean. The presence of comic David Steinberg should be enough to attract a crowd. Sharing the bill with him are singer David Ackles and the vocal team of John Koerner and Willie Murphy. Shows begin at about nine-thirty. On Tuesdays, the regulars take the night off, and assorted visitors come bearing instruments.

Café Au Go Go, 152 Bleecker St. (777-4530)—An underground coffeehouse that is tenebrous and occasionally significant. Starting Tuesday, April 22, blues pianist Otis Spann and the Great Train Robbery can both be heard. Performances at eight and eleven-thirty. Closed Mondays.

Casey's 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Candlelight and brick walls, and dining amid mirrors. Some fairly advanced jazz sounds from eleven until one, generally on piano and bass. No music Sundays.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Down among the warehouses, where it's just about all that's happening. A bandstand, a dance floor, some Italian dishes, and performers—the Roy Eldridge-Richie Kamuca quintet, the Ross Tompkins trio, and singer Anita O'Day—who might make a trip to this out-of-the-way spot especially worthwhile. On Sunday, April 20, from six to nine, the New York Hot Jazz Society will present a special, one-shot performance by Billy Butterfield and his sextet. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—If you should yearn for the traditional, this is about the only local Dixieland headquarters left. There's nothing extraordinary about the bar, but the music—played currently by Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Bobby Pratt, Freddy Moore, and Marshall Brown—is forthright. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A big red fire engine, peanut shells on the floor, and ricky-tick banjo music summon up the plinking eighteen-nineties, or whatever. Now and then, Vitagraph-vintage movies are shown. Tuesdays are referred to as ladies' nights. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Two banjos and a piano every night from nine to three or four. Also peanuts, boaters, garters, and prefabricated nostalgia. A fine how-do-you-do.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—It's dim, shadowy, and nondescript, and so are its environs. Jazz most nights from nine until closing by Chico Hamilton's octet. On Tuesday, April 22, the Jeremy Steig quintet will move in. Early-evening specials: Saturday, April 19, from five to nine, the Pete La Roca quartet. Sunday, April 20, at the same hours, the Sam Rivers orchestra. Each Monday at *nine, one or another jazz group appears.*

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Entertainment on two levels. Upstairs, the Bill Evans trio, which makes pleasant sounds, takes turns with the pianist Toshiko, who also makes pleasant sounds. On Mondays, when the regular performers are off, new talent is auditioned....¶ Downstairs, a couple of above-average weekends: Friday and Saturday, April 18-19, the Eddie Harris quartet and the Stan Getz quartet will share the stage with a quartet led by Larry Coryell, whom many people consider the best jazz guitarist around. Friday and Saturday, April 25-26, the Harris combo will trade sets with the Miles Davis quartet. (Shows from ten on Fridays and from nine-thirty on Saturdays.)

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—A wedge-shaped room where jazz has a tendency to thrive. The Herbie Hancock sextet alternates with Keith Jarrett's trio. On Tuesday, April 22, the Pharoah Sanders quintet and the Dexter Gordon quartet will arrive. On Sundays, from eight to one, a sixteen-piece band led by Duke Pearson performs. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Boondock is right; it's practically in the North River, in a pretty desolate part of town. Sawdust-covered floors, conviviality, and substantial amounts of what is known as soul food. Quiet jazz on piano and bass from eight-thirty to two by Nat Jones and Herman Wright (Monday through Wednesday) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursday through Sunday).

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—Banjos shake and washboards scrape and the gang whoops it up till the cows come home (i.e., from nine till two or three). On Sundays, a Dixieland band makes music from four-thirty until nine. Then the regular crew takes over and plays till the cows, etc. It's nifty.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Arthur, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420)—Eager folk immersed in imagery scurry inside and slip into seats at tiny tables, then slip out again to dance while other folk goggle. The loud sound of live groups alternates with loud recorded rock, from nine to three or four. Some food is served. Closed Mondays.

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—An ornate *boîte*. Fake palms cast shadows on upholstered balustrades, and the furnishings, many of which are for sale, provide a kind of Louis XV-Riemenschneider-Chippendale-rococo effect. The records are occasionally arcane, and the clientele looks satisfied. Dancing from ten to three or four, and dining of a delicate sort. Closed Sundays.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A reasonably successful attempt to summon up the years IV to VIII, when Carnot and his associates were trying to govern France. The décor is on the elegant side, and dinner and supper are served. Dancing, on a tiny dance floor, to an idiosyncratic assortment of records, from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—Patrons mill and mingle while a mammoth light show flashes, splashes, and dribbles on a wall. Travel Agency provides the music through Sunday, April 20. Nucleus will provide it from Tuesday, April 22. Dancing starts at eight on Fridays and Saturdays, and at nine on Sundays as well as Tuesdays through Thursdays. On Monday, April 21, at eight-thirty, the Electric Ear series will continue with two works by Pauline Oliveros and her Electronic Music Theatre of the Absurd. *Buzz-buzz, beep-beep. No alcohol.*

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—One of the oldest discothèques in existence, with an air that suits its age. The restrained recorded music runs from nine to three or four. Dim lights disclose well-dressed people dancing and dining. On weekends, reservations are recommended for tables (none needed at the bar). Closed Sundays.

Salvation, 1 Sheridan Sq. (675-3810)—A cellar of sorts where one can dance to recorded music from ten until four Sundays through Thursdays, and from nine until three or four Fridays and Saturdays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Cairo, with its grand old Shepheard's, is the general idea, but nobody is really sure. Beneath, through, and around the extravagant architectural devices, the recorded music swells. Some of it is fast, some is slow, and all of it is controlled by a voluble disc jockey. Between record sets, a six-man group known as the Victorians plays and sings. The dining is substantial. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—A pseudo-street where you can patronize a bar, a cheese shop, a fishmonger's, a gimcrack shop, and several other real establishments. You can also dance to records, from six until three Sunday through Friday and from eight until three on Saturday. The music is solid discothèque stuff.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Dancing is the main thing here, despite the rotary devices (Harley-Davidson, Schwinn, La Salle—you name it) on the walls. The crowd knows how to swing, and the records reverb. When the records don't, the Brass Buttons do. Starting Friday, April

Marshall Field & Company

It's hot,
it's cool,
it's today,
it's tomorrow, it's sophisticated
and savvy, it's a square
that swings, it's a closet
that's a world, it's blazing,
brilliant, upbeat fashion, in a
word, The Last Word.
Boutique 28. At Field's in
Chicago. On Six. There's
nothing like it back home.

Saks Fifth Avenue

Our shirty-looking, white-stitched dress has super size patch pockets on its sides that look very safari-ish. It's brass buttoned, too. Fibranne rayon in red or brown, for 6 to 16, $46. Young Elite® Dress Collections.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

25, the Sioux will do their thing. Closed Mondays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's in the vaults—below a crêpe-and-shish-kebab establishment of the same name—and it's generally considered to be a cool place. The records rarely fall below the tempo of "Goodbye, Columbus," and the dance floor is alive from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Reservations—for whatever they're worth—are suggested on weekends. The drinks are huge. The walls are Paisley.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): History is not repeating itself, for the kings and the captains who made it have departed; nowadays, the repeating is done by the gramophone that plays on while the house band is at leisure. The house band, though, is populated by Lester Lanin's first-stringers. Closed Sundays. . . . **Pierre,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): Whirl without end, and a social one at that. The impetus is given by the tunes of Phil Wayne's band on Monday and Tuesday, Stanley Worth's the rest of the time in the Café Pierre, where, on the Worth evenings, Ellen Harwicke contributes neat song and piano, too. . . . **Delmonico's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The old household words, such as "peace" and "comfort," are still spoken in the restaurant, where the household guards are the cheery musicians under the command of Ernie Warren. No music Sundays and Mondays, though. . . . **Roseland Dance City,** 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): It takes all kinds—except, that is, rockers and rollers. The décor and nourishment are elemental; the dance is the thing, and to that end the music is perpetual and live. Seven-thirty until around one during most of the week; Sundays, starting time is three-thirty. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Rebels, and not without a cause. Every Monday and Tuesday, Mabel Mercer plumps gently but firmly for literacy in the American lyric (Buddy Barnes' piano provides the best in footnotes); the rest of the week (Sundays excepted), Joan Rivers sets forth the premise that man's place (if, indeed, any) is in the home and on the shelf. Ten is the usual starting time, but Fridays and Saturdays begin at nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Go Middle East, young man, young maiden, to where several contingents—Israeli, Greek, Turkish, Armenian, Yemenite, and the like—join friendly hands. Avram Grobard is the moderator, George Mgrdichian is chief oudist, Yakov Uriel serves as Gabriel's trumpet, Itamar serves as caroller, and a solemn female turns the *danse de ventre* into a form of ceremony. The dining is native without being naïve. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—The small revue called "Free Fall" has been repaired by Ronny Graham, and it is now often in his jocular, jugular, Dracula vein. The players too, have been touched up. All are now excellent, and Patti Deutsch is exceptional. Except on Sunday, the operation is done twice a night, beginning at nine-thirty.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—In the Royal Box, it's hail the conquering hero as Sergio Franchi takes the stand, during dinner and supper, to sing his well-groomed *fortissimi*. The musicianly Lee Evans band takes special care of the dance tunes. Closed Sundays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Andalusian Standard Time (the flamencan beat) governs the activities of the coltishly young group marshalled by Ramon de los Reyes, principal dancer. Alberto Rochi, a tenor clad like Solomon in all his glory, takes his own time (*molto ritardo*) with his ballads, which are likewise clad like S., etc. Twice a night, every night. . . . ¶ In the Flamenco Room, a tiny theatre-in-the-round, fervent demonstrations of the off-beat Spanish handclap and flight-of-the-bumblebee Spanish song go on until all hours, and every night.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Give-it-a-whirl is the treatment accorded nearly every ditty by the Temptations, and the eye is drawn more firmly to those facile feet than the ear is drawn to the glee-club harmonics. Twice a night. On Thursday, April 24, Paul Anka, the well-known Pied Piper, replaces these dervishes. Every night, from dinner on and on. . . . ¶ It seems always to be larkiest just before dawn in the street-level lounge, though the night people and the night music (the foursome known as the Pacesetters) begin as early as ten.

Downbeat, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—What goes on in the basement of this steak house may be rear-guard action in defense of traditional Americana, but it is action with gallantry and gumption; to wit, the World's Greatest Jazz Band—which contains such as Bob Haggart, Yank Lawson, Billy Butterfield, Lou McGarity, Bud Freeman, Ralph Sutton, and Bob Wilber—*and* the quartet run by Joe Venuti (hot fiddle-dee-dee), *and* Maxine Sullivan's cool-as-a-cucumber songs, *and* the interlude piano of Ram Ramirez. No dancing, sorry to say, but sound from six-thirty to two. Closed Sundays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Among the sprites of spring must be included Dana Valery, whose custom-made arias float lightly above an orchestra that clearly loves the way she sounds. She ornaments the Persian Room at dinner and supper. On Friday, April 25, she will be succeeded by Connie Stevens, a show-world soprano, who will appear that night only at ten, though twice a night thereafter. All the rest of the night will continue to belong to the chiming bands of Burt Farber and Mark Monte. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In **Plaza 9—and All That Jazz,** Mousie Alexander's dance triad keeps its lyric power under a certain restraint when it serves up dance music. Among the visitors is Glen Covington's threesome, which is solely for looking. Dinner *si*, supper *no*. Proceedings commence at eight. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ There is music (alive, alive-o) from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, and again from seven to nine (except Sundays) in the Edwardian Room; this is mainly the fiddle plied by Sandu Marcu. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes the perfect spot to begin the Grand Tour of Europe, for then Gunnar Hansen's violin sets off upon the prescribed route. No action Sundays, and Monday nights belong to Mr. Marcu.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Billy Eckstine, who looked upon 52nd Street when it was all jazz and a yard wide, still sings, silkily yet jovially, and his songs never follow the straight and narrow. At dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Philosophy 401, set to innocent music and words that are intoned by a professor with tenure—Hildegarde, who makes an entrance twice a night into the Maisonette. The orchestras of Quintero and George Cort are a large piece of the action here. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Across the way lies La Boite, where the only sound is Ernest Schoen addressing his Viennese violin and Jules Kuti addressing his Viennese piano. Closed Sundays.

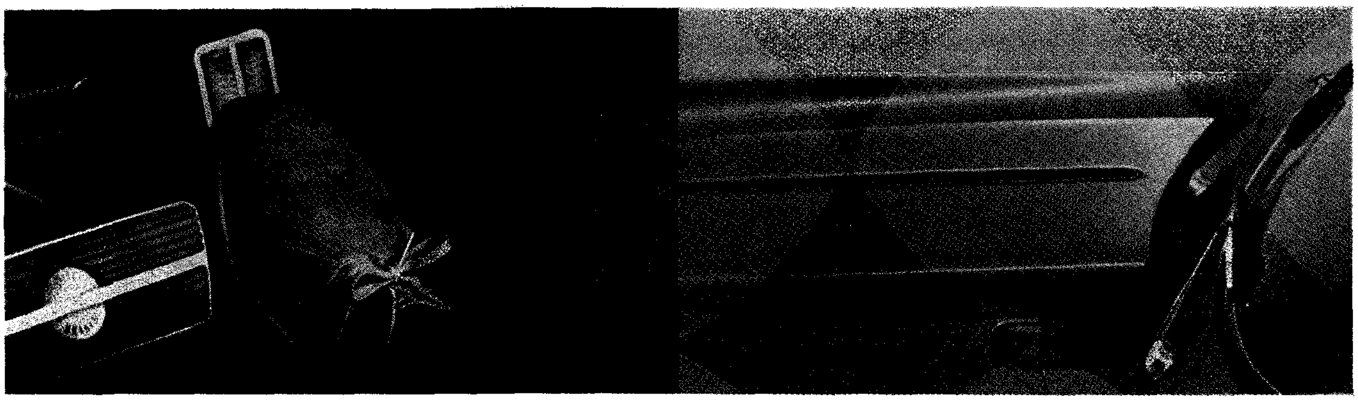
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—There is only one singer who belongs in the Peggy League (fond or furious but always meaningful whispers), and that is Miss Peggy Lee herself, the dominant chord of the dinner and supper hours in the Empire Room. She departs on Tuesday, April 22; next evening brings on Don Ho, a royal Hawaiian banterer and balladeer. Dance tunes in quantity, the best of them by a sort of Carnaby quartet called the Re Vells. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Peacock Alley affords dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight to one or one-thirty along with dinner and supper, plus piano on its own from four to eight Mondays through Fridays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): First in the hearts of his country-club men is Louis Golson Hawkins, who runs his in-town

insert foot... open mouth



Camaro's new Super Scoop. Step on the gas and it steps up performance.

We really put our foot in it this time. Brought out a new Super Scoop hood you can order for Camaro SS and Z/28. It opens on acceleration and socks cool air to the carburetor for more power.

Camaro's got a lot of other scoops, too.

It hugs the road with the widest tread of any sportster at its price.

It's the only sportster with computer-selected springs.

Bucket seats, Astro Ventilation, full door-glass styling and wall-to-wall carpets are all standard equipment.

With the SS version, you get all this *plus* a big V8, wide oval tires, power disc brakes and a special 3-speed with floor shift.

Your Chevrolet dealer's got the whole story on how the Hugger scoops the competition. Stop in. See for yourself.

And step on it.

CHEVROLET

Putting you first, keeps us first.

Camaro SS Sport Coupe with Rally Sport equipment and Super Scoop hood.

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

Our Latest Social Triumph: from the loungewear collection that makes elegance effortless at last: an adventurous one-piece culotte that looks like an evening dress. Virtually backless, but very covered-up in front. It has a built-in bra. Made of a carefree new polyester slinky twill in Vanity Fair's exclusive Ribbon-Tide print. Sizes 8 to 14 and priced only about $38. Vanity Fair Mills, Inc., 640 Fifth Ave., New York. VANITY FAIR

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

country club with aplomb, éclat, and single and double piano, his teammate being the redoubtable Wayne Sanders. From eight until early morn is the idea, and nobody works Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A word to the worldly wise is sufficient, especially if it is inserted in one of the lyrics that Bobby Short keeps in stock. He, his piano, and his aides (Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan) begin at nine-thirty, but never on Sundays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): A fine state of affairs, all of them foreign, or at least West Indian—costumery, cookery, and chantey, the last of these by a brace of on-the-move calypso men. Closed Sundays; no music Mondays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Night after night you can see the stagecoach coming through Generation Gap on its way to Young City. Chuck Wayne's threesome greets it at the gateway to the old corral. No music Sundays. . . . **THE APARTMENT,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): Under what at times are difficult conditions, and every night but Sunday, Charles De Forest keeps on singing the vinaigrette vignettes of big-town life he does so well. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Not upon a Grecian urn but upon a Steinway sits Rita Dimitri, the Athenian turned Parisian soubrette. Her dinner songs (repeated, Fridays and Saturdays, at midnight) are almost audience-participation, and she is indeed a hostess with the mostest. Polite dance music starts rustling at eight. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): If two Hungarians meet over a glass of Tokay, they start a gypsy orchestra. Béla Babai's band flavors this scene, and Tibor Rakossy is lord of the manor and lord of the tenors. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): A practically continuous standing ovation—sometimes by the customers as well as the crew—to Italian opera that is well basted with *fettuccine* and Orvieto. Closed Mondays for soundproofing. . . . **GRENADIER,** 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (753-2960): Parliamentary rules prevail in what does seem like a bit of a well-known sceptred isle, but Lynn Richards, who plies her piano and soprano Tuesday through Saturday every week, is nevertheless whoop-de-do New York. Nine until two is her plan of attack.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Castles and kings, bishops and knights, but never a pawn. The principal knight-errant is Norbert Faconi, dean of the faculty of after-dark violinists, who makes his weapon serve the noble cause of Cupid. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Tiber, Tiber, burning bright/Until very late at night—two, say. Up to that hour, musicians and singers, who begin at seven-thirty, are on the move. Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): A country house in the Alpi Marittime. Lynn Mullinax has taken over the piano in the bar and added several notes of cheer. He's there from six to midnight, except for Sundays. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The upper half of the same enterprise, but worlds apart in every aspect. In one of the alcoves on display there is piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Nothing but the best. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one every evening but Sunday. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Pomp and circumstantial evidence thereof—these are the characteristics of the bar-restaurant, in which there is a piano from five until a bit after midnight every evening. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): In an art gallery that is out on a mild spree, Rogelio Reguera and his guitar conduct an eclectic survey of Spain. From around eight to around one is the range of his evening's tour, and he gets Sundays off. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Alt Wien and Nieuw Amsterdam meet in the piano and commentary of George Feyer, upholder of the *ancien régime* in dinner and supper music. Eight-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): One of the roads that lead to Rome. On and around a wayside bandstand is the crew of musicians headed by Herman Honigsberg, upon whose violin the longbow is never drawn. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR,** in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Field of the Cloth of Gold is the manner of the establishment, and mild is the manner of the piano (Joe Miles, author) that goes from nine-thirty until one, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The *grande plaisance* known as the Casino-on-the-Park has the piano, quite well educated, of Bob Kail between six-thirty and one, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **UMBERTO,** 13 E. 53rd St. (688-3344): This tribute, presumably, to Italy's final king, is architecturally a Royal Nonesuch, but an entertaining one. A troubadour known as Franco Pagani plies guitar and tenor from seven until midnight, except Saturdays and Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

RICHARD ANUSZKIEWICZ—This Op artist introduces variations into his eye-tricking color patterns; through Saturday, April 26. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

DAVID ARONSON—Bronze sculptures with motifs based on Jewish mysticism and medieval legends; through May 3. (Nordness, 236 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

EDGAR BARTON AND PAUL MUICK—Abstract wood sculptures by the former, Abstract bronzes by the latter; through Saturday, April 19. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

LEONARD BASKIN—Sculptures and drawings; through Friday, April 25. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

EUGENE BERMAN—Twenty-six "classical" landscapes by a leading Neo-Romantic; through May 3. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

PAMELA BIANCO—Intricate, eye-dazzling geometrical compositions; through May 8. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

MAX BILL—Geometric paintings and sculptures by a prominent European Constructivist; through Saturday, April 19. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

FERNANDO BOTERO—Social-commentary paintings with a folk-art quality by a Colombian artist now living in New York; through May 25. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, noon to 6.)

DORIS CHASE—Sectional sculptures in wood, steel, and Plexiglas, which the spectator can rearrange; through Saturday, April 19. (White, 42 E. 57th St.)

WILLIAM MERRITT CHASE (1849-1916)—Paintings, drawings, and prints by this American Impressionist; through May 10. (Chapellier, 22 E. 80th St.)

ED COLKER—Airbrush paintings of shapes floating in light; through Friday, April 25. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROLLIN CRAMPTON—Twenty-five paintings covering the period 1950 to 1968 by a Woodstock Abstractionist; through May 1. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

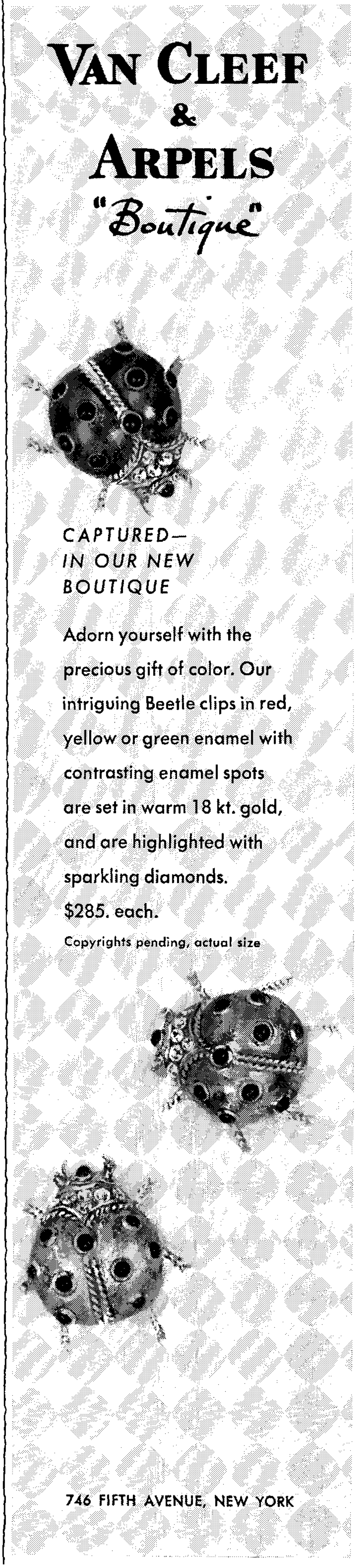
BEN CUNNINGHAM—Jewel-like patterns of color in oil on canvas; through Thursday, April 24. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

MANIERRE DAWSON—Paintings by an American early influenced by Cubism; through May 1. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

WALTER DE MARIA—Sculptures of stainless-steel spikes, which spectators are warned not to hurt themselves on; through Wednesday, April 23. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

CHARLES LORING ELLIOTT (1812-68)—Paintings by an indigenous American portraitist; through May 10. (Lewison, 35 E. 64th St. Closed Mondays.)

CLEADE ENDERS—Paintings of American scenes and animal and plant life; through Saturday,



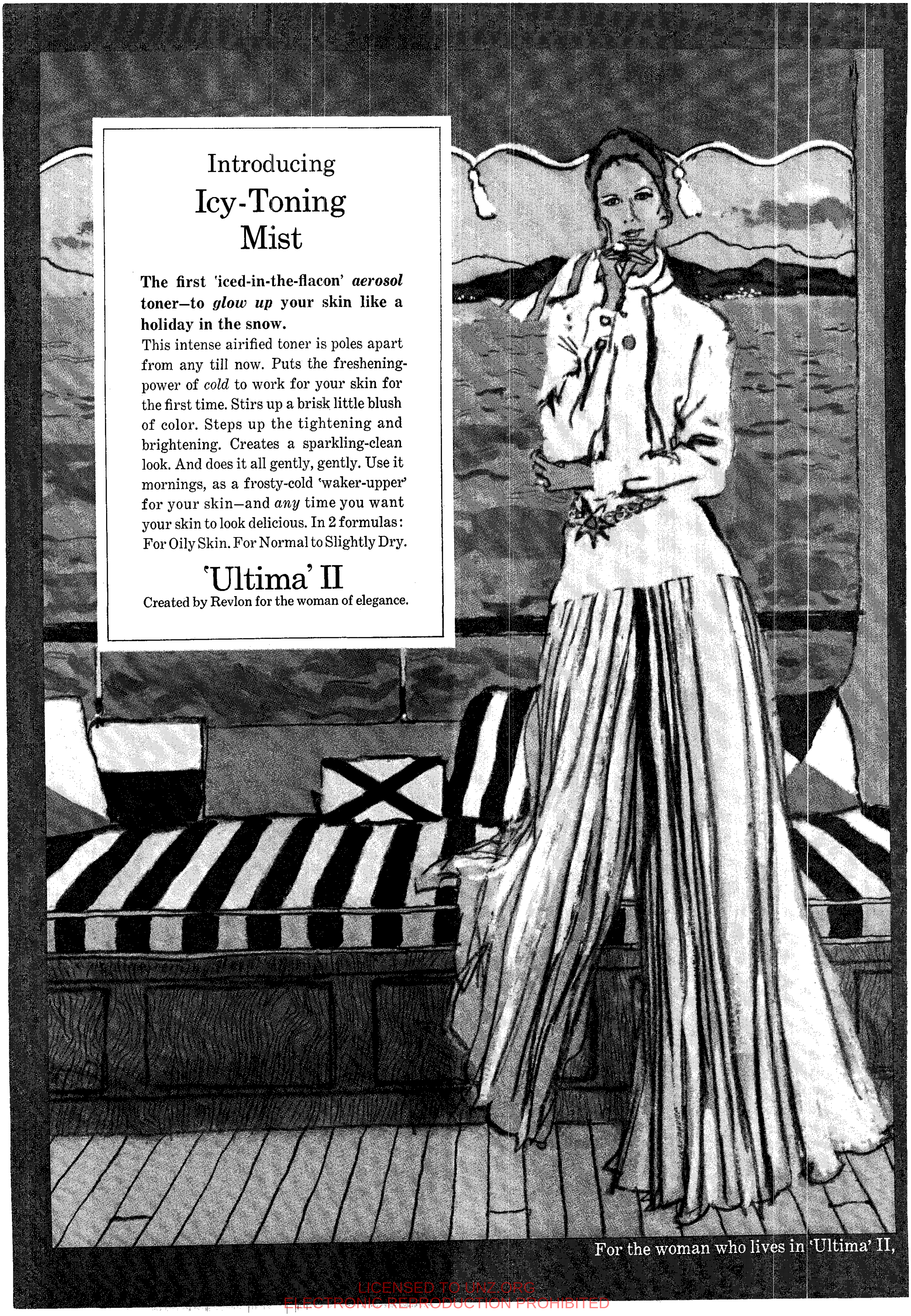
VAN CLEEF
&
ARPELS
"Boutique"

CAPTURED—
IN OUR NEW
BOUTIQUE

Adorn yourself with the precious gift of color. Our intriguing Beetle clips in red, yellow or green enamel with contrasting enamel spots are set in warm 18 kt. gold, and are highlighted with sparkling diamonds. $285. each.

Copyrights pending, actual size

746 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



Introducing
Icy-Toning Mist

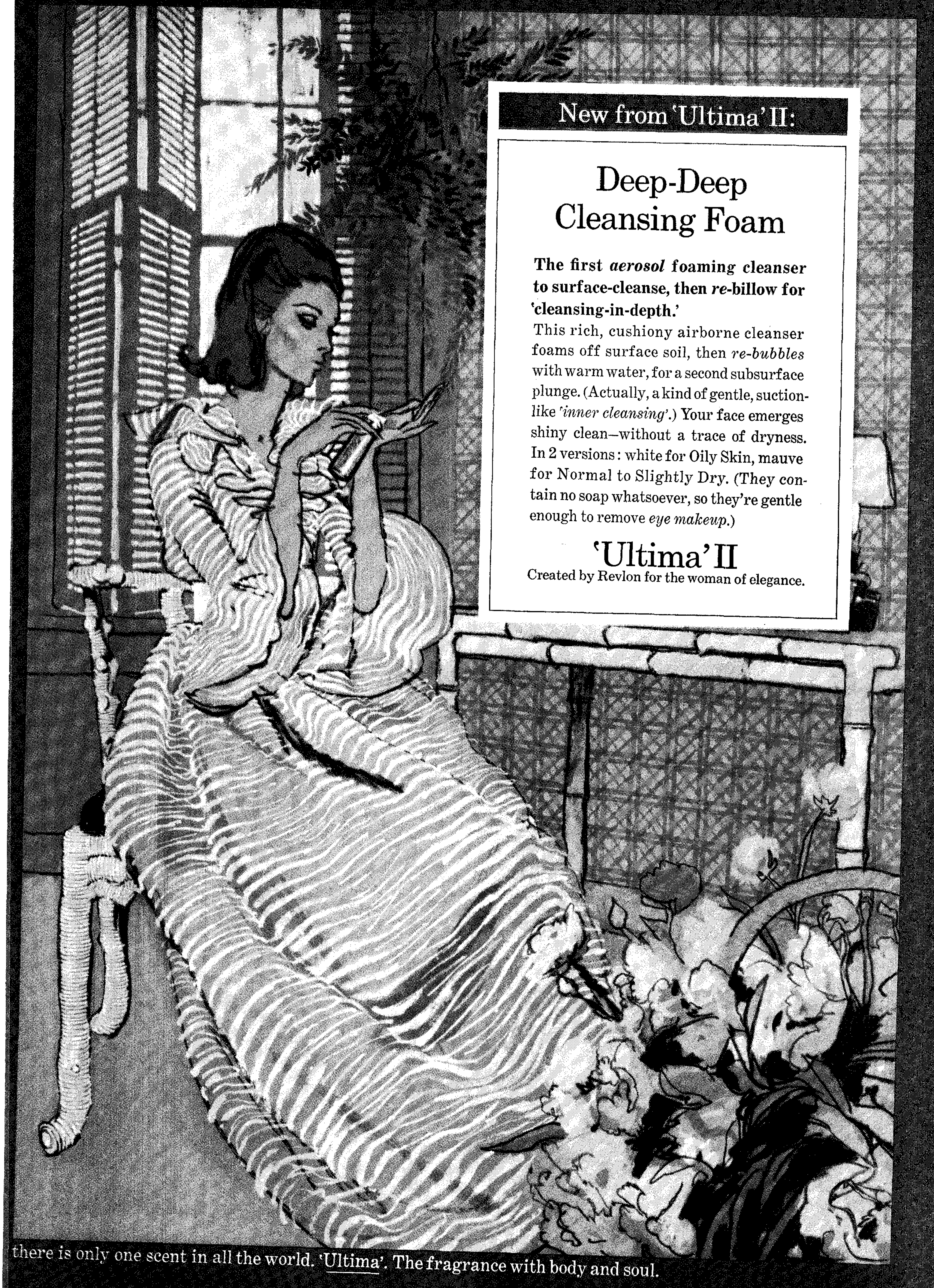
The first 'iced-in-the-flacon' *aerosol* toner—to *glow up* your skin like a holiday in the snow.

This intense airified toner is poles apart from any till now. Puts the freshening-power of *cold* to work for your skin for the first time. Stirs up a brisk little blush of color. Steps up the tightening and brightening. Creates a sparkling-clean look. And does it all gently, gently. Use it mornings, as a frosty-cold 'waker-upper' for your skin—and *any* time you want your skin to look delicious. In 2 formulas: For Oily Skin. For Normal to Slightly Dry.

'Ultima' II

Created by Revlon for the woman of elegance.

For the woman who lives in 'Ultima' II,



New from 'Ultima' II:

Deep-Deep Cleansing Foam

The first *aerosol* foaming cleanser to surface-cleanse, then *re*-billow for 'cleansing-in-depth.'

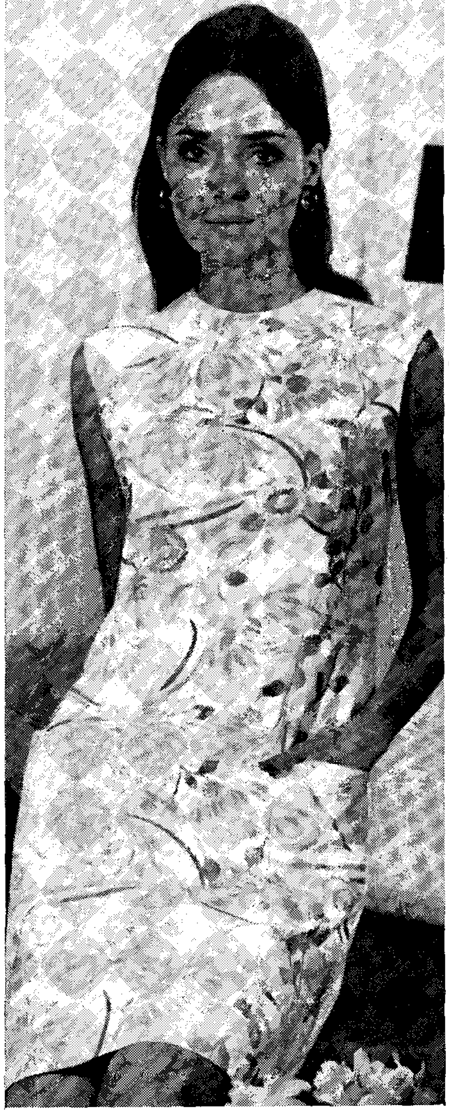
This rich, cushiony airborne cleanser foams off surface soil, then *re-bubbles* with warm water, for a second subsurface plunge. (Actually, a kind of gentle, suction-like *'inner cleansing'*.) Your face emerges shiny clean—without a trace of dryness. In 2 versions: white for Oily Skin, mauve for Normal to Slightly Dry. (They contain no soap whatsoever, so they're gentle enough to remove *eye makeup*.)

'Ultima' II

Created by Revlon for the woman of elegance.

there is only one scent in all the world. 'Ultima'. The fragrance with body and soul.

There is a certain kind of woman who doesn't quite understand how a designer designs a perfume. For this woman, there is a certain kind of store: Peck & Peck.



How summery can you be! As summery as you like, wearing this brocade piqué printed as freshly as a flower garden. (The patch pockets might even store a hand-picked bouquet.) Cotton, fully lined. Pink or aqua on white. 8 to 16, 28.00

Fifth Avenue, New York/San Francisco/Boston
St. Louis/Pittsburgh/Akron/Cleveland
Rochester/Baltimore/Chicago/Providence
Philadelphia/Buffalo/Kansas City/Hartford
Detroit/Washington, D. C./Springfield
Newport/Atlanta/Twin Cities/Indianapolis

April 26. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lyonel Feininger (1871-1956)—Paintings, drawings, cartoons, and toys; through May 3. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Herbert Ferber—Copper sculptures by an American welder; through Friday, April 25. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Peter Golfinopoulos—Five huge abstractions; through April 30. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.)

Julio González (1876-1942)—A comprehensive exhibition of sculptures, pastels, and drawings by the pioneer in welded-iron sculpture; through April 30. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Cleo Hartwig, Louis Schanker, and Anita Weschler—Figurative carvings, abstractions, and color constructions; through Saturday, April 26. (Sculptors Guild, 797 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Robert Harvey—Paintings of groups of figures against backgrounds of geometric patterns; through Saturday, April 19. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

John Healey—Sculptural effects created through projections of light by a British experimentalist; through May 10. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Barbara Hepworth—Bronze, stone, and wood sculptures by one of Britain's foremost Abstract artists; through May 3. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Clinton Hill—Paintings consisting of overlay transparent color washes; through Saturday, April 26. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Hirsch—A social realist and symbolist exhibits thirty recent paintings and fifteen drawings, including portraits of such contemporaries as Peter Blume, Chaim Gross, Raphael Soyer, and the late Ben Shahn; through Saturday, April 26. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Nat Hoover—Figurative paintings and drawings that emphasize scale; through Saturday, April 19. (Spectrum, 1043 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

John Hoyland—Seven large color-field paintings; through May 1. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alexej von Jawlensky (1864-1941)—Fifteen oils, plus drawings and watercolors, by the Russian modernist; through April 30. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Kandinsky, Franz Marc, and August Macke—A large benefit exhibit of watercolors, drawings, and a few sculptures by three members of the German Blue Rider group; through May 28. (Hutton-Hutschnecker, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Frederick Kiesler—Sculptures and sketches, some related to the huge sculptural compound on which the Viennese modernist was working at the time of his death, in 1965; through May 10. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Dorothy and Chaim Koppelman—A man-and-wife team, both followers of Eli Siegel's Aesthetic Realism, present paintings by the former, prints and drawings by the latter; through May 31. (Terrain, 39 Grove St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

Michel Larionov (1881-1964)—Forty-two paintings covering the development of the pioneer Russian modernist, famous for his work with the Diaghilev Ballet; starting Monday, April 21. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

Max Liebermann (1847-1935)—Drawings and graphics by Germany's best-known Jewish modernist; through May 8. (Leo Baeck Institute, 129 E. 73rd St. Closed Saturdays. . . . ¶ Also paintings at the American Bank and Trust Company, 562 Fifth Ave., at 46th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Richard Lindner—Watercolors and drawings by the specialist in fear-generating females; through May 10. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Antonio Lorenzo—Atmospheric paintings of imagined machines by a Spanish artist; through Saturday, April 26. (Kreisler, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ethel Magafan—Semi-abstract paintings and drawings of mountains in the West; through Saturday, April 26. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Giacomo Manzù—Bronze reliefs, including studies for his widely discussed panels for the door of St. Peter's in Rome; starting Monday, April 21. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Constance McMillan—Semi-abstractions based on landscape and figure; through Saturday, April 19. (Panoras, 62 W. 56th St.)

Edgar Negret—Massive metal-plate constructions by a Latin American; through May 3. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Louise Nevelson—Reliefs, walls, and free-standing sculptures in wood or Plexiglas by a foremost American artist; through Friday, April 25. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Barnett Newman—Eighteen paintings, some huge, and one sculpture, all done since 1960 by an influential Abstractionist; through Saturday, April 19. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Kenneth Noland—A color-field painter continues his experiments with horizontal bands; through April 30. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Novros—Multi-sectioned paintings on fibre glass; through Thursday, April 24. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Toshio Odate—Words on Plexiglas and mirrored surfaces describing impossible sculptures; through April 30. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Philip Pearlstein—Nudes and portraits by a leading contemporary figure painter; through Saturday, April 26. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

David Porter—White plastic boxes or blocks of variously shaped parts; through April 30. (American Institute of Architects, 20 W. 40th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Abraham Rattner—Expressionist paintings with Abstract elements by an important American contemporary; through Saturday, April 26. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Pierre Auguste Renoir (1841-1919)—A major benefit show comprising ninety-five oils and pastels; through May 3. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Paul Resika—Landscapes and seascapes, some with figures; through May 3. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

James Rosenquist—One mammoth painting by an outstanding Pop artist; through Saturday, April 19. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

Henri Rousseau—Paintings and drawings from the collection of his friend Max Weber, who, as it happens, is having a show of his own works at the nearby Danenberg gallery. Also letters from Rousseau to Weber, Picasso, and others. Through May 31. (Feigen, 25 E. 77th St.)

Morteza Sazegar—Geometric paintings developed in tiny segments; through Thursday, April 24. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Scarpitta—More of this artist's racing cars constructed of parts he has himself made; through Saturday, April 19. (Castelli Warehouse Gallery, 103 W. 108th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Henry Schnakenberg—Still-lifes and landscapes, in oil and watercolor, of Connecticut, Spain, Portugal, Jamaica, and the Bahamas by an American prominent in the thirties; through Saturday, April 19. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Jannis Spyropoulos—Abstract Expressionist paintings in sombre hues; through May 7. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Racelle Strick—Geometrically patterned paintings, drawings, and plastics; through Saturday, April 26. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

George Sugarman—More of this inventive artist's polychromed wood sculptures in sections; through Thursday, April 24. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sidney Tillim—Figurative paintings and drawings; through May 8. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Joaquín Torres-García—Abstract primitivist

Sophisticated people like the simplest things.

Like the table shown, for instance. (Or is it a desk?) It's just a basic rectangle of steel and rosewood. Simple. But bring it home and it could easily become the most exciting piece of furniture you've ever owned.

That's what makes it worth the four hundred dollars it costs.

At Founders, we believe in underkill. We make simple furniture of beautiful woods, with clean lines and plain finishes. Unstuffy elegance. That's our theme.

If you don't like the good, simple things of life (like three-carat diamonds with no baguettes), you'll probably never like the good, simple things of Founders.

And because it is good and simple, any piece of Founders can hold its own anywhere. Even with a Tiffany lamp. Or a Louis XVI bergere. That's important. Because very few people buy our furniture by the roomful; they usually buy it a piece at a time.

Next time you're passing a very good store, go in and see some of our very good furniture.

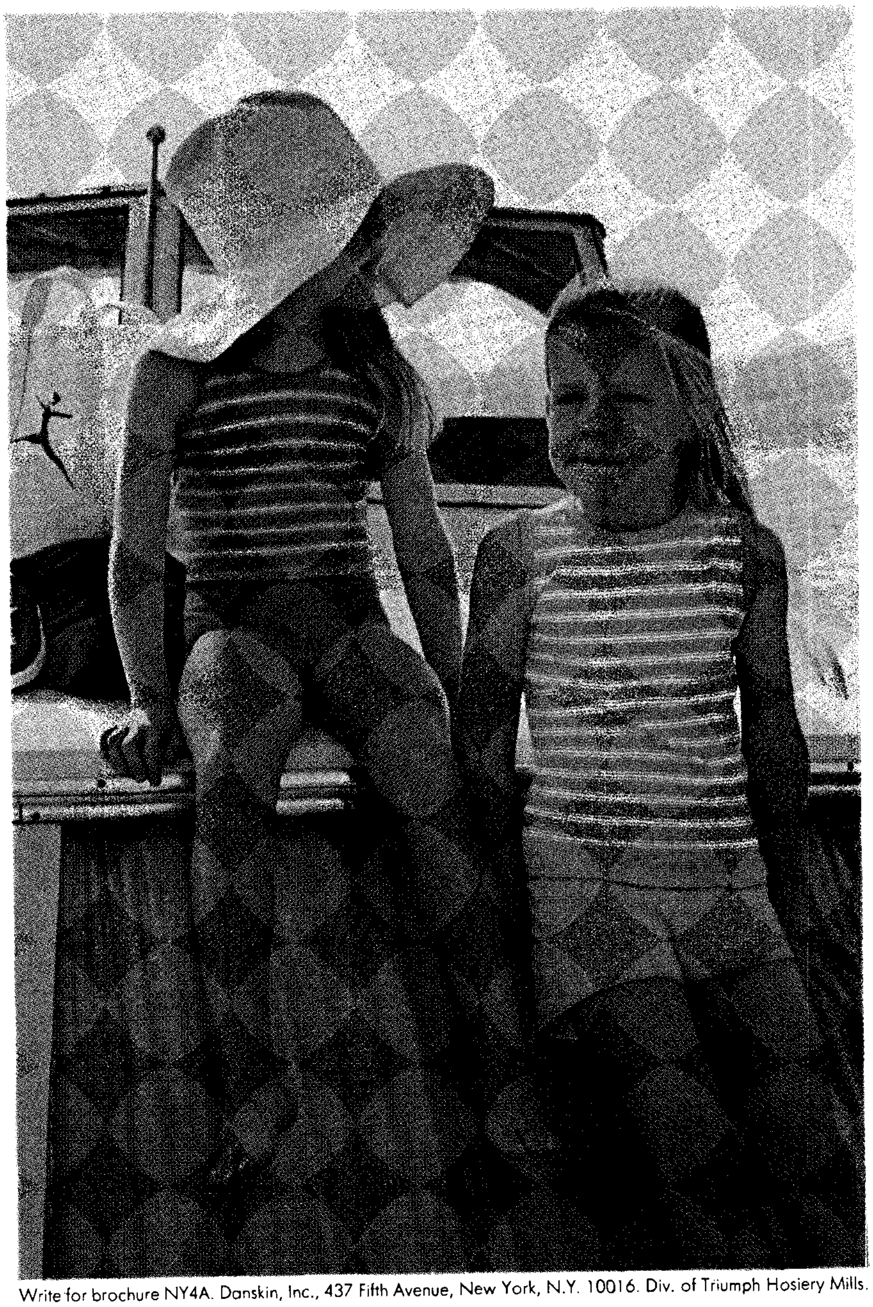
FOUNDERS
A SUBSIDIARY OF
Armstrong
creators of THE INDOOR WORLD

Founders Furniture, Inc., Pleasant Garden, North Carolina 27313

"DANSKINS ARE NOT JUST FOR DANCING"

They're for cruising down the river, swimming upstream and just floating around. Since Danskin started out making tights and leotards for the loftiest leapers in the ballet world, it's no wonder they know how to fit every young body. Bathing suit in sizes 3-6x, 6.00. Sizes 7-10, 7.00 Striped sweater in sizes 2-6x, 4.25. Sizes 7-14, 5.25. Shorts in sizes 2-6x, 3.50. Sizes 7-14, 4.00. All nylon with stripes of Dacron® polyester.

DANSKIN®



Write for brochure NY4A. Danskin, Inc., 437 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Div. of Triumph Hosiery Mills.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

paintings done between 1931 and 1946 by this artist, who died in 1949; through Saturday, April 26. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

AIJIRO WAKITA—The artist's first American exhibition consists of wound-wire sculptures in mathematical and organic shapes; through Saturday, April 19. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

MAX WEBER—(1881-1961)—Examples of work over a period of fifty years by an American identified with Paris modernism; through May 10. (Danenberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

AMERICAN WATERCOLOR SOCIETY—The hundred-and-second annual of watercolors, gouaches, and pastels by artists from all parts of the United States; through April 27. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BANFER**, 23 E. 67th St.: About forty paintings and twenty drawings by Jared French, Maurice Grosser, Ken Davies, and Margo Hoff (to mention a few); starting Wednesday, April 23. . . . **GRAHAM**, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Large-scale drawings by such artists as Norman Bluhm, Elaine de Kooning, Mary Frank, Knox Martin, Motherwell, Newman, Rivers, and Wesselmann; through May 3. (Closed Mondays.). . . **IBM GALLERY**, 16 E. 57th St.: Prints by David Hockney, Bridget Riley, Eduardo Paolozzi, and other contemporary British artists; through Saturday, April 19. . . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Paintings and sculptures by gallery artists—for instance, Alechinsky, Bissier, Pol Bury, Jorn, and Sugaï; through Saturday, April 26. (Closed Mondays.). . . **PARSONS**, 24 W. 57th St.: Five gallery artists of the Minimalist persuasion; through Saturday, April 19. . . . **ST. ETIENNE**, 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by Austrian Expressionists, among them Klimt, Kokoschka, and Schiele; through Saturday, April 19. . . . **VISUAL ARTS**, 209 E. 23rd St.: Works executed by pairs of artists including Ray Johnson, Rosenquist, Don Nice, and Wolf Kahn; through May 7. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.). . . **DORIS WIENER**, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Seventy Indian miniature paintings from 1500 through the eighteenth century; through April 30. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Seventeenth-century Florentine paintings, drawings, and sculptures from American collections. Columbia University collaborated in the exhibition. Through June 15. . . . ¶ Sculptures done last year by the painter Jules Olitski; through May 18. . . . ¶ A hundred photographs by thirty photographers from Brady to Stieglitz and Steichen; through June 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A large retrospective, previously shown in Amsterdam and London, of Willem de Kooning's paintings, drawings, and pastels from the mid-thirties to 1967; through April 27. . . . ¶ An impressive exhibit of approximately forty tapestries and weavings by contemporary craftsmen working as artists in this medium; through May 4. . . . ¶ Fifty watercolors, many never seen here before, by Wassily Kandinsky (1866-1944); through May 11. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A chronological retrospective of the entire career of the leading American sculptor David Smith, who died in 1965; through May 11. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Forty-seven contemporary sculptures constituting "Selection II" of works recently acquired by the Museum from often-mentioned artists; through May 11. . . . ¶ A hundred and seventy-four paintings, photographs, and drawings by Charles Sheeler (1883-1965), famous for his clean-cut compositions representing machine-age America; through April 27. . . . ¶ Three camels in mixed mediums by Nancy Graves, to whom the camel is equivalent to the square of Albers; through April 30. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A hundred prints and drawings collected by the Museum during the past thirty years, with examples ranging from Dürer and Rembrandt through Matisse, Miró, and Albers; through April 27. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new Hall of Ocean Life offers a gargantuan model of a breaching blue whale, ingeniously affixed to the ceiling at a single impossible point. Around the walls are new dioramas of—ah—ocean life. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—A large assembly of paintings, bronzes, ritual implements, and temple scrolls representing eight centuries of Tibetan art, including secret paintings and sculptures shown only to Buddhist initiates; through June 8. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

CHINA HOUSE, 125 E. 65th St.—Figurines of the T'ang dynasty (618-906 A.D.) depicting non-Chinese who played various roles in Chinese life, and also ceramic vessels influenced by the West; through May 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Selected manuscripts, drawings, letters, printed books, and bookbindings presented to the Library between 1949 and 1968 by the Association of Fellows; through July 31. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—A loan show of Swiss folk art; starting Tuesday, April 22. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Religious objects of New Guinea—carved figures, masks, shields, ornaments, and musical instruments; through May 11. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A display of a hundred and fifty manuscripts, books, letters, typescripts, and illustrations new to the Berg Collection, a sizable portion being the Lady Gregory Archive; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.). . . ¶ A selection of drawings in various mediums by Reginald Marsh, documenting his work as book illustrator; through June 16. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Eighty watercolors by American Indians, craft objects (such as kachinas, pottery, and blankets), and seventy-five photographs of Navajo life; through June 1. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

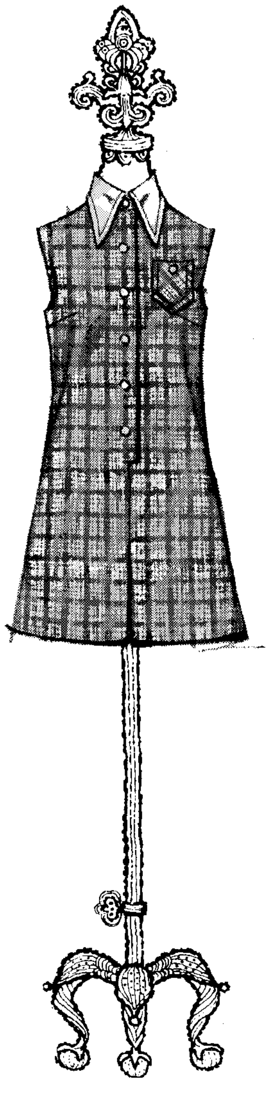
MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Final performances of the season—Thursday evening, April 17: "Wozzeck" (in English), with Evelyn Lear, Geraint Evans, Robert Nagy, Paul Franke, and Donald Gramm. . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 18: "Il Trovatore," with Leontyne Price, Grace Bumbry, James McCracken, Mario Sereni, and Raymond Michalski. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 19: "Adriana Lecouvreur," with Renata Tebaldi, Irene Dalis, Franco Corelli, Anselmo Colzani, and Morley Meredith. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 19: "Peter Grimes," with Lucine Amara, Lili Chookasian, Jean Madeira, Jon Vickers, and Geraint Evans. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Final performances of the season—Thursday, April 17, at 8:15: "Faust," with Heather Thomson, Muriel Greenspon, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Roy Samuelsen. . . . ¶ Friday, April 18, at 8:15: "Manon," with Patricia Brooks, Michele Molese, Robert Trehy, and Malcolm Smith. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 19, at 2:15: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Joy Clements, Kay Creed, Robert Hale, and Will Roy. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 19, at 8:15: "Il Trittico," consisting of three short operas—



Heroics

What happened to The Hero? That dashing chap who raced in to snatch fair Pearl from the clutches of the villain and certain death, who settled her debts and whisked her away to picket fences, roses and undying love. We need more of that kind of gallantry. Here's something to inspire it. The cool cotton doubleknit pantdress in VILLAGER® stripes of color on White. Misses sizes.

About $19 at good stores and college shops.

The Villager®

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

© 1969 VILLAGER INDUSTRIES, INC. MANNEQUIN DES. PAT. 194,253.

"I can send for my passport now—just found the perfect travel dress."

Abercrombies agrees, Mrs. Hill, no point in traveling without proper equipment. Like this jacket dress with everything you need for easy-going including button-look pockets for tipping change. Of drip-dry Barracron, Dacron, Cotton. Wrinkle-resistant to unpack as nicely as it packs. Short sleeve slightly A-line dress underneath. Jacket has three-quarter sleeves for a bit of warmth when you need it. Green and white or navy and white, sizes 12 to 20, $80.00. (Slightly higher in the West.) By Robert Leonard. Also available in Short Hills.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH
Madison Ave. at 45th St., 10017
Chicago, San Francisco, Florida Stores

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"Il Tabarro," with Athena Lampropulos, Muriel Greenspon, Robert Nagy, and William Chapman; "Suor Angelica," with Maralin Niska, Muriel Greenspon, Janet Winburn, and Beverly Evans; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Maria DiGiglio, Muriel Greenspon, Spiro Malas, and Enrico DiGiuseppe. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 20, at 1:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Maralin Niska, Janet Winburn, John Stewart, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 20, at 7:15: "Le Coq d'Or" (in English), with Patricia Wise, Muriel Greenspon, Spiro Malas, and Nico Castel. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

Juilliard Opera Theatre—Benefit performances of Poulenc's "La Voix Humaine" and Honegger's "Antigone," the first staged by Osvaldo Riofrancos and the second by John Houseman. With the Juilliard Orchestra, conducted by Jean Morel. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Thursday, April 17, and Saturday, April 19, at 8:15, in English; and Friday, April 18, at 8:15, in French. For tickets, call MO 3-7200, Ext. 35.)

Hunter College Opera Association—The première here of David Amram's "Twelfth Night," conducted by the composer and staged by David Lloyd. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday and Friday, April 24-25, at 8:15.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—Georg Semkow conducting on Thursday and Friday, April 17-18, at 8:30, and Monday, April 21, at 7:30 (no soloists). . . . ¶ *Leonard Bernstein directing performances* of Verdi's Requiem on Thursday, April 24, at 8:30; Friday, April 25, at 2; Saturday, April 26, at 8:30; and Monday, April 28, at 7:30 (all with Martina Arroyo, soprano; Marilyn Horne, mezzo-soprano; George Shirley, tenor; Cesare Siepi, bass; and the Camerata Singers).

Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra—William Steinberg conducting the final concerts of the season here. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 23, at 8:30, an all-Bruckner program, with Saramae Endich, soprano; Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano; John McCollum, tenor; Thomas Paul, bass; and the Rutgers University Choir. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday, April 24, at 8:30, an all-Beethoven program, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano.)

M.I.T. Symphony Orchestra—David Epstein conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 17, at 8:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting the final concert of the season, with Leonard Pennario, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, April 19, at 8:30.)

New School Concerts—Alexander Schneider conducting his chamber orchestra, with Jean-Bernard Pommier, piano. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 675-2700. Sunday, April 20, at 3 and 9.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman conducting Strauss's "Ariadne auf Naxos" in concert form, with Gladys Kuchta, soprano, and others. Preceded by Molière's "The Would-Be Gentleman" (in which "Ariadne" was originally encased, in 1912), with John McGiver. The final concert of the season. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, April 22, at 8.)

Manhattan Orchestra—Jonel Perlea conducting, with Eduardo Delgado, piano, and Judy Glyde, cello. (Hubbard Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 238 E. 105th St. Wednesday, April 23, at 8:30. A limited number of free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

Glee Club of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick—George Mead directing. (Town Hall. Friday, April 18, at 8:30.)

New York University Men's and Women's Glee Clubs—E. Jon de Revere directing. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Sunday, April 20, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

Manhattan Chorale—Barbara Gambino and Richard L. Zorn directing, with soloists and an orchestra. (Town Hall. Thursday, April 24, at 8:30.)

New York Choral Society—Martin Josman directing a performance of Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis," with soloists and an orchestra. The final concert of the season. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, April 25, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Henryk Szeryng—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 18, at 8:30.)

Guarneri String Quartet—The final concert of the season. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, April 18, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Lili Kraus—Piano, in the last all-Schubert program (postponed from Jan. 24) in a series of three. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Saturday, April 19, at 8:30.)

Abbey Singers and Waverly Consort—A joint concert of Renaissance madrigals, motets, and sacred pieces, and music of the Italian baroque. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 348-1500. Saturday, April 19, at 8:30.)

Lucine Amara—Soprano, in a benefit recital. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 20, at 2:30.)

Francisco Aybar—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, April 21, at 8:30.)

Gina Bachauer—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 24, at 8:30.)

Joseph Kalichstein—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, April 25, at 8:30.)

Carlos Montoya—Flamenco guitarist. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 25, at 8:30.)

Music of the Royal Court—"Elizabethan England," the last in a series of programs, this one performed by the Renaissance Quartet. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Friday, April 25, at 8:30.)

Itzhak Perlman—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, April 26, at 8:30.)

Rudolf Firkusny—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, April 26, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

American String Trio—The last in a series of concerts, this one with Theodore Lettvin, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 348-1500. Saturday, April 26, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Butterfield Blues Band, Foundations, and Savoy Brown—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, April 18-19, at 8 and 11:30.

Art Blakey and His Jazz Messengers—Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, April 18, at 8:30.

Nina Simone—Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St. Sunday, April 20, at 4. For tickets, call LA 4-1300.

Jacques Loussier Trio—The second of two Bach programs, with jazz improvisations. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 106 Central Park S. Sunday, April 20, at 7. For tickets, call 249-3074.)

Joni Mitchell, James Cotton Blues Band, and Taj Mahal—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, April 25-26, at 8 and 11:30.

Don Shirley—With an ensemble conducted by Archie Bleyer, and with actress Beah Richards. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 26, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

New Image of Sound—The last in a series of programs of new music and contemporary arts, this one performed, in part, by Ornette Coleman's trio. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, April 17, at 8:40.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **yankee stadium**: Yankees vs. Washington, Thursday, April 17, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Detroit, Saturday, April 19, at 2, and Sunday, April 20, at 1 (doubleheader). . . . **shea stadium**: Mets vs. Philadelphia, Monday, April 21, at 8:05, and Tuesday, April 22, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Pittsburgh, Wednesday, April 23, at 8:05, and Thursday, April 24, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Chicago, Friday, April

©TOWLE 1969
*PATTERN COPYRIGHT BY TOWLE.

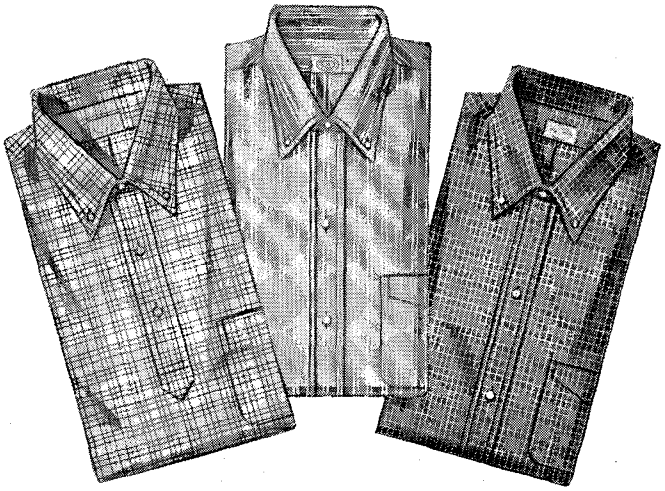
Novantique.™

A new sterling pattern* from Towle.

Can there ever be enough flowers in the world?

Novantique: designed as if "The Towle Reputation" depended on it.
For color folders showing Novantique and other patterns, write Towle Silversmiths, Newburyport, Mass.

TOWLE



individual, colorful, distinctive

OUR NEW OWN MAKE SPORT SHIRTS

in our good-looking short sleeve model

Tailored in our workrooms of lightweight cottons woven exclusively for Brooks Brothers, these fine button-down collar sport shirts will add much to your warm weather leisure wardrobe.

(left) *Woven in France of an unusually cool, porous weave cotton, this sport shirt comes in our pullover model in plaids of blue, gold, burgundy or hunter green on white... and solid shades of blue, white, maize or melon,* $11.50

(center) *New sport shirt of English cotton gingham woven in a neat gold double-striped design on grounds of blue, green or tan,* $11.50

(right) *Also of English cotton gingham woven exclusively for us, this handsome sport shirt comes in miniature white checks on backgrounds of blue, green, red or melon,* $11.50

Sizes 14½ to 16½. Mail orders invited.

Swatches on request.

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Men's & Boys' Furnishings, Hats & Shoes
346 MADISON AVENUE & 111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N.Y.
ATLANTA • BOSTON • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES
PITTSBURGH • SAN FRANCISCO • WASHINGTON

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

25, at 8:05, and Saturday, April 26, at 2:15.

Crew—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Princeton. Saturday, April 19.)... ¶ Blackwell Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Yale. (Derby, Conn. Saturday, April 26.)... ¶ Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Cambridge. Saturday, April 26.)... ¶ Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell, Navy, and Syracuse. (Syracuse. Saturday, April 26.)

Hunt Racing—Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, April 19.) ... ¶ Grand National Point-to-Point. (Butler, Md. Saturday, April 19.)... ¶ Maryland Hunt Cup Association. (Glyndon, Md. Saturday, April 26.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 31. The Wood Memorial, Saturday, April 19; the Bed o' Roses Handicap, Wednesday, April 23; and the Grey Lag Handicap, Saturday, April 26.... GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:45, from Wednesday, April 23, through Friday, May 30.

Track—Boston Marathon, starting in Hopkinton, Mass. (Saturday, April 19.)... ¶ Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. Friday and Saturday, April 25-26.)

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, May 24. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 6:43.)... SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 15.

FOR CHILDREN

Concerts—By the NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC: Leonard Bernstein conducting the final children's concerts of the season. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, April 19, at noon and 2:30.)... BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA: Siegfried Landau conducting the final children's concert of the season, with dancers from the High School of the Performing Arts. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, April 26, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By BIL AND CORA BAIRD'S MARIONETTES: "Winnie-the-Pooh." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Wednesdays at 3:30; Fridays at 3:30 and 7:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.)... SALVATORE GUIDA: "The Magical Red Fan," Saturdays at 2:30.... ¶ "The Golden Tambourine," Sundays at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.)... ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS: "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1.... ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.)... PICKWICK PUPPET THEATRE: "Cinderella." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, April 26, at 2:30.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition, "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques," demonstrating the techniques employed in pictorial art and including examples of various mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Sunrise at Stonehenge;" through April 28. (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Children's Zoos—In CENTRAL PARK: A turreted castle, a Peppermint Stick House, Jonah's Whale, and many other delights make up this fairy-tale world, and the resident animals include kids, lambs, deer, chickens, and monkeys. (Daily, 10 to 4:30.)... ¶ At the BRONX ZOO: In this minute menagerie, the little ones will find a variety of small animals, among them lambs, ducklings, rabbits, and a young mouflon. (Open daily, weather permitting, 10:30 to 4:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and commit-

How often do you have the opportunity to buy a family heirloom? That's what this watch would become as soon as you own it.

Since our craftsmen take such pride in their work and they construct all watches entirely by hand, it takes them a long while to finish a single timepiece. And because we select the finest materials for our artisans to use, we won't ever let them compromise their skill just to make a few more watches.

That alone should be reason enough to want a Corum watch, but there's more. We took an authentic $20 gold coin, cut it in half and placed the all Swiss movement inbetween. This was our idea and we patented it to keep it exclusive.

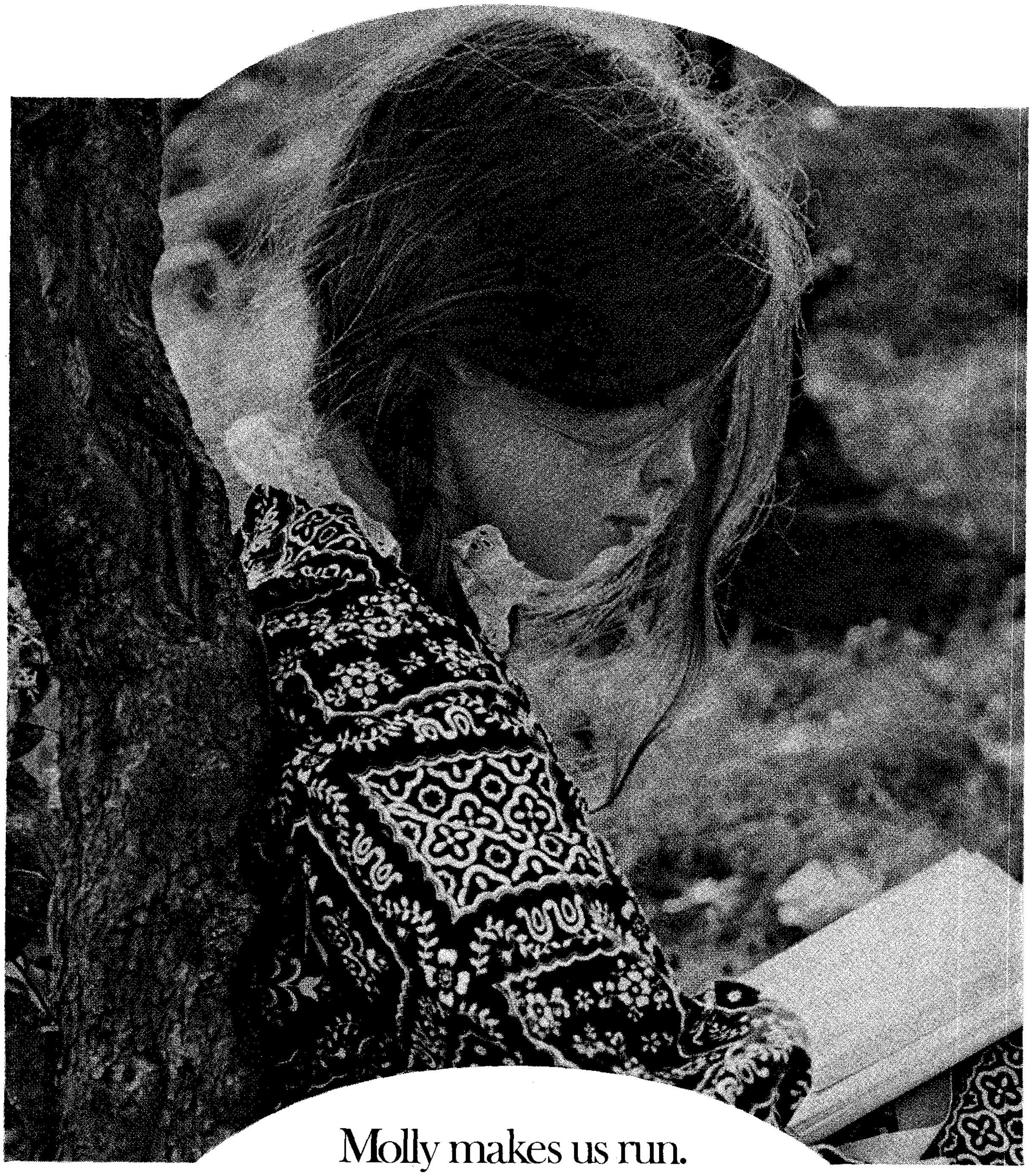
So with the superior craftsmanship and finest materials, your watch will still be keeping accurate time when it's on your great great grandson's wrist.

The price is $1,000. A small price to pay for a family heirloom. For brochure write

Corum 10 Rockefeller Plaza, N.Y.

A little something for your great great grandson.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
TWENTY D.
PATENT 39429



Molly makes us run.

The Bell System has had to run to stay ahead of the high-speed nanosecond world that Molly was born into. In just the 11 short years of Molly's lifetime, our business has more than doubled in size.

And our nationwide phone network will continue to grow.

Day after day, an avalanche of new innovations—new ideas, new products and services—rolls onto our network. Pictures and diagrams and heartbeats and voices are switched instantly over it from anywhere to any of 110 million telephones and telecommunications devices.

As we continue to innovate, the network will be able to do more things for more people. For instance, we're getting ready to provide you with Picturephone® service, connect you with library or teaching sources, or let you talk directly with your bank's computer by Touch-Tone® telephone.

This growing versatility and flexibility stimulates still more growth and more innovation in both services and equipment. Our network thus becomes both the cause and effect of better communications.

Growth in population, growth in human communications, growth in machine calling, all of these things, indicate that the job of universal communications will more than double in the next ten years alone.

Our job is to stay ahead of the demanding, breathtaking, incredible world Molly is growing up in. Today we're getting ready for Molly's 21st birthday.

YOUR
ANYWHERE
ANYTHING
ANYTIME
NETWORK
BELL SYSTEM

tees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—At the **poetry center,** Y.M.H.A.: Thursday, April 17, at 8:30: Giuseppe Ungaretti reading from his own poetry, in Italian, with English translations read by Isabella Gardner, Allen Ginsberg, and Louis Simpson. . . . ¶ Monday, April 21, at 8:30: Senator Eugene J. McCarthy reading a personal selection of poetry, including works by Robert Lowell, Robert Bly, and George Seferis. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 348-1500.) . . . **eisner and lubin auditorium,** Loeb Student Center: John Ashbery reading from his own works. (Washington Square S. and LaGuardia Pl. Sunday, April 20, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

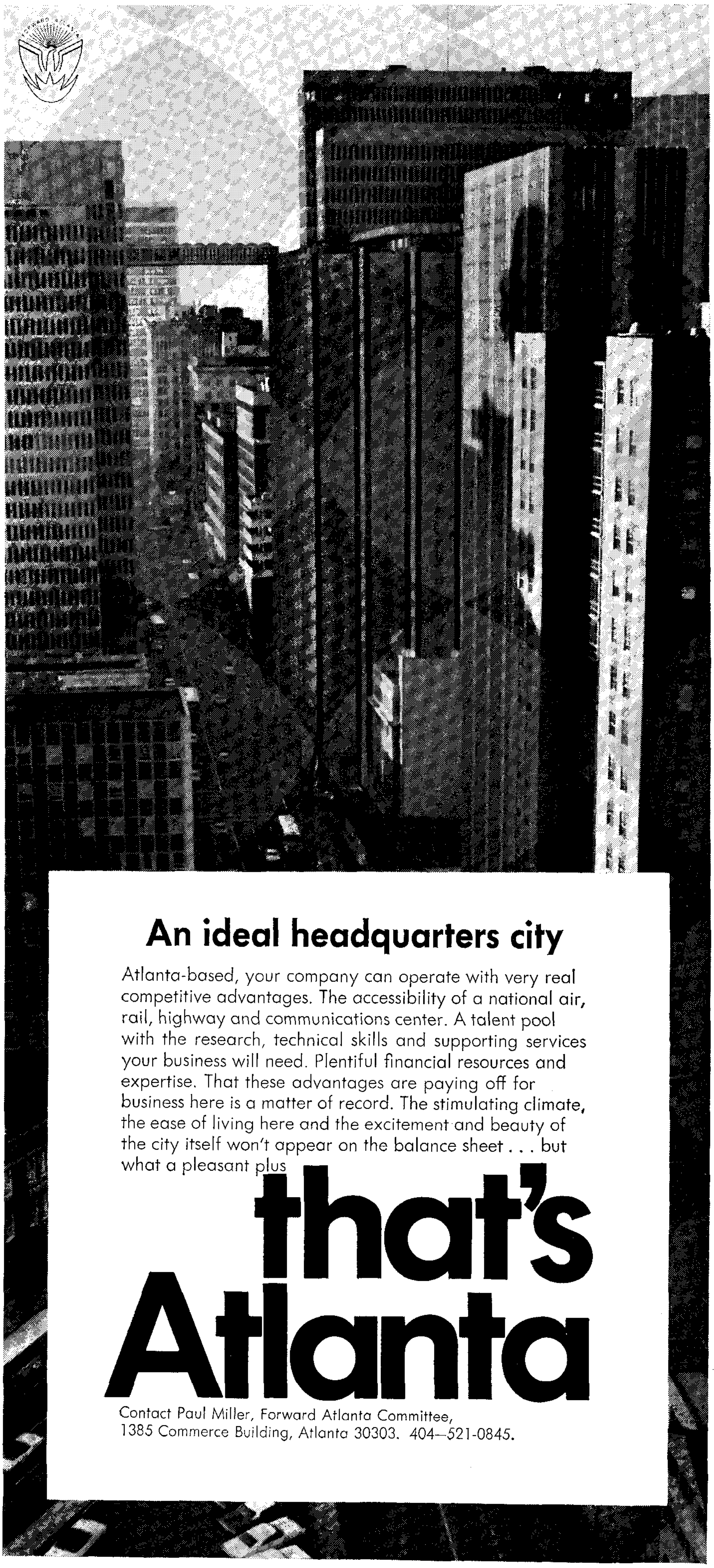
Amateur Needlework of Today—The sixteenth national benefit show contains a number of special exhibits, including two pre-Columbian embroideries, lent by the Metropolitan Museum of Art; a piece of neo-needlecraft, executed by Mariska Karasz, and lent by the Smithsonian Institution; a collection of embroideries by Mary Martin; and a display by eight needlecrafters who have taken their designs from paintings by eight contemporary Latin Americans. Through Wednesday, April 23. (The Lighthouse, 111 E. 59th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)

Flower Show—The April Garden Show will be presented by the Horticultural Society of New York on Wednesday, April 23, from 12:30 to 4.

Walking Tours—"Washington Square," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will take place on Sunday, April 20. Meets at Washington's statue in Union Square at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, April 17, at 8: Impressionist and later paintings by Renoir, Cézanne, Fantin-Latour, Sisley, Utrillo, and others; from the estate of Mme. Lucienne Fribourg and from other sources. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 19, at 1:45: French eighteenth-century furniture and works of art; from the estate of Mme. Fribourg and from the Fribourg Foundation, Inc. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 22, at 1:45: English and Continental silver, belonging to several collectors. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 22, at 8, and Wednesday, April 23, at 1:45 and 8: Part VI of the Thomas Winthrop Streeter collection of Americana, comprising documents, maps, and other material relating to Oregon, Alaska, Hawaii, and Canada. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 24, at 1:45: Part I of the Melvin Gutman collection of medieval and Renaissance jewelry and vessels of rock crystal and other semiprecious stones. Exhibition starts Friday, April 18.

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—April 17 at 1: "Barrabas" (1919), an eight-hour French film, with a dinner intermission; no English titles. . . . ¶ April 18 at 2 and 5:30: "The Story of a Cheat" (1938), in French, directed by Sacha Guitry. . . . ¶ April 19 at 11:30: "Pygmalion" (1938), with Leslie Howard and Wendy Hiller. . . . ¶ April 19 at 3 and 5:30: "Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne" (1945), in French, directed by Robert Bresson. . . . ¶ April 20 at 2 and 5:30: "Muriel" (1963), in French, directed by Alain Resnais. . . . ¶ April 21 at 2 and 5:30: "La Guerre Est Finie" (1966), in French, directed by Alain Resnais. . . . ¶ April 22 at 2: "Pygmalion" (1938), with Leslie Howard and Wendy Hiller. . . . ¶ April 22 at 5:30: A program of experimental films by Bruce Conner. . . . ¶ April 23 at 2 and 5:30: "Juno and the Paycock" (1930), directed by Alfred Hitchcock. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)



An ideal headquarters city

Atlanta-based, your company can operate with very real competitive advantages. The accessibility of a national air, rail, highway and communications center. A talent pool with the research, technical skills and supporting services your business will need. Plentiful financial resources and expertise. That these advantages are paying off for business here is a matter of record. The stimulating climate, the ease of living here and the excitement and beauty of the city itself won't appear on the balance sheet . . . but what a pleasant plus

that's Atlanta

Contact Paul Miller, Forward Atlanta Committee,
1385 Commerce Building, Atlanta 30303. 404—521-0845.

Make love, not mistakes.

You can buy a one-carat diamond anywhere from $300 to $2,000. From all sorts of jewelers.

Which leaves a lot of room to make mistakes.

There's a lot to know about diamonds.

Too much to go into here.

But the one thing you should engrave indelibly in your mind is DON'T BUY A BARGAIN DIAMOND.

The price of a diamond is determined by its quality. Fine diamonds are rare, therefore costlier.

If you buy the $300 one-carat stone mentioned above, you're buying what jewelers refer to as "junk". In other words, you're throwing your money away.

Today, a fine one-carat stone has to cost you at least $1,200. More, depending on the quality.

If you aren't prepared to spend that much, consider buying a smaller diamond.

Surely the girl you love would rather wait for her quality diamond.

When you're ready to buy a fine diamond, come to Shreve's. We've been advising young people on diamonds for 169 years. And we built our business by making our customers happy.

We want you to love us. So we won't let you make a mistake.

SHREVE
Crump & Low Company
of BOSTON
BOYLSTON AT ARLINGTON
MASSACHUSETTS 02116

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

Accident (1967)—Dirk Bogarde, Stanley Baker, and Vivien Merchant in a melodrama about the pleasures and pains of domesticity. Directed by Joseph Losey from a screenplay by Harold Pinter. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; April 17.)

Barbarella—A bad yet enjoyable movie; sex satire and science fiction, clumsily combined, but with amusing moments. Jane Fonda is in almost every scene, and she's charming. Directed by Roger Vadim. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting April 23.)

The Battle of Algiers (1965)—An account, in documentary terms, of how Algeria won its independence. Gillo Pontecorvo directed. In French and Arabic. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through April 20.)

Bedazzled (1967)—Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron ringing changes on the ancient Faustian theme. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through April 22.)

Charlie Bubbles (1968)—Albert Finney as a famous English writer who feels alienated. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting April 23.)

Dr. No (1963)—Ian Fleming's James Bond pits himself against a human fiend in a citadel of evil in the Caribbean. With Sean Connery as Bond. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through April 22.)

Elvira Madigan (1967)—A true tale of young love losing its way in nineteenth-century Scandinavia. Written and directed by Bo Widerberg. In Swedish. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; April 19.)

The Endless Summer (1966)—A hang-ten documentary about surfing in various parts of the world. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; April 20.)

The Exterminating Angel (1962)—About a grand dinner party, which the guests mysteriously can't quit. Directed by Luis Buñuel. In Spanish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131; starting April 18.)

Faces—John Cassavetes' view of the meaninglessness of life for the well-heeled middle-aged. His semidocumentary method is controversial, and what some find agonizingly true and beautiful others may find merely embarrassingly clumsy. With John Marley, Gena Rowlands, Lynn Carlin, and Seymour Cassel. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, 246-5123; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

Funny Girl—Audiences in movie musicals always cheer; at this one, the audience in the theatre cheers, too. It's been a long time since the movies have had a big new star like Barbra Streisand. Directed by William Wyler. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Gertrud (1964)—Directed by Carl Dreyer. In Danish. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; April 21-23.)

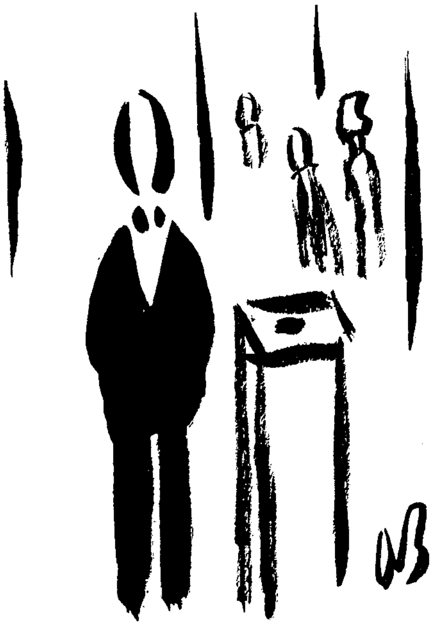
Goldfinger (1964)—Sean Connery as the elastic and inexhaustible James Bond, who bungles every encounter but the last. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through April 22.)

Goodbye, Columbus—Philip Roth's novella updated into a film by Larry Peerce and made distinguished and pungent by its observation of a young man—Richard Benjamin—intelligently trying to ward off the complex ploys of Jewish guilt-games. The film is funny, and the caricaturing seems deliberate. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

Greetings—One of the least fastidious films ever to achieve theatrical distribution, this little comedy is part skin-flick and part college revue, and generally funny. Directed by Brian De Palma. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting April 23.)

If . . .—An odd epic on guerrilla warfare in an English boarding school, combining a cold and queasy view of youth with a romantic view of violence. Directed by Lindsay Anderson. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

If I Had a Million (1932)—The first and best-known of the all-star episode films, with, among others, Charles Laughton, W. C. Fields, and Gary Cooper. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; through April 23.)



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				17	18	19
20	21	22	23			

I Love You, Alice B. Toklas!—This careless, lightweight comedy about the square-hippie conflict in a Los Angeles lawyer (Peter Sellers) can be a pleasant surprise if one doesn't go expecting a good movie. With Joyce Van Patten, and some sharp lines by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker. Directed by Hy Averback. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting April 23.)

The Immortal Story—Orson Welles' film, taken from Isak Dinesen's "The Immortal Story," about an allegorical millionaire in Macao. With Jeanne Moreau. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131; April 17.)

It's a Gift (1934)—W. C. Fields as a family man with many problems. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; through April 23.)

The Lion in Winter—Imitation wit and imitation poetry at the court of the Plantagenets. Anthony Harvey directed James Goldman's adaptation of his own play. Peter O'Toole is in great voice and good spirits as Henry II; Katharine Hepburn is Eleanor of Aquitaine. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Mayerling—Omar Sharif, in stunning uniforms, as Rudolf, the Hapsburg crown prince, tragically in love with Catherine Deneuve. His accent is unaccountable, since his parents are James Mason and Ava Gardner, but this movie is not to listen to but to look at in a romantic, nostalgic mood. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, 929-2166; starting April 23.)

Monterey Pop—Donn Pennebaker's direct-cinema film about a gathering of fifty thousand kids in Monterey, California. A buoyant witness to the free-wheeling and communalistic best of the taunted generation, running with a short about cops on holiday in Honolulu, which is the other half of the story. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

Morgan! (1966)—David Warner and Vanessa Redgrave in a black comedy about present-day London, directed by Karel Reisz. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; April 18.)

Nazarin (1958)—Buñuel's film about a defrocked priest in Mexico. Francisco Rabal plays the priest. In Spanish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131; starting April 18.)

Nights of Cabiria (1957)—Directed by Federico Fellini, with Giulietta Masina and François Périer. In Italian. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting April 23.)

Nobody Waved Goodbye (1965)—A quasi-documentary film about an unhappy adolescent, written and directed by Don Owen and acted by Peter Kastner. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; April 21.)

Oliver!—What might have been just another big musical is transformed by love and skill. Carol Reed, his set designer (John Box) and cinematographer (Oswald Morris), and a fine cast of singing actors give a superb demonstration of intelligent craftsmanship. (State I, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie—Maggie Smith's Miss Brodie, Celia Johnson's magnificent Miss Mackay, and an excellently selected cast more than compensate for Ronald Neame's rather stodgy direction of the Muriel Spark material. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

La Prisonnière—Henri-Georges Clouzot, director of "The Wages of Fear," makes one of the few erotic films that deserves the name at the moment. Only a born moviemaker could have brought off this story of sado-masochism without unintentional humorlessness, but he makes it gripping, and sometimes a little touching. In French. (Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th, 688-1717.)

The Red and the White—Miklós Jancsó, of "The Roundup," makes a movie about the Civil War in 1918, when Hungarian volunteers join Russian Reds against the Whites who still held power in Central Russia. An engrossing picture, made by a man with a powerful sense of the reign of ambiguity and no taste for dialectic recital. In Hungarian and Russian. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

Romeo and Juliet—Franco Zeffirelli's version features teen-agers and sword fights and extravagant grand passions. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013.)

Simon of the Desert—A saint (Claudio Brook) is tempted by the Devil as a woman (Silvia Pinal). He falls, of course, in Luis Buñuel's short (forty-five minutes) divertissement on the folly of goodness. In Spanish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131; April 17.)

Stolen Kisses—A modern comedy-romance in an improvised style, by François Truffaut. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Claude Jade, Delphine Seyrig, and Michel Lonsdale. In French. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030.)

Ten Days That Shook the World (1927)—About the October Revolution (Russian). Eisenstein (also Russian) directed it. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through April 21.)

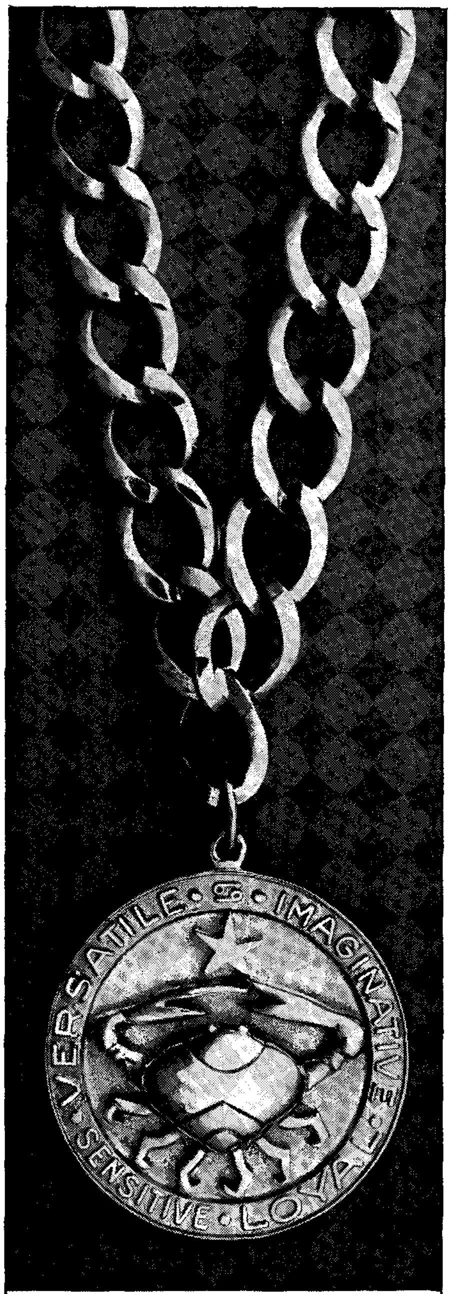
This Strange Passion (1955)—A Mexican variation on the old theme of jealousy, written and directed by Luis Buñuel. Arturo de Cordova is the new-day Othello. In Spanish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting April 22.)

2001: A Space Odyssey—A vision of life in thirty-two years' time, directed and produced by Stanley Kubrick from his own screenplay with Arthur C. Clarke. Sometimes hideously funny and always troubling, for the men who have minutely progressed from apes turn out to be less equipped for life than their computers. This film is a true sci-fi myth—one of the first, and certainly the most poetic and far-reachingly intelligent. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, 929-2166; through April 22.)

Viridiana (1961)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. In Spanish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131; starting April 18.)

Yellow Submarine—Pop heroes (cartoon versions of the Beatles) in a lighthearted, inventive Pop Art animated feature, with ten songs by the Beatles. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

The Young and the Damned (1952)—Luis Buñuel's examination of juvenile delinquency, with a cast of amateurs. In Spanish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting April 22.)



A SIGN OF AFFECTION

. . . our beautifully wrought 14 kt. gold medallion with her astrological sign and its legend sculpted in polished gold against a stippled ground. 1½ inches round. To hang it all . . . a 24 inch square link chain in 14 kt. gold. $540.

Mail and phone orders carefully filled.

Please state sign desired.
Allow two weeks for delivery.
Penna. residents add 6% sales tax.

NAN DUSKIN
1729 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Penna. 19103

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, *36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)*
April 17: **ACCIDENT.**
April 18: **MORGAN!**
April 19: **ELVIRA MADIGAN** (in Swedish).
April 20: **THE ENDLESS SUMMER.**
April 21: **NOBODY WAVED GOODBYE.**
April 22: "I'm All Right, Jack" (1960), Peter Sellers, Ian Carmichael.
From April 23: "Changes," Kent Lane.

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish. (Daily at 3, 5:30, 8, and 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"The Wedding Party," Charles Pfluger.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through April 22: "Charly," Cliff Robertson, Claire Bloom; and "The Lovers of Teruel" (1962; in French), Ludmila Tcherina.
From April 23: **NIGHTS OF CABIRIA** (in Italian); and "The Firemen's Ball," a Czechoslovakian film.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through April 22: "Charly," Cliff Robertson, Claire Bloom; and "Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush" (1968), Barry Evans.
From April 23: **I LOVE YOU, ALICE B. TOKLAS!**; and "Deadfall," Michael Caine.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
MONTEREY POP.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Where Eagles Dare," Richard Burton, Clint Eastwood.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Wanderer" (in French).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Before Winter Comes," David Niven, Topol.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through April 22: "The Illustrated Man," Rod Steiger, Claire Bloom.
From April 23: "Seven Golden Men," Rossana Podesta, Philippe Leroy.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
STOLEN KISSES (in French).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
IF . . .

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through April 20: "Baby Love," Linda Hayden.
From April 21: "Teorema" (in Italian), Terence Stamp, Silvana Mangano.

Pacific East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Can Heironymus Merkin Ever Forget Mercy Humppe and Find True Happiness?," Anthony Newley, Joan Collins.

Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
LA PRISONNIÈRE (in French).

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Otley," Tom Courtenay, Romy Schneider.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Alexander" (in French), Philippe Noiret.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through April 19: "The Assassination Bureau," Oliver Reed, Diana Rigg.
From April 20: "Lola Montès" (1955; in French), Martine Carol, Peter Ustinov.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Salesman," a documentary film. (After 6 on Thursday, April 17, the theatre will be given over to a benefit performance.)

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
GOODBYE, COLUMBUS.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through April 18: "Doctor Glas" (in Swedish), Per Oscarsson.
From April 19: "The Guru," Rita Tushingham, Michael York.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
April 17: "Hell in the Pacific," Lee Marvin, Toshiro Mifune.
From April 18: "The Sergeant," Rod Steiger, John Phillip Law.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Where Eagles Dare," Richard Burton, Clint Eastwood.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"2" (in Danish).

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Support Your Local Sheriff," James Garner, Joan Hackett.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Through April 20: **THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS** (in French and Arabic); and "Come Back, Africa" (1960), a semidocumentary film.
April 21-23: **GERTRUD** (in Danish); and "Senso" (1955; in Italian), a Luchino Visconti film, with Farley Granger and Alida Valli.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through April 22: **BEDAZZLED**; and "Charly," Cliff Robertson, Claire Bloom.
From April 23: **BARBARELLA**; and "The President's Analyst" (1967), James Coburn.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through April 22: "The Fixer," Alan Bates, Dirk Bogarde.
From April 23: **GREETINGS.**

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
THE RED AND THE WHITE (in Hungarian and Russian).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (929-2166)
Through April 22: **2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.**
From April 23: **MAYERLING.**

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
FACES.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through April 23: **IT'S A GIFT**; and **IF I HAD A MILLION.**

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
April 17: "Hell in the Pacific," Lee Marvin, Toshiro Mifune.
From April 18: "The Sergeant," Rod Steiger, John Phillip Law.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
FUNNY GIRL.

State 1, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5060)
OLIVER!

State 2, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Chitty Chitty Bang Bang," Dick Van Dyke, Sally Ann Howes. (Nightly at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Extra performances Saturday and Sunday mornings at 10. Reserved seats only.)

Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
April 17 at 8:30: "Ice Station Zebra," Rock Hudson, Ernest Borgnine. (Reserved seats only.)
From April 18: "Run, Angel, Run!," William Smith.

Penthouse, B'way at 47th. (757-5450)
"100 Rifles," Jim Brown, Raquel Welch.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Sweet Charity," Shirley MacLaine. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
YELLOW SUBMARINE.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Love Bug," Dean Jones, Michele Lee.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Not Mine to Love" (in Hebrew).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"African Safari," a documentary film.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
FACES.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
April 17: **THE IMMORTAL STORY**; and **SIMON OF THE DESERT** (in Spanish).
From April 18: **NAZARIN, VIRIDIANA,** and **THE EXTERMINATING ANGEL**—all in Spanish.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE LION IN WINTER.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
ROMEO AND JULIET.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
Through April 22: "Buona Sera, Mrs. Campbell," Gina Lollobrigida.
From April 23: "Twisted Nerve," Hayley Mills.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Charly," Cliff Robertson, Claire Bloom.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through April 19: "Walkover" (in Polish), a Jerzy Skolimowski film.
From April 20: "The Smugglers" (in French).

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through April 22: **GOLDFINGER**; and **DR. NO.**
From April 23: **I LOVE YOU, ALICE B. TOKLAS!**; and **CHARLIE BUBBLES.**

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through April 21: **TEN DAYS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD** (silent), a Russian film.
From April 22: ***THE YOUNG AND THE DAMNED*** and **THIS STRANGE PASSION** (both in Spanish).

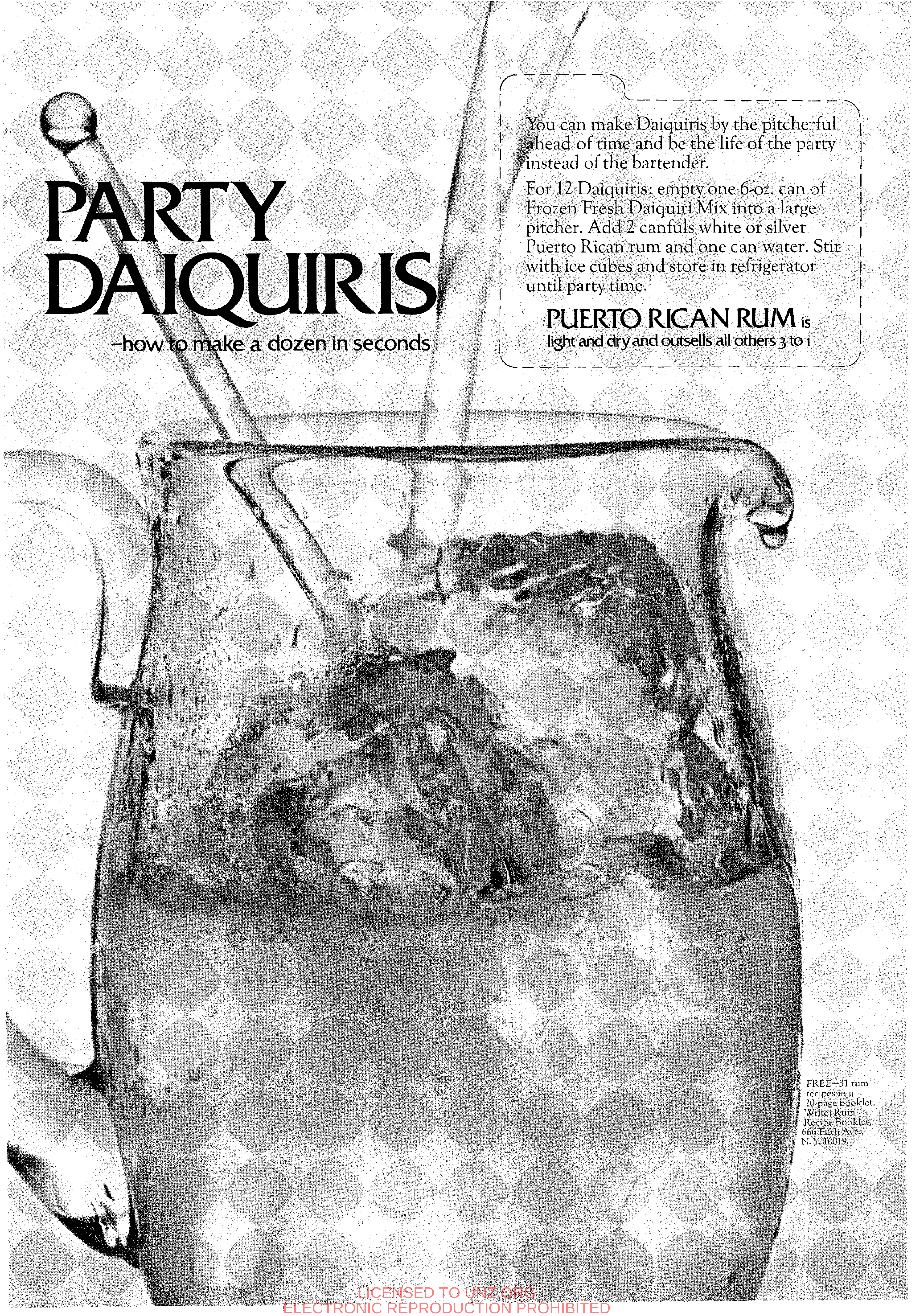
Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
FACES.

Dacron®. Knock-out knit slacks.

MAJER SLACKS says you've no idea how good slacks can feel till you've worn these. They're knit. So they have lots of give. Any way you move, they move. Then they bounce right back to shape—without a wrinkle. All because they're Dacron* polyester. Great for weekends in navy-white stripes. Great any time in Cambridge gray, Oxford gray, brown or olive. About $30 at fine stores. Ask for Majer slacks with "Dacron." You'll like the way you look.

Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or clothes.
*Du Pont registered trademark.

DU PONT
REG U S PAT OFF
Better things for better living
...through chemistry



PARTY DAIQUIRIS

–how to make a dozen in seconds

You can make Daiquiris by the pitcherful ahead of time and be the life of the party instead of the bartender.

For 12 Daiquiris: empty one 6-oz. can of Frozen Fresh Daiquiri Mix into a large pitcher. Add 2 canfuls white or silver Puerto Rican rum and one can water. Stir with ice cubes and store in refrigerator until party time.

PUERTO RICAN RUM is
light and dry and outsells all others 3 to 1

FREE—31 rum
recipes in a
20-page booklet.
Write: Rum
Recipe Booklet,
666 Fifth Ave.,
N. Y. 10019

©JOHN MEYER OF NORWICH INC.

How to say a lot without saying anything

Listen—to everything he has to tell you—his plans for the future (maybe they include you). Laugh—at all of his witty remarks.

Look—delectable in John Meyer's jonquil drift of a peasant shift.

From its gentle drawstring empire waist to the pin-tucked bodice with amber facing—beautifully tailored. In Fortrel® polyester and cotton, about $23.
In other colors you like, at stores you like.

Be understanding—but communicate!

John Meyer speaks your language

The Smiling Face of Spring

That's the face to show now: colors up an octave with that fresh-after-the-rain brilliance. That describes Germaine Monteil's spring make-up—exactly. Eye shadows that are whitened flower pastels, with white alone used in a new way. Lipsticks are near-pastel but with a happy intensity. Skin tones are creamy, with a rose or peach cast. The whole—a beguiling, man-oriented, petal-y look you could eat with a spoon.

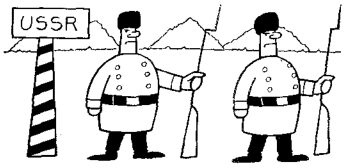
Germaine Monteil

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE were delighted to read that Howard Hughes is on the verge of going to court to stop underground nuclear testing in Nevada. He has hired his own team of experts—his personal atomic-energy commission—to look into the dangers of the explosions, and his team has concluded that the experimentation is a lot more hazardous than the U. S. Atomic Energy Commission says it is. Hughes, as far as we know, is not a leader of the peace movement; he merely owns most of Las Vegas, apparently intends to acquire the rest, and just doesn't want any radiation near *his* property. As things stand now, he may stop the testing in this country all by himself—entirely to protect real-estate values. (The only other suitable site for the dirty work is in Alaska, close to the Russian border, and it is felt that the Russians might not be dizzy about *that* idea.) We are, as we said, delighted. One reason is that it seems to open a new avenue to disarmament. So far, nothing anybody has said or done to protest the arms buildup has had the slightest impact on our government; the moral pleas, the historical reasoning, the economic arguments, the urgent fears for humanity—all have fallen on deaf ears. It seems that people can march and protest and burn draft cards and go to jail until doomsday and nothing will come of it. Maybe it will simply take a somewhat eccentric, red-blooded, Texas-born millionaire businessman to put a dent in the escalation, just by saying, "Cut it out, goddam it—it's hurting my business."



Automobiles

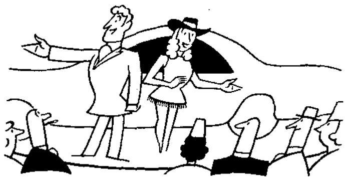
THE International Automobile Show, which arrives with frightening regularity each year shortly after the passing of the vernal equinox, was with us again last week, and, spurred on by a young friend of ours who interests himself deeply in such things, we dropped in at the Coliseum on a wet evening to see how it was getting along. "Timing, of course, is very important to an automobile show," our young friend said as we passed into the vast gray spaces of the Coliseum's lobby. "During the *fall*, you see, one captures the imagination of the motoring public by staging a series of dramatic unveilings, and after the first day of *summer* one can begin to think about Out - They - Go - to - Make - Room - for-Next-Year's-Model Sale-A-Thons, but *spring*, when you can't quite claim that the cars are new and you're not quite ready to admit that they're out of date—*that* is the time for a rousing good automobile show."

We asked our friend to comment on what makes for a rousing good automobile show.

"Not automobiles, certainly," he said. "Automobiles are only fitfully interesting, and, in any case, one sees quite enough of them on the street and in parking lots and so forth. No, what makes a good automobile show is panache. At an automobile show, panache is generally defined as pretty girls on revolving platforms."

To start us off on the right foot, our friend took us to see a very pretty girl in a silver-lamé outfit on a revolving platform otherwise given over to some sort of Car of the Future. The girl talked vaguely about "automatic highways" and "futuristic design," and talked more specifically about the impressive array of creature comforts that will be available in the Car of Tomorrow. She talked appreciatively of power-swivelled chairs, television sets, and a thermo-electric refrigerator. She said that ashtrays, in the Car of the Future, will be found in the arm rest. Our friend was not pleased by this display. He said that it was not persuasive, and that the young lady in the silver outfit had not spoken with "sufficient conviction." Moreover, he said, he knew for a fact that the car, thermo-electric refrigerator and all, was a leftover from the 1964 New York World's Fair. "There is nothing particularly instructive about a five-year-old Car of Tomorrow," he said.

Our friend then took us to the Buick display, which he told us *was* instructive. The Buick revolving platform had a car on it (a Buick, presumably), and two people—one a blond young lady in an abbreviated cowgirl suit, the other a blond young man in semi-Edwardian attire. These two people, we saw right away, were there to project an exciting new, youthful image for the familiar middle-echelon Buick. The theme of their little talk was "Buick Introduces Cars to Light Your Fire," and recurring in this talk were the phrases "flip your lid" and "blow your mind" and others from the master list of Post-1955 Slang. The semi-Edwardian young man said that Buick didn't "cost a bundle of bread," and the cowgirl young lady said that Buick was "designed for the crew who dig the Now," and then the semi-Edwardian young man, striking a more conventional note, said that the Buick Riviera was more than just a car—it was a world of its own.



Leaving the Buick area, we paid a brief visit to a man dressed like a doctor who was mixing a green liquid in a blender in front of a rapt audience of fifteen or twenty people. We never did learn what the point of the green-liquid business was, because the man dressed like a doctor, immediately upon our arrival, put the blender aside and began to talk about wind tunnels. Our friend at this point insisted that we come with him while he paid his yearly visit to the Cadillac exhibit. The Cadillac exhibit was dotted with little fountains shooting up colored water, and quite a bit of plastic greenery. The girl on the platform—tall, dark, languid, in a long dress—smiled slightly and said nothing. Her smile indicated subtle disapproval of much that was going on around her. Her disapproval, one felt, probably encompassed young girls in abbreviated cowgirl costumes and all slang. When, finally, she did speak, she talked slowly of "soft and supple leathers" and other Cadillac pleasures. She then politely thanked the audience and told everybody to be sure to watch the Masters Golf Tournament.

Our friend now announced that he had discovered a bit of automobile-show panache that captured the spirit of the whole thing, and we found ourself following him to the Oldsmobile exhibit, where we came upon a blond young lady sitting on a very small platform out in front of all the Oldsmobiles. This young lady, we were informed by our friend, was Miss America of 1969, and had been elevated to that high station because of her beauty and her extraordinary ability on the trampoline. We noticed that the young lady had on a little rhinestone tiara and an ermine stole, and that a lady-in-waiting was sitting at the foot of the platform, leafing through a magazine. Miss America had a stack of postcards—a huge stack of postcards—each with her picture on it. These she gave to people whenever they approached her, which wasn't as often as one might have thought. Many people seemed to have trouble believing that she was the real Miss America. When they asked her whether she was the real Miss America, she answered yes; if they asked a second time, she referred them to the lady-in-waiting.

We talked with Miss America for a moment ourself. We asked her what she did, and she said that she made appearances. She said that following her appearance at the Automobile Show she was going to Chicago to appear there. After saying this, she gave us a postcard.

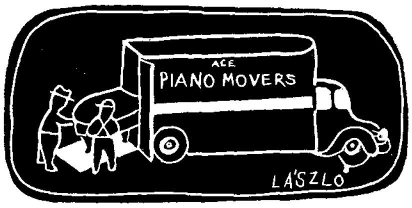
As we were leaving the exhibit, a bright young lady came up to us and gave us a button that said "Escape with Olds," and we asked her how Miss America came to be in the Oldsmobile display. The young lady said she had absolutely no idea. We said that Miss America looked a little bored, and perhaps a little lonely. "Well," said the young lady, "that's the burden of the crown."

Announcement

LAST Friday—a beautiful day—we walked over to the Biltmore Hotel, where Robert F. Wagner, Jr., was preparing to announce his candidacy for a fourth term as Mayor of New York. Mr. Wagner's announcement came at a press conference he had convened in a yellow-and-white ballroom on the eighteenth floor of the hotel. The room is a sizable one, but it was barely large enough to contain the extraordinary number of reporters, photographers, cameramen, and well-wishers who gathered. The elevator going up to the eighteenth floor was crowded. The girl who was operating the elevator was beaming to herself, and we asked her if Mr. Wagner had arrived yet. "He certainly has," she said. "I took him up myself five minutes ago. I've taken him up so many times, and he always remembers me. He looks wonderful. The other Mayor, now, Mayor Lindsay, I've had him in here a number of times, too, and I like him. But he never seems to recognize me."

Inside the ballroom, we could see at first only a semicircular throng of people and a glare of television lights, and we guessed that Mr. Wagner was somewhere at the center of the throng. We could hear Mr. Wagner's voice quite plainly, coming over a public-address system. It was a familiar sound. "O.K., gentlemen?" Mr. Wagner was saying. "Are you about ready?" Mr. Wagner paused. His voice was relaxed, confident, and firm. Then Mr. Wagner recognized a friend. "Hello, there," he said. "How are you? I'm glad to see you here today."

We climbed up on a chair at the edge of the semicircle, and caught a glimpse of Mr. Wagner. He was standing with his wife, Barbara, and had one arm about her shoulders. He held his other arm out, making a V-for-victory sign. Both Wagners were grinning broadly. Standing next to Mrs. Wagner was Mr. Robert W. Dowling, the former Cultural Executive of the City. Mr. Dowling is the owner of the Hotel Pierre, and he has been the financial chairman of a number of Mr. Wagner's campaigns. Mr. Dowling is a big man, and he is one of the few men who have ever swum around Manhattan Island. Next to Mr. Dowling was Mrs. Wagner's brother John Cavanagh, and next to him was his wife, Joan. They were grinning, too. Mr. Wagner was wearing a gray pin-striped suit, a blue shirt, and a blue tie with narrow red and white stripes. Mrs. Wagner had on an aqua-and-gray plaid coat over a black dress, and was wearing a pearl necklace.



Some of the television cameramen at the back of the throng began grumbling at the photographers up front. One of them shouted "Hey, stills, down in front!" and just then Mr. Wagner started speaking again. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I have a short statement, which I will read, and then we'll distribute copies of it and I'll be glad to answer questions as best I can."

The television cameramen and the still photographers shushed each other, and the ballroom quieted down. The only sounds were the whirrs and clicks of the cameras. Mr. Wagner put on a pair of reading glasses. The glasses immediately began to slip a short way down Mr. Wagner's nose, as they did in other years. Mr. Wagner's glasses always slide down his nose when he is reading a statement. "After intense contemplation and self-examination and prayerful consultation with members of my family," Mr. Wagner read, "I have decided to stand again for nomination and election as Mayor." There was a burst of applause. Mr. Wagner went on to say that after completing his third term as Mayor, in 1965, he had been sure that he would never again want to run for that office, but that he had found upon his return several weeks ago from Spain, where he had been our Ambassador, that increasing numbers of citizens were importuning him to return to the mayoralty. "The agony in which my city finds itself today, reflected, among other ways, in a growing disharmony, with community arrayed against community and people against people, has finally compelled me to reverse my original decision," he said. Mr. Wagner said that he had thought it only fair to the other candidates and to the people of New York to announce his new decision as soon as possible, and he concluded his statement by saying, "I can only hope to do my best. I am resolved to offer whatever capacities, energies, and personal resources I possess, and to contribute all I can to the city's welfare, progress, security, and harmony. I know no greater cause or purpose."

Mr. Wagner then called for questions, and answered a great many. He obviously enjoyed fielding questions again, after four years away from campaigning, and, just as obviously, the reporters enjoyed having him back to field their lobs.

Gabe Pressman, of WNBC News, asked him, "Mr. Wagner, what's wrong with the Lindsay administration?"

Mr. Wagner said that he didn't plan to go into any critical analysis of the administration then.

Someone else asked about reports that Mr. Wagner was being financed out of a million-dollar campaign chest.

Mr. Wagner laughed, and said, "Well, I hope if you can find it you'll let me know."

Then Mrs. Luisa Quintero, a voluble reporter from *El Diario*, who wears large hats, began calling out "Mayor Wagner! Mr. Mayor! Mayor Wagner!" and Mr. Wagner turned his attention to her. "How are you, Luisa?" he asked her. "*Qué tal?*"

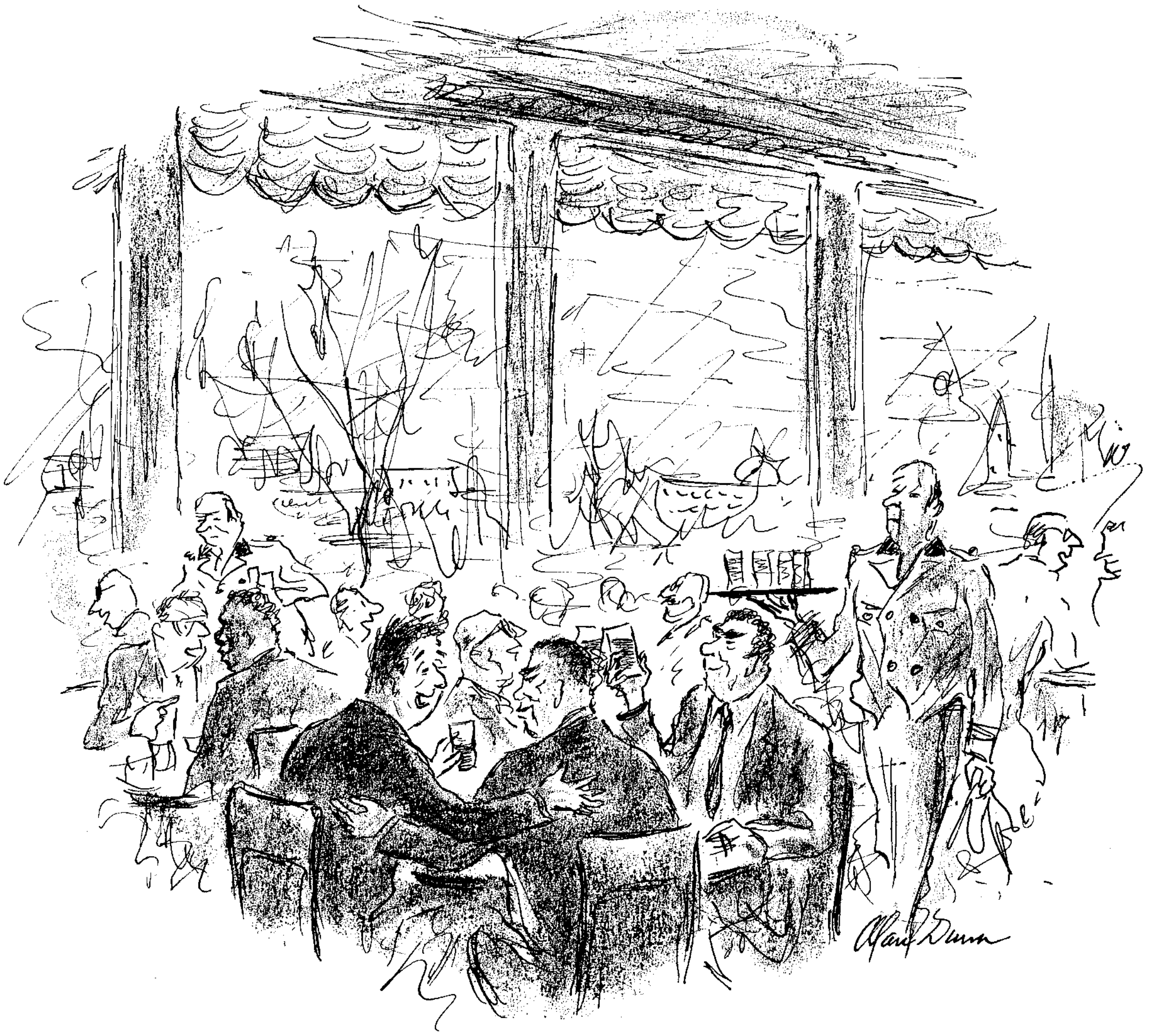
Mrs. Quintero asked him about Bronx Borough President Herman Badillo, who is also a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Mayor. Mr. Wagner said that Mr. Badillo was a close friend, and that he was proud of the fact that he had had something to do with Mr. Badillo's moving ahead in city government. Mrs. Quintero said she hoped Mr. Wagner would talk to Mr. Badillo soon, "because we Puerto Ricans are going to be divided now with you and him," and Mr. Wagner said that he *would* talk to Mr. Badillo soon, and added, "I give you the assignment of bringing us together."

Another question and answer went like this:

"Mr. Wagner, you have the image of an old-line political pro. Do you think you can compete successfully with the youthful image of John Lindsay?"

"Well, I'd say this: I think I look a little younger than he does. And certainly I think I act a little younger."

Mr. Wagner said that he didn't want to lead the city back to old times—that nobody wants to go back to anything, and that we can always make progress and go ahead.



"These behind-the-scenes tea breaks accomplish a lot more than all those formal conferences, don't you think?"

• •

Finally, a reporter asked, "Mr. Wagner, is this a moral decision, would you say?"

Mr. Wagner answered, "That's right. What else would it be? What else would it be?"

After the questions and answers, the formal part of the press conference broke up. Some of the reporters began milling around the Wagners again, and others stood here and there in small knots comparing notes. We edged closer to the millers, and overheard a newsman from C.B.S. Radio ask the former Mayor two questions.

"Mr. Wagner," he said. "Two questions. Do you speak Spanish?"

"*Poco, poco,*" said Mr. Wagner.

"And will it be fun, this campaign?"

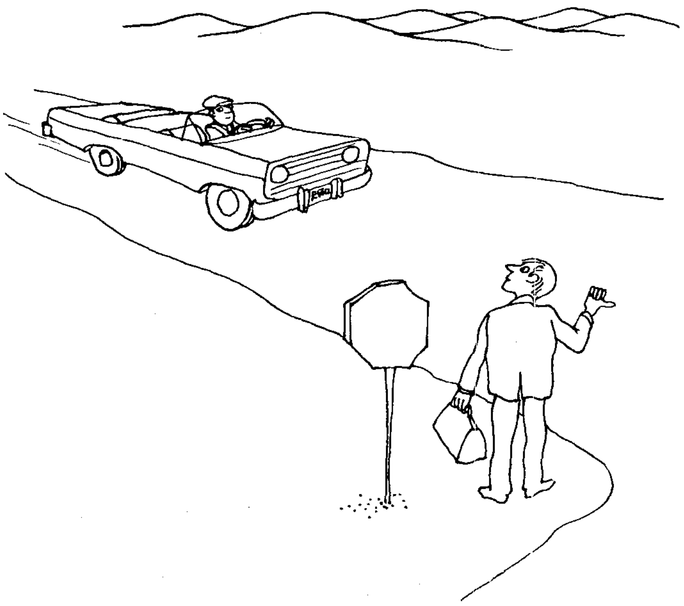
"It always is fun."

Harvard Yard

THE prevailing mood at Harvard the day after Crimson blood was spilled was one of sadness. There was disbelief, too, but to a lesser degree. Belief has been suspended, if not shattered, on many campuses of late. Still, Harvard was, and probably is, and maybe will even continue to be, something different—the quintessential university, the very symbol of higher learning. One junior faculty member we ran into in the Yard at noon on Thursday, twenty-four hours after the students had occupied University Hall and seven hours after the police had bludgeoned them out, declared sadly, "Some of us are suffering today from the kind of hangover that comes only from overindulgence in hubris." He went on, "It's all so irrational. It's surrealistic. A photographer who loves Harvard was roughed up first by the demonstrators and then by the cops. After that, he couldn't focus his camera, because he was crying. A dean who told me about this started crying, too. And the mere telling you about it is putting me in tears."

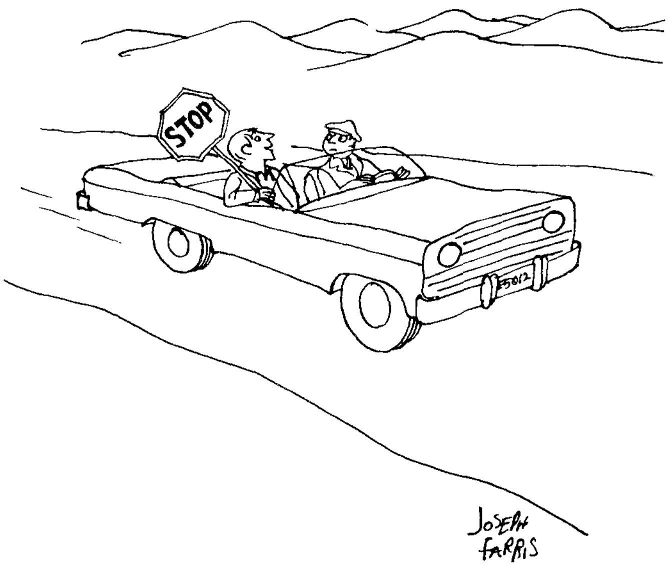
There were those in Cambridge who were saying, perhaps not without hindsight, that Harvard had been overdue for trouble; it had been lucky too long, it was too prominent, too inviting a target to be further spared. The Students for a Democratic Society had been muttering about occupying a Harvard building, but threat-making is the principal S.D.S. line of business, and few thought that what happened would happen. Indeed, at an evening meeting on Tuesday, April 8th, the S.D.S. had voted not to occupy. But its leaders had swiftly announced a meeting at noon the next day to reconsider, and even as that session was getting under way members of its more militant faction—including many students affiliated with the all-out-revolutionary Progressive Labor Party—were moving into University Hall. They were well prepared, with chains and padlocks and placards reading "Fight Capitalists—Running Dogs" and "Put Your Body Where Your Head Is." They had the occupants of the building hustled out within the hour. The evictions were accomplished without injury, except to pride. There was some pushing and jostling, and one frail, quiet, nonviolent assistant dean was carried out slung over a student's back, because he refused to leave under his own steam. He was James E. Thomas, an ordained minister who is also a nuclear physicist and a graduate student in philosophy, and who has long been acclaimed as one of the most liberal-minded Harvard administrators. His nickname is Jet. When a student he knew ordered Thomas out, he refused to go. "This building is occupied," he was told. "But surely it's big enough for both of us to occupy," Thomas said. "Oh, come on, Jet," said the student, and hoisted him onto his shoulders. As Thomas was being carted off, another student walked behind him, solicitously picking up the things that fell out of his pockets.

The S.D.S. had long since made known its demands, which, like many student demands these days, were proclaimed to be non-negotiable. The principal one was that Harvard abolish its Reserve Officers Training Corps. The Harvard administration had already stripped the R.O.T.C. of its academic standing and its instructors of their professorial rank; the faculty had voted by a ten-to-one ratio *not* to abolish the R.O.T.C. The S.D.S. apparently didn't really care. It was not the issue that mattered but the event. By midafternoon, the S.D.S. had the situation well in hand. Its occupation was reasonably orderly. Early on, the students voted against doing willful damage to the building, and against smoking marijuana while inside. Some filing cabinets were moved around, to serve as barricades, and the contents of a few of them were inspected. (On Friday, an underground paper sold in Harvard Square published some documents that purported to reveal an unsavory connection between the University and the C.I.A.) Finding a batch of blank identification cards for freshman proctors, a few students at once conferred proctorial status upon themselves; others, aware that Ivy League acceptances were about to be mailed to high-school seniors, whiled away the hours by typing on Harvard letterheads warm notes to young men around the country, congratulating them on their admission as freshmen next fall. Still others typed stencils, and one mimeograph machine churned forth a manifesto that concluded, "This is the first action of many to build a strong anti-imperialist movement in this country." Somebody painted an obscenity on a wall of the office of Fred L. Glimp, the Dean of the College; somebody else Scotch-Taped a note alongside it saying, "Dear Sir, We apologize for whoever did this. This vandalism was not a purpose of our protest." At one point, there were at least four hundred students in University Hall, perhaps half of them observers. One of the latter, a senior, told us afterward, "There were more beautiful girls at this Harvard function than at any other I've ever been to. One of them lent me a book to read. It was 'Cuba: Anatomy of a Revolution.' The thing that worried me most about many of the people in there was their ego-building. They seemed to spend half the day congratulating themselves on what they were doing."



From time to time during the afternoon and evening, the occupiers held a more or less formal meeting in the spacious faculty room, from which they voted to bar the faculty; they would communicate with the faculty, and with the administration, they further voted, only by public statements. Their friends outside provided them with food and with bedding. Other friends, and spectators, swarmed outside, in a blaze of television lights. One camera crew, it developed, was filming background scenes for a movie about a fictitious campus revolt. "Here we are in front of Jenkins Hall at Metropolitan University," an actor impersonating a television commentator was saying. "The atmosphere here is like a carnival."

Eventually, many of the two hundred students who remained in the building went to sleep. Quite a few of them still expected no trouble. They were wrong, of course. The administration had already decided—without consulting the faculty—to have them routed out at five in the morning. Some four hundred policemen were converging on the Yard. At four o'clock, to summon other students to the scene, fire alarms were set off—presumably by the S.D.S.—throughout the Harvard community. The students inside University Hall had been told by Franklin L. Ford, the Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences, within a short time of their taking it over that if they didn't clear out in fifteen minutes they would be liable to charges of criminal trespass. Now, at 4:55 A.M., Dean Glimp warned them by bullhorn that they had exactly five minutes to get out with impunity. Apparently, nobody inside heard him. At five, the police moved in. There were two kinds—dark-blue shirts and light-blue shirts. The dark-blues were municipal police; their job was to clear students off the four flights of steps leading into University Hall. The light-blues were state police; their job was to get the students inside the building out. It is generally conceded that the dark-blues were the less disciplined and the more brutal. As they converged on the steps, clubs in hand, a few students inside the building leaped from windows and ran to freedom. Dozens of boys and girls were clubbed. One student in a wheelchair was hit. "I had to leave," a Rad-



cliffe girl told us. "I thought it was too voyeuristic to stick around and watch students bare their skulls to nightsticks."

A hundred and ninety-six boys and girls were bundled into police vans and taken off to jail. Some forty were injured. The cops were gone by six-fifteen. The Yard was littered with trash and rutted by police vehicles. Buildings and Grounds men moved swiftly into University Hall and painted over Dean Glimp's profaned wall. All morning long, students milled about the Yard, in a daze compounded of sleeplessness and shock. "Whatever I think about seizing buildings—and I don't think much of it—I keep reminding myself that human beings perform these acts, not three guys whose initials are S., D., and S.," one of them told us. Some classes went on as scheduled. One bitterly anti-S.D.S. student reacted to the tumult by attending a course he hadn't been to in three months.

At eleven, while the students who had been arrested were being arraigned and, in most instances, released on their own recognizance, between fifteen hundred and two thousand moderate students held a meeting at the Memorial Church, in the Yard. The church had never before been so crowded; there were students perched atop the reredos. One of the undergraduate leaders invited his fellow-students to turn to and reflect on Hymn 256 in the hymnals on hand: "O God of earth and altar,/ Bow down and hear our cry./ Our earthly rulers falter,/ Our people drift and die." Professor Stanley H. Hoffmann, the social scientist, got up to speak on behalf of rationality. "This is the only university we've got," he said. "It could be improved. It can be improved. But it cannot be destroyed." He was loudly cheered. He advocated changes in Harvard's decision-making processes, but he warned against changing the processes so much that the will of a minority could prevail. "No university can function if the minority insists on winning all the time," he said. More cheers. The assembled students began debating what course of action they should take. They finally decided on a three-day strike, and they passed a number of resolutions—among others, condemning the administration for unnecessarily summoning the police, condemning the police for their brutality, and calling for the resignation of President Pusey if he didn't meet student demands. "This is the most impressive and most exciting thing I've seen in four years at Harvard," a Radcliffe senior said after the meeting. "It's the first time that moderates have dealt with radicals on their own terms. There's no longer a murky atmosphere here. The way the moderate students have reacted is electrifying." A resolution to condemn the S.D.S. was tabled. Nonetheless, some of the S.D.S. people who had got out of jail had hastened to the church and were already crying "Foul!" They said that the administration had purposely delayed their release so they couldn't get to the Memorial Church meeting in time to vote. The meeting broke up at two o'clock, amid ringing, responsible cries of "Clean the church! Clean the church!" Outside, a girl screamed "Bail money!" into the ears of a haggard passing dean. He winced. "Women shouldn't be allowed to talk in public," he said, not ill-naturedly. We caught sight of a student we know, a junior who hadn't missed a demonstration throughout his stay at Harvard. He looked crestfallen. "My alarm clock didn't go off," he said. "I slept through the bust. I've lost my honor."

The Yard was still full of clusters of disputants. Graduate students from the Business School and the Medical School had drifted over to see what was going on. A Divinity School student came by and asked no one in particular if it was all right for a lady organist to practice in the church, between meetings, for an imminent recital. Two S.D.S. members ripped an orange sign off a tree. "Hey, that's my sign!" yelled a student. "You wrote that?" one of the rippers asked scornfully. "Yeats did," said the sign's owner, even more scornfully. "The ceremony of innocence is drowned," the sign read. "The best lack all conviction, while the worst are full of passionate intensity." The S.D.S. men shrugged and yielded up the sign.

We had a word with an instructor in government. He had a booklet in one hand entitled "After Harvard—What?" He asked us if we were going to the faculty meeting. "What faculty meeting?" we asked. "There are meetings all over today," he said. "This one's at Sever Hall."

We headed toward Sever. On the way, we were stopped by an undergraduate with a solemn expression. "Would you like to hear the views of an ordinary, middle-of-the-road student?" he asked. We said we would. "I have always been incensed by the moral arrogance of S.D.S., but I'm afraid that this morning they scored a brilliant victory," he said. "Because of the administration's response to their totally unwarranted action, the issue, God help us, is no longer what S.D.S. did. The issue is cracked heads. It puts moderates like me in an uncomfortable position. I won't absolve S.D.S. of responsibility, and I won't support any strike, but I'll sign all the petitions in the world to disapprove of calling in the cops that way. Most of all, I am deeply concerned about the future of Harvard University."

So were the eighty faculty members who had gathered in Sever Hall. George Wald was there, and James D. Watson, and John Kenneth Galbraith, and everybody was sitting facing a blackboard on which someone had chalked "ON STRIKE." As we entered, a man we didn't recognize was saying, "For heaven's sake, let's 'reject,' or let's 'repudiate,' but, whatever we do, let's do anything but 'deplore.' " They agreed that the sense of their meeting was that they repudiated the occupation of University Hall, the eviction of the deans, the calling of the police, and the failure to inform the faculty that the police were being called. Professor Daniel Seltzer spoke up. "The primary purpose of this university is to teach," he said. "As long as one single student shows up for any of my classes, I'll teach him." Most of his colleagues nodded approvingly.

TIME AND EFFORT

IT is Sunday, fairly dim and silent. My wife is asleep beside me, her hands made into fists. I suppose I am committing inimical acts in her dreams.

My mother sails through the gloom with a small shopping bag, followed by my father. She has a key. When we're not here, she pops in to thoughtfully water the plants she gave us.

"I am in the way," my mother says, rather grandly.

She sits on my edge of the bed she bought us; she gets a discount.

"I see no signs of change," my father says, picking up the clothes I let fall the night before.

"You're right," I say. "I'm the boy you made me."

My father hangs my trousers upside down from my top dresser drawer.

"*I* preserve the creases," he says.

"I recall your demonstrating that little trick," I say. "It was not enough."

"At the very least," he says, "you could drape them over the back of a chair."

"We gave you special hangers," my mother says.

"You did," my father says. "They were uncalled for."

"It's important to have nice, shapely hangers," my mother says.

"All it takes—" my father says.

"Is a little time and effort," I say.

"You know how it would please him," my mother says.

"Show me again, Dad," I say. "But do it slowly this time, the way you used to, with the cuffs tucked under your chin as you open the drawer. That was the best part."

"Anyone can run people down," my mother says.

"Not the case," I say. "I'm trying to find the point at which I went astray."

"You were always a rebellious spirit and a wiseacre," my father says.

"You don't show your best face to the world," my mother says.

"I try to conform," I say.

"Then why have I found this mess?" my father says. "Things strewn all over the lot."

"Because I couldn't live up."

My mother settles her gaze upon the plants she has dropped off over the years. "Are you sure Ernestyne isn't letting their feet get too wet?" she says. Ernestyne is her maid, whom we get two days a week. "The other morning when I arose, I detected an unusual aroma in the air."

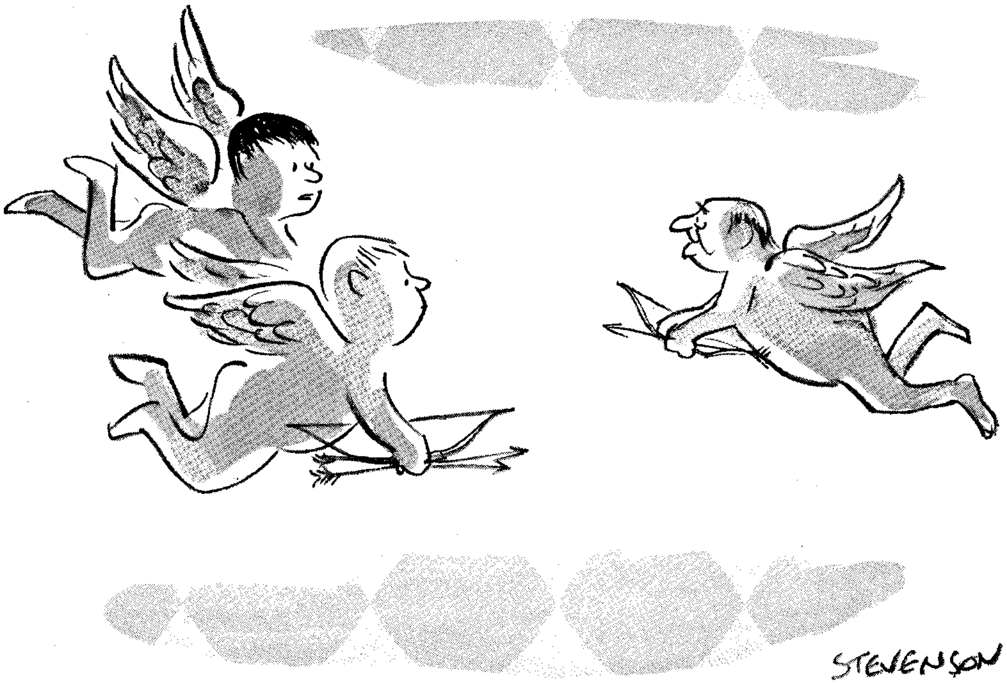
"Your mother has a highly developed sense of smell," my father says.

"Your father identified it," my mother says.

"Rotting vegetation," my father says.

"We were both watering the plants, Ernestyne and I," my mother says. "Imagine!"

My father is going about the room adjusting the pictures on the walls to make them hang straight; these are Doré plates from the Inferno.



"He specializes in September-May relationships."

"Oh, God, put up something contemporary," my mother says to me. "Something with splashes of color."

My father narrows his eyes and cocks his head first to one side then the other.

"Their ceiling's askew," my mother tells him. "He's vexed because he can't finish his puzzle," she tells me. "Why don't you give it another—"

"Whirl?" my father says. From his pocket he morosely withdraws the page from the Magazine Section that has the crossword puzzle on it, unfolds it, and smooths it out. He sits in the chair upon whose back I might have draped my pants, and crosses his legs. I remember his shoes from when I would sit on the floor beside his chair and pat them—large, unpolished, and extraordinarily seamed.

"I may need your help if I encounter any sports terminology," he says to me.

"I'm your man," I say. "You look European this morning," I say to my mother.

"I do?"

"It's a certain cast to your eyes."

"You mean Eurasian."

"I don't."

"They're tired, is that it?"

"It's not what I meant."

"Old," she says, touching herself tentatively about the eyes. "Recesses and shadows."

"It's not really light yet," I say. "What did you bring me? Another African violet? Some brownies?"

"More newspaper clippings," she says. "Do you know how I communicate with you? By circling things and cutting them out."

"But I hardly ever get around to reading them."

"You don't have to," she says. "I imagine it."

"I'm going to lie under the bed," my wife says, evidently awakening.

"We can't stay long," my mother says.

My father tears his puzzle into little pieces; these he puts in his pocket.

"I wish I could have helped you," I say.

"For the sake of argument," my father says, "let's assume I was deficient—"

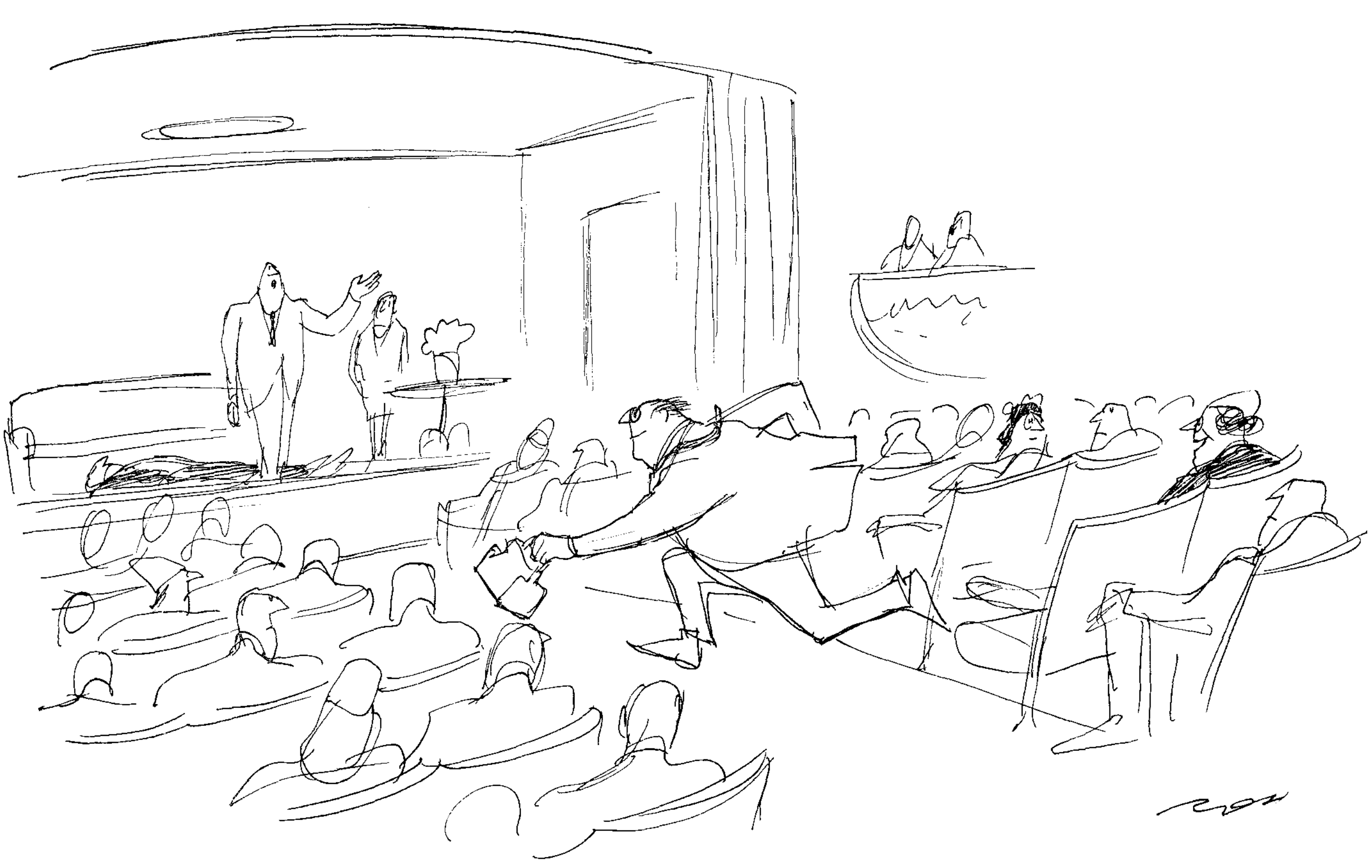
"I'm not a party to this," my mother says.

"Specifically, in what areas would you say I let you down?"

"You did the best you knew how," my mother says.

"And youuuuuu?" my wife says from beneath the bed.

"We both did what we thought



"'Is there a doctor in the house?' That's the call Harold's been waiting for since he started practice, twenty-five years ago."

• •

best," my mother says. "By our own lights."

"Where?" my father asks me. "Hypothetically."

"I don't remember," I say.

"Perseveeeeeere," my wife says.

"This isn't going to bear fruit," my mother says.

I join my wife under the bed.

"I cut out a quotation by Arthur Miller for you," my mother says.

"You didn't have to do that," I say.

"It's very apt," my mother says.

"Have you recalled anything?" my father says.

"I'm sorry," I say.

"I'm leaving what he said in the middle of your pillow," my mother says.

Their footsteps recede.

"I saw you reach out and touch one of your father's shoes as he passed by," my wife says.

"Would you say our parents are projections of ourselves?" I say.

My wife declines to answer, and presently I fall asleep. After long preparation, I am at last ready for my transatlantic swim. It is very early, and everything is equally gray. I am standing on a beach, naked to preclude chafing, ponderous. My mother and father, who will accompany me across, feeding me and taking turns holding my head up while I sleep upon the bosom of the deep, are in a dinghy beyond the breakers, resting on their oars. I try the water with my toe. Ah, it's cold. I have three thoughts in this position. Is the swim mere rhetoric, as it were? When I step ashore, will I be adorned with a great, stiff, golden beard? Why do I cause so much pain? Counting to my favorite number, I wade out, gingerly splashing myself, patting my face, and my parents pull on the oars. Soon I am over my head. I have two thoughts in this position. Why am I not lighthearted? Why am I not deeper, more solid? When I am borne to the crests of the waves, I can see my parents far ahead, all bundled up in the pitching boat. The wind carries their voices back to me.

"It's time to trade places," my mother says.

"You're not allowed to stand up in a boat," my father says.

"I'm in a slight crouch," my mother says.

"You're tipping the boat," my father says.

"This oar is longer than the other one," my mother says.

"You're not feathering it," my father says.

"This oar is definitely heavier," my mother says.

"We're heading back to shore," my father says.

"Let's trade oars," my mother says.

"Now we're not going in any direction," my father says.

"Water from your oar dripped on my head," my mother says.

"We're dead in the water," my father says.

"Would you say that's a blister in a formative stage?" my mother says.

"It's raining," my father says.

"What happens when the boat fills up with rain?" my mother says.

I heave myself into the drifting boat, take up the oars, and row back to the beach in the rain. My parents are huddled in the stern, their eyes cast down. I notice that a number of my pubic hairs are white. I have one thought in this position. Why don't I feel any pain? —GILBERT ROGIN

•

Stewart's last visit to Vietnam was on an active duty mission with the Air Force. He is a retired brigadier general in the Air Force Reserve and swerved as a bomber pilot and squadron commander in World War II.—*Newburgh* (N.Y.) *Evening News.*

That's why they retired him.

THE LAST TO GO

“GET out,” said Stephen Brandt’s best friend. “And shut up.”

“I am out,” Stephen said, not moving from his best friend’s own armchair in Dulwich. “To all intents and purposes. And I’m effectively shut up because I’ve been kicked out of my job and also because you don’t seem to have heard a word I’ve been saying.” He tried to leave the chair and go, but didn’t badly enough want to, and carried on with a furious daydream of what the trades-union movement might come to represent again in England, although England was only half his country.

The best friend, Felix—an affectionate, forgetful, hypomanic man passionately expert in animal physiology and the history of Communism—yelled benignly at his wife for more coffee and said again, “Get out. You’re boring when you’re like this. Go and talk to somebody from the library.”

“There is no more library. I’ve been sacked.”

“ ‘Jesus wept.’ ”

“What?”

“It’s the shortest verse in the Bible.”

“I know that. There is no more Bible.”

“You’re really down, aren’t you?” said Felix’s wife, who had come in with a jar of instant coffee and a jug of water no more than fairly hot, which increased Stephen’s worry that many things were falling behind. He had memories of Vienna before the 1939 war, and liked people who took care over such things as coffee—proper, expensive coffee—as he tried to himself, however much he decided to ignore most of the facts of being poor.

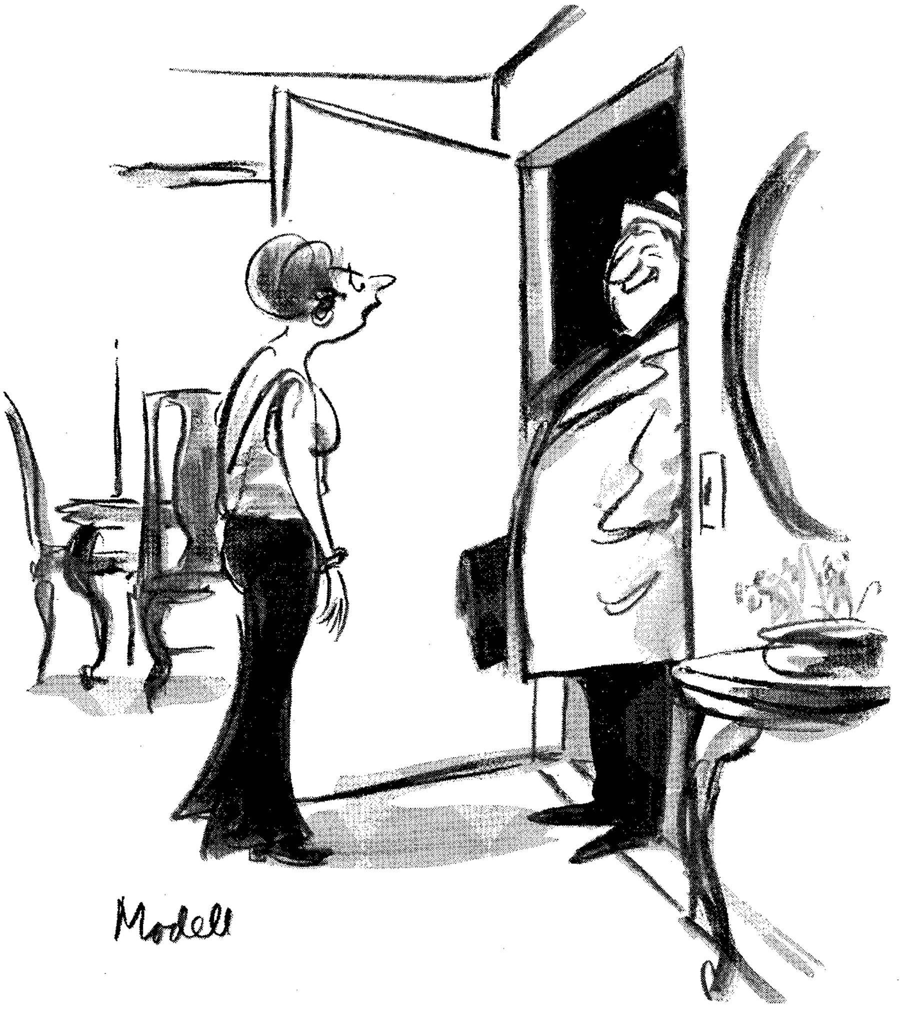
“Not altogether down,” he said.

“He’s just caught Socialism,” said Felix.

“All over again,” Stephen said. “I didn’t think you could get it a second time. I can’t imagine why, when the Labour Party’s such a swindle. It must have been Czechoslovakia. That possibility.”

“Probably chemical,” Felix said. “I’ve known of chemical conversions to ideology.”

“It’s more like love,” Stephen said seriously. “You never think you can get that twice.”



“Oh dear! You’re probably not in the mood for canard à l’orange.”

Felix pondered a bad time that Stephen had had with a girl a while ago, and fiddled with his shortwave radio. It was believed by the other people in his street, the owners of the other semi-detached red brick villas with Victorian stained glass over the front doors and children’s tricycles in the halls, that Felix was a Communist spy. His absorption with Mao and Castro was so open that the neighbors took it for a double bluff, and each new discovery of an agent transmitting messages from some ordinary-looking English suburb increased the tension of their interest in the land mine who was surely bound one day to go off in their own street. Stephen knew of the rumor and had neither evidence nor time for it. He had been Felix’s friend since 1938. They were young Communists together after Stephen fled Austria. His father, now dead, had been an English book translator living in Vienna. His mother, also dead, was really German, but she had called herself Austrian in an impulse of cowardice that Stephen rather cherished her for. The times had made him mistrust the militant kinds of heroism, though he unjustly saw himself as deficient in fortitude of another sort. He had been born with a curved spine and stood five feet.

“What are you going to live on?” said Felix’s wife.

“I don’t need much.”

“And what are you going to do?”

“I’m going to resign from the Labour Party to make my position clear, and then I don’t know.”

Even Felix refrained from asking him who would notice.

Felix’s wife started talking about poetry, which she wrote, while Felix shouted about his last visit to Castro. Stephen listened carefully to both, his head forward and down, like a horse’s hanging over a gate, which was a way he had and not altogether due to the curve in his spine.

“I thought I might go to America and help the anti-draft students around the Army camps,” he said.

Felix’s wife began to recite her poetry, and wondered about his air fare, and gave him some coffee. Felix thought of Czechoslovakia and then careered into a fantasy of Ho Chi Minh gossiping about the minor members of the English Royal Family. He started to shout again.

“Though perhaps one should try to do something to rescue Socialism here,” Stephen said softly, through both of them. “I thought I might go and talk in factories.”

“You’re out of your mind!” Felix

yelled. "England's as dead as a doornail. Greedy. Dozy. Worse than America. The whole system has to be changed."

"Sh-h-h," said Felix's wife.

"Why?" said Felix.

"There's a nice worried American on the run from the draft next door."

"Well, I said we were even worse, didn't I?" Felix glared at her.

"Then why do you like it here?" Stephen said. "You love England as much as anyone I know."

"It's the only possible place to live," Felix said, putting on a record of North Vietnamese songs with the volume up very loud.

Stephen made a few moderate reservations about England in his own soft voice, which was audible over the hubbub like some supersonic protest. Felix's wife went on stoutly reading her poetry as if she were not shy, roaring to keep the beat against the Vietnamese and walking round and round the dining table in time with herself.

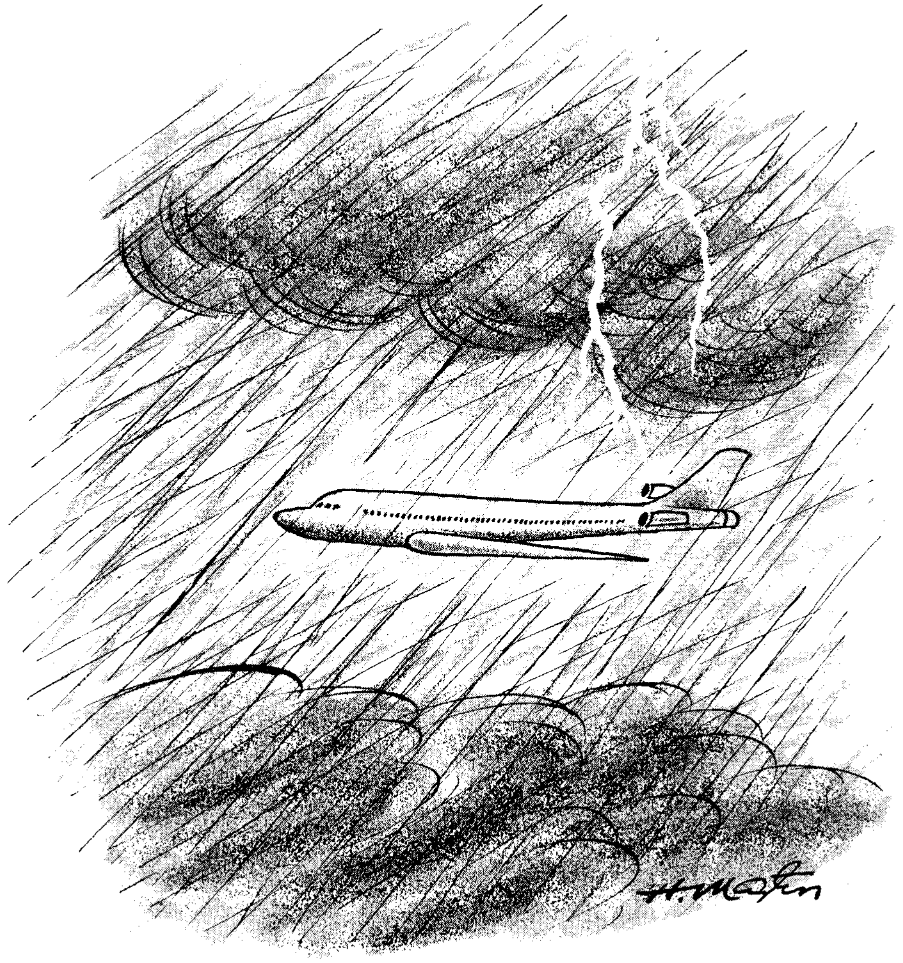
"What *do* you like about England?" Stephen said again.

"It's *mellow*, Stephen!" Felix bawled angrily, on his feet, with his arms swinging on a curve away from his body and looking abnormally long. "MELLOW!" he shouted, louder still. Stephen laughed, and Felix felt vaguely resentful, but it was fine to see his friend laughing at the moment, even at his expense, so he brushed the mood away and continued with an invention about Mao studying Princess Anne's record at gymkhanas. He appeared to be airborne, but he was watching Stephen out of the corner of his eye.

"I'm going home," Stephen said, and no one asked where that was. He had just been booted out of his digs, for the nth time, because the landlady had complained about the noise of a child who had stayed with him on the way home for half-term. But presumably he had a place to go, and he would prefer to keep that problem to himself.

"He looks minute," Felix's wife said, watching him from their gate as he marched down the road to the bus stop.

"He could never stand up and lecture for weeks on end in all those factories." Felix remembered the gang of them at the beginning of the World War, with Stephen stomping around reviling the call-up, deciding on conscientious objection for himself, shaking off the hand of any acquaintance who tried to help him speed over a dangerous crossing, and talking about the anti-militarist statement he would make to the court. None of his friends could possibly have pointed out that there was no question of his ever passing the physical.



"I told you we should have flown the friendly skies of United."

• •

"Men are very fragile," Felix's wife said, looking at her giant husband, who was standing under a street lamp stirring his arms like propellers.

"I'm going for a walk, dear," he said, absently. He always went for a walk about this hour. And then he got up again at half past five to read.

"I wish we needed the same number of hours' sleep," she said. "I wish we went to bed at the same time. I always fall off while I'm waiting for you."

"I liked the coffee tonight," he said, not allowing that it was the same instant coffee as ever, and to deserve the goodness she determined to go up to Soho tomorrow for some beautiful fresh espresso beans.

Then she swore out of the blue and said, "The truth is, you know, I suddenly hope Stephen doesn't come again. Not unless he's more manageable. He's upsetting. I hate just anyone dropping in. I can't stand it."

"He's not just anyone. He's Stephen."

"Those terrifying high hopes. What's he going to do with them? Did his back look worse to you?"

As happened in their life together, Felix was humbled for a flash by a sense that she had caught something he had missed: something wild in the air Stephen had brought with him. "Come on, old girl," he shouted, "calm down!" and later he found her a scientific paper to read, which she liked.

"HERE," said Stephen Brandt to life, walking down the Strand at eleven o'clock the next dampish morning and moving his lips without a sound. "You think I've had enough. Well, I haven't, not by a long chalk, and I'm not the tramp I look, either. It's a bad time, admitted, there's truth in that, but I shouldn't choose to be out of it. A lax and, O.K., a dishonorable time. Immigration Act, Rhodesia, Gomulka, Prague, America having a national nervous breakdown, the soul of England on the ropy side. Hope in the students, as long as you don't get too utopian about it and start to laugh. Expect nothing. That's the trick. Conceive of the boundless, but expect nothing whatever. There won't be an apocalypse from English students, not from that quarter, I shouldn't suppose. Though who can tell? Stupidity of trying to conclude. In the sense of reaching any conclusions. Also, of course, in the sense of ending. I have never been further from suicide in my life, though I imagine my friends would find it quite opportune. Understandably. My lack of means is extreme, granted, and I look bad, skin white, mouth chapped, body apparently even shorter than usual, eye roaming and I daresay a bit fretful, trousers in bad shape, attention astray for a book lying around to pinch or even an old magazine, since I sold a few volumes I should now like to have kept, in exchange for a slug of what turned out to be the world's nastiest though cheapest whiskey. A poor impulse. I ordered a quadruple. Something I've never done before or since in my life. It was very necessary, and it made a sunny improvement in the event. So one looks forward."

"LISTEN," Stephen said to a woman at Labour Party headquarters in Transport House. "I've come to resign."

After a pause, while she knitted and changed to a new ball of wool, she surprisingly said, "Oh dear."

"That's nice of you," he said, blood having started to boil.

"No call to be formal about it," she said. "If you feel like resigning, all you have to do is let your dues lapse. I don't suppose they're paid up anyway. They never are."

"Mine are."

"Don't you be so sure. Bertrand Russell's weren't and a nice pickle he got himself into, though I'd put it all down to that secretary if I were asked. Speaking personally."

"Anyway, I want to hand in my card. I want my position to be clear. I've written a letter to my Member of Parliament, but I want it to be clear at headquarters."

"What?"

"That Socialism in England has turned out to be a bitter farce." He looked at her knitting, which continued, approaching the heel of the sock in progress, and wondered if she was ever going to glance at his card on the counter.

"And who am I supposed to send it to, may I ask?" She banged down her knitting. "I can't read the signature." With distaste: "You're not famous or something, are you?"

"No."

"I can't do anything with the matter if you won't give me the details. No skin off my nose."

He stayed silent. Chin not more than four inches above the sill of her cubicle. She stood to get a pencil. Five feet seven, eight.

"Stephen Brandt, is it?" she said. "It seems to be paid up."

"Since 1940."

"It's a meaningless gesture, you know. Handing it in." She spoke coldly, and he hated her, and the height of her, and of a man behind her. The tall, those engrossers of manhood, those hyperbolic exemplifiers of the species, the monsters who overlook us.

"There's no such thing as a meaningless gesture," he said, after emptying himself of that thought. "If it *is* a gesture, then it must always have a meaning."

"Well." She sniffed, and considered. "There's an interesting idea," she said, throwing him into next week with the surprise of it. People change, he told himself. I might remember not to treat people as if they could only act in one way. I suppose they could always act differently.

"Are you turning Tory? That's all they're going to want to know," she said.

"No." He thought, Is that really all they'll want to know? And proceeded to plan a call on some of his old Communist Party mates during his walk back home.

"It's odd that I haven't heard of you. You're sure you're not a celebrity masquerading?" She looked at his clothes with disbelief and a little pity. "Otherwise I don't know why you've come. I mean, you're not a nut."

"No?"

"We've experience in recognizing nuts in this place."

WELL, he thought, she said I'm not a nut. One can reckon that to be *all to the good, from a stranger.* To be plain, I'm a bit exhausted, secretly, about the intellectual advantages that are supposed (by intellectuals) to accrue from being physically underendowed or peculiar-looking, though it's possible to keep up the front in public and many a gulled beloved has supposed that this joke of a frame is where my energy comes from. (*What energy?*) Hellfire to, for instance, Annabel, for her loving farewell about "understanding the beleaguered ferocity of the uncommon." Silly bird.

GARDEN CENTER
224
SPECIAL SEED SALE
LASZLO

THE ACTOR

Say you were the kid who could not sleep
In the new house in the north, with the wind
Flapping roof shingles, window banging softly
And tub humming for rain, the outside soft with moon,
And the man in the door looking into that softness—

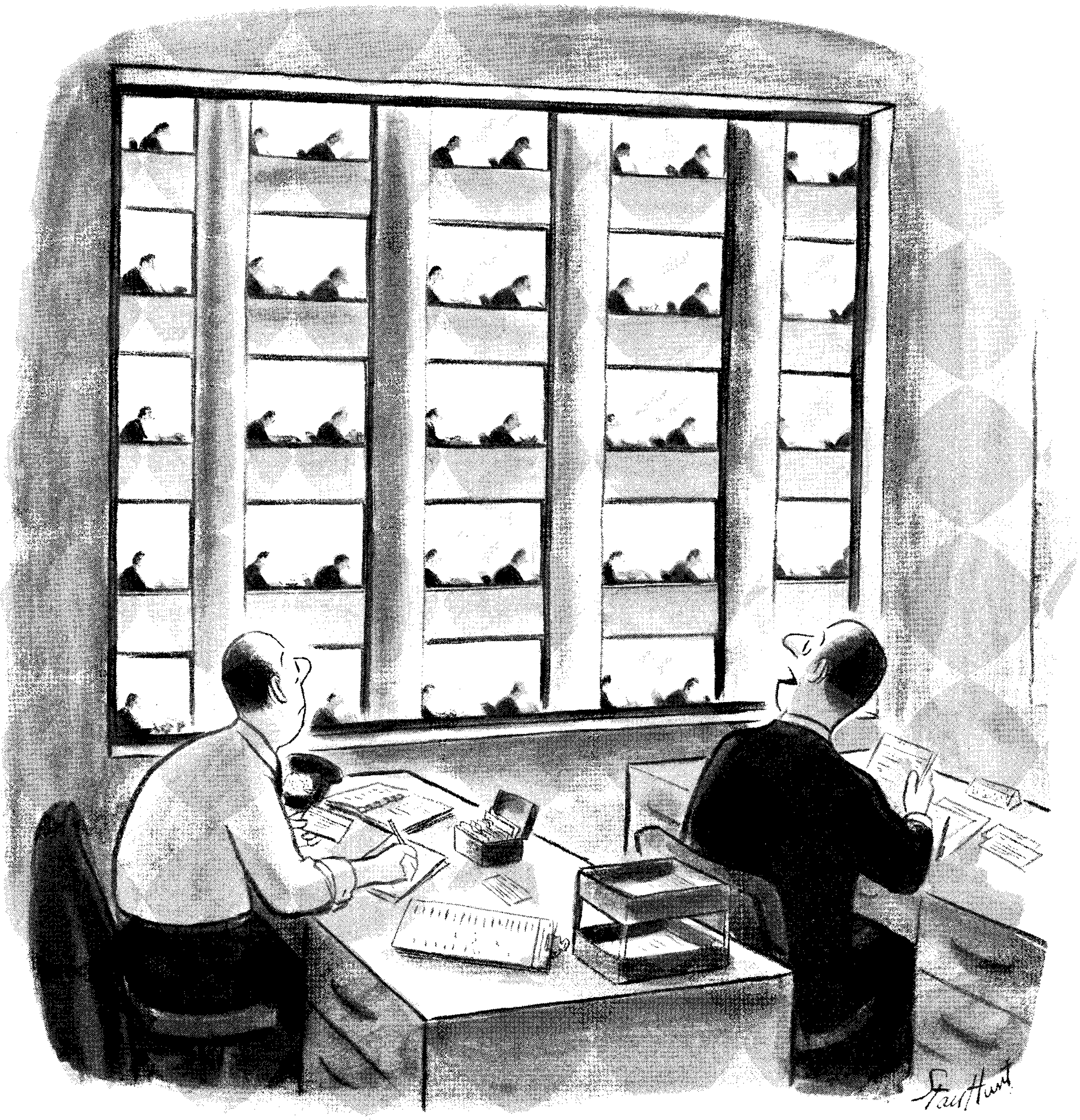
Would you not follow? Out to the road
To hunch along the dark fringe as he walks
In a trance through the years rising like sand,
Falling back to leave him quickened
With each step, until he finds the old road
Leading to a concrete slab poured and forgot
By someone with a cottage in his head.

You crouch in fern and northern orchids.
He climbs onto the gray square,
Bows to the footweeds, and begins
A monologue. As he intones old names,
The man he was lives with his friends
In the shape of bulbs in the night
And posters curling in basements.

You are afraid for him, for yourself,
For all those players who rehearse their lines
In the trees beyond the city. As he
Storms with mad verse the indifferent air,
Something like night moves through the weeds.

—THOMAS SNAPP

• •

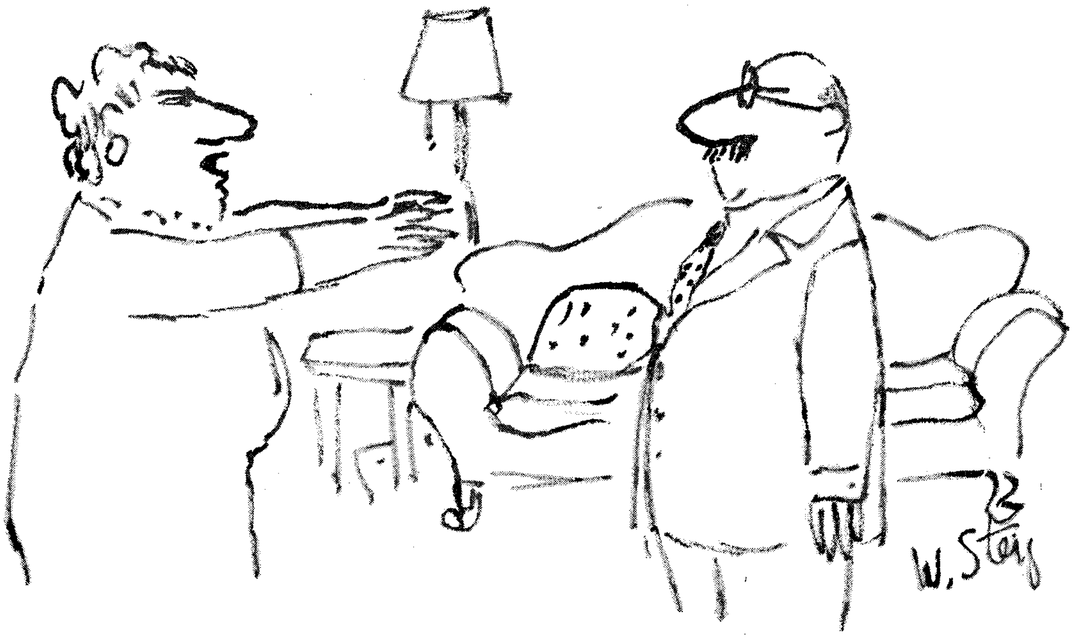


"Poor things!"

• •

Too much upbringing can mess a person about. She meant she was frightened, didn't she? She said I was too much for her, and I assume she thought she was being admiring, though she certainly meant I was not enough. Boiling oil on the head of her. Where is she now? On the right side, of course, doing her best about Vietnam, et cetera. And not betraying the past, either, not rewriting our private history to suit herself. That isn't her flaw at all. She said she wanted to go to Peking. With her children. Ye gods, I said, with the babies? There are crèches in China, she said. Well, yes, I know that, O.K., I said, you're their mother, and you decided against their father for reasons I take to be desolate, but wouldn't some Asian studies in St. James's Square at the Institute of International Affairs be less perilous until they are both over, say, four? And then she quite confounded me by doing exactly what I advised, and I always thought she took me for a crank whose horse sense, if any, was a forced calm not to be heeded. And when the babies were both a ripe four-plus, and she did indeed go off to Peking and left them with me, the ensuing fun made me wonder sometimes whether I was their father, which is no question to put, since the answer should be proffered, I suppose. I should like to have been a parent, a real English Socialist, a stunning diver on the side, and a foppish dresser. Just look at these clothes. I wish I were an orator. Or a political writer of great eloquence. I should like to speak to people of their other lives.

THEN Brandt went into a tea shop, in spite of feeling that his new landlady's fried bread for breakfast was



"When you wake up, you will be generous. Very, very generous."

going to be more than enough to see him through the day. Food lay like clods of clay in his stomach and it rained, but he was supported by a sense of majesty in ideas and even in himself for having them, though this latter maintenance came and went. He thought of a Socialist future for his half country, and conceived the hope of a job in which he might have the luck to be gripped by some stupendous ire of work, trying to avoid the spectacle of the people around him and in the wet street outside, which pointed out a fraternal indifference in the world that was the last perception he cared to harbor. It was a time when he was immensely drawn to panache, and he felt done with the prim and the hangdog for good. He suddenly saw Annabel passing in the street outside. It was a year or more since they had met, but he ran out of the shop and clung to her elbow. They ran ill-assortedly up the street in the drizzle. She was the taller and also he ran with difficulty, but she was used to the coupling and minded nothing. They talked as they ran, and he was elated. They made plans to spend the day together. He experienced a considerable longing for a whole life of shambles and baked beans.

They started for a Communist Party hangout. He warned her, and himself, that the call was likely to be a waste of spirit. All the same, he dearly hoped that the mood there might match his own. He felt like the man in an old music-hall joke who hammers on the dentist's door with a wet sponge, the need to get in conflicting powerfully with the longing to flee.

As it turned out, of course, the people in the seedy upstairs room couldn't provide any of the raw exuberance he wanted. At the same time, he was much too committed to them by years in common for their limp urbanity to strike him as funny in world-changers. What they expressed was not so much any possibility of revolution as a sort of chivalrous exasperation at things as they would always be. He introduced Annabel and told the watchful, exhausted-looking ring of people that she was working at night with a set of young Left Wingers who published a broadsheet the old guard knew all too well. It was immediately clear that he had put his foot in it. While an angry woman in a cardigan sadly toasted herself a crumpet by the jet of a gas fire, he tried to shift to another topic. He said he was thinking of going to America for a while. He also said, rashly, that he felt stirred by the efforts of American radicals. This turned out to be essentially the same menacing subject as the earlier one.

"Riot guides and drug protests and minor jokes about policemen," said a man in a mackintosh, standing up by the gas fire and talking fixedly about the broadsheet, eying it in its filing place. "They don't know the power of what they're up against. They won't define it. They pinch most of what they say from the student press in America and throw in a few tags from Colonel Ojukwu. Never enough to be serious. That's the thing, they're simply not very substantial."

"They suggested putting marbles under the hoofs of police horses," said the woman with the crumpet.

"She's not being sentimental," the man in the mackintosh said. "*Any* measures would be permissible if there were a structure of thought behind them."

"They don't know any history," the woman said. "They don't even know anything about the war. I sometimes think they have a neurosis about not having been in the blitz."

Feeling hampered, Stephen managed to plow on with a story about a Yale graduate who was in prison for fighting the Vietnam draft.

"There's no weight to isolated acts of self-aggrandizing heroism in a decaying society," said a man who was generally nice, and who bore on his forehead the triangular scar of a marble paperweight that had been thrown at him by his best friend, a Tory, for a sentence like that.

"Self-aggrandizing?" said Stephen, rising to the bait when he knew better. "He's in prison."

"Well, he's celebrity-seeking enough to have made you talk about him."

"Scarcely anyone has heard his *name*. You hadn't. I asked him once why I'd never seen him mentioned in any of the endless stuff about his movement, and he said he thought some of them had to stay anonymous. 'Look at the famous ones,' he said. 'They can't move. They're pinned. We have to have spokesmen, but we also have to leave some of us free to do things,' he said."

"What's special about that?" asked the woman by the gas fire.

"I just thought it was rather remarkable in a boy of twenty-three. It seemed grown-up," said Stephen.

"It's all by the way," said a thin man impatiently from behind his desk, which was stacked with political magazines. There was a photograph in the chaos. His wife in their garden. He had a collection of little ivory animals on his pencil tray. He arranged them in a Noah row as he talked. Stephen found it impossible not to be fond of him. "There's no program," the man said frantically, putting a bear behind a hippopotamus. "It's the vice of America to believe in the random."

"No, I don't think so," Annabel said suddenly, and then stopped.

"Go on," Stephen said to her.

"It's only that I think, maybe, that

it's more the vice of America—no, not vice, I don't think, but difficulty—to be moralistic in politics. Is that right?"

The man behind the desk paused and said, "It's a point," with no interest at all.

Annabel dried up entirely.

"Haven't a clue what that signifies," said the woman by the fire, speaking through the crumpet. "Would anyone like the other half of my crumpet? Speak up or I'll have wolfed it."

"Have you got a boy friend working with that lot?" the scarred man asked Annabel with a pounce.

"No," Stephen said, stabbed, just realizing that she had. He stood up and walked to the window of the cold, cold room, putting aside with contempt his lifelong habit of arranging to be seated so as to hide his size when he was about to say anything that interested him. "The trait she's talking about. It's a confusion. It gives a moral force that's spurious . . . that's troubling to America . . . a moral force to political crimes, for instance." He looked around and saw a great many faces all wearing the same expression, an expression stating that they were never going to be surprised by anything in history and that they had already had every thought that was ever going to be in his head. "I think she means it's a hard, an exacting connection to make," he pushed on, "this connection between moral behavior and political behavior. . . . With a moral question, you ask yourself whether you can go on living as yourself if you do such and such a thing. But that isn't politics. It's self-conservation." The woman made a pile of cracked Minton tea plates in the wire in-tray that she used for stacking the washing-up. "It doesn't *work* very well as politics. Though you're bound to try to make it work, I do see," he said, watching her hands, "in a place where opportunism's gone mad and grown so repulsive as a political dynamic."

"Blimey," said Annabel. "Anyway, when wasn't it repulsive?"

"I hadn't finished." He looked at her face and tried harder to speak for her. To her, perhaps. "People before us . . . Other times accepted it. They always found it natural in government. Opportunism was what kept politics going. America may be . . . It's the suicidal greatness of America, I think Annabel means, to have raised opportunism to such a point that even people who wouldn't dream of ditching anything else feel that this has to be plucked out. Which is politically much like trying to run your old car without petrol."

"I *suppose* that was what I meant," said Annabel.

He took her away. "What is it?" he said. "I hated what I was saying, too."

"You undercut too much."

"There's no need to listen to me. Even I don't, altogether."

"Yes, you do. You're in a bad way, aren't you? You don't know what next."

"Spit in the face of the century?" he said.

"I'm frozen," she said. "What's the poor century done?"

He blew seven shillings on a taxi to get them home in comfort, and she seemed glad to hold his hand. "It's very nice to see you," he said. "Are you all right?" He meant, among other things, are you living with anyone, and she knew it, but she cared too much for the day together to tell him one way or the other.

"Where are the children?" he said. "You haven't sent them to boarding school?"

"Are you out of your mind?" she said. "I usually have one under each arm."

"Where were you going? I forgot to ask."

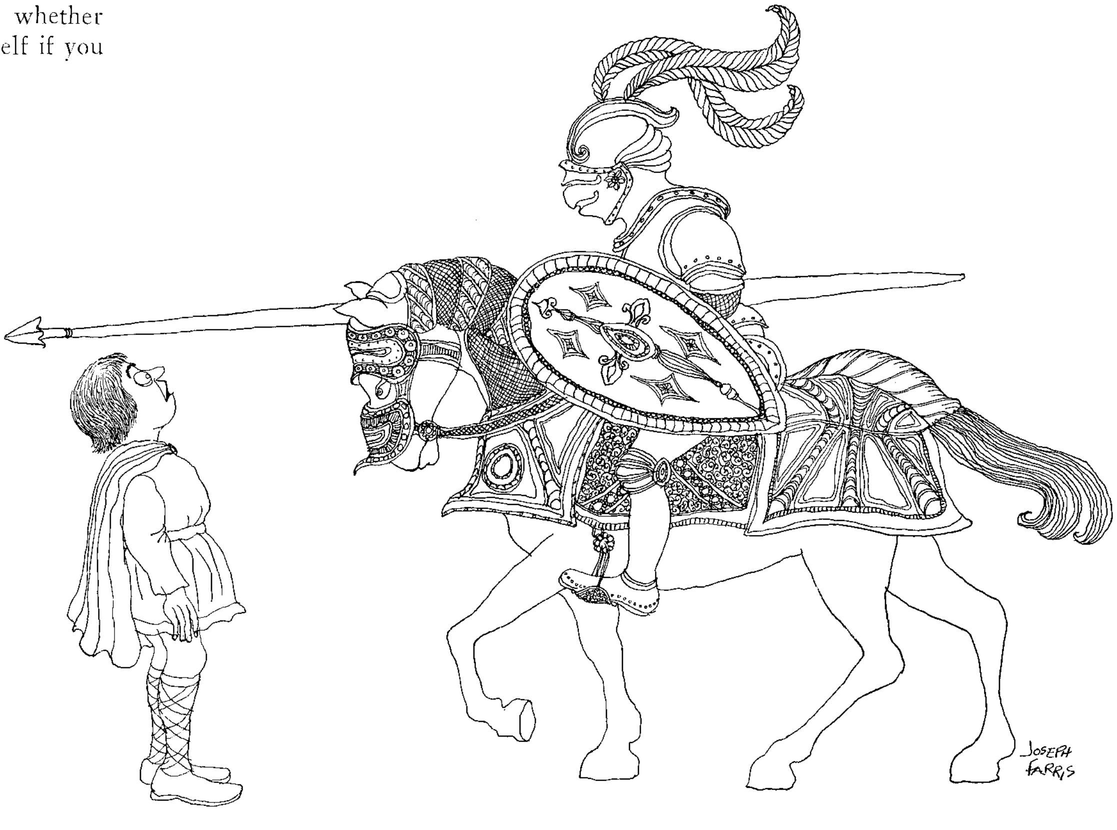
"I need some tights," she said. He stopped the taxi at a shop and they bought tights at speed while the meter ticked.

"Could I see them? The kids?" he said when they had got back to his digs.

"Yes. Shall we have something to eat? Have you got any baked beans?" she said, to his joy. The tins were hidden behind a shelf of books because his landlady forbade cooking in the room, apart from kettle-boiling. "You nit," Annabel said. "Behind the books is the first place she'll hunt." They ate with a shared teaspoon out of the tin and she looked at the sardines and condensed milk now exposed between John Donne and Rosa Luxemburg.

"What?" Stephen said, worried.

"It's like tea caddies. All burglars know that ninety-eight per cent of all housewives decide to hide things in the tea caddy." Stephen was felled by the things she knew. She passed him the tin and the spoon, and lay on the floor looking at the gas fire, and then she went to sleep. I was here once, he thought, stirred by a recollection that was not at all like an ordinary memory but more like a flash of *déjà vu* about some great happiness known before he was born. "This is what it



"I don't know where the bad guys are. I'm a good guy."

THE OLD ROOM

I am in the old room across from the synagogue
a dead chief hangs in the wallpaper
he is shrinking into the patch of street light
with its waves and nests and in the silence that follows
his death
the parade is forming again
with the streetcar for its band
it is forming I hear the shuffling the whispers
the choking then the grinding starts off
slowly as ice melting
they will pass by the house

closed ranks attached to the iron trolley
dragged on their backs
the black sleeves the fingers waving like banners
I am forbidden to look
but the faces are wrapped except for the eyes
darkness wells from the bandages
spreads
its loaves and fishes while on the curbs
the police the citizens
of all ages beat the muffled street with bars

what if I call *It is not me* will it stop
what if I raise an arm
to stop it
I raise an arm the whole arm stays white
dry as a beach
little winds play over it
a sunny and a pleasant place I hold it
out it leaves me it goes toward them
the man in charge is a friend of the family
he smiles when he sees it he takes its hand
he gives it its bar
it drops it
I am forbidden to look

I am in the old room across from the stone star
the moon is climbing in gauze
the street is empty
except for the dark liquid running
in the tracks of ice
trying to call
Wait
but the wires are taken up with the election
there is a poll at the corner I am not to go in
but I can look in the drugstore window
where the numbers of the dead change all night on the wall
what if I vote *It is not me* will they revive
I go in my father has voted in my name
I say no no I will vote in my own name
I vote and the number leaps again on the wall

I am in the old room across from the night
the long scream is about to blossom
that is rooted in flames
if I called *It is not me* would it reach
through the bells

—W. S. MERWIN

• •

was like," he said to himself. "I have been here."

WHEN she woke, he was looking at the fire and reading P. G. Wodehouse.

"What are you thinking about?" she said.

"Wodehouse," he said.

"What else?"

"Food. Loot, you, and also me. And also what to do."

"In what way?"

He kept quiet. He had been wondering where political allies might be, if anywhere. He suddenly saw that she was crying, though she said it was because of looking at the fire.

"Wouldn't you like to go and get the children and come to stay here for a night or two?" he said. "We could fit in somehow."

"The landlady would have an attack."

"I'd like it very much." He paused. "I could tell her I'd sleep in the bathroom." He paused again. "I could even *really* sleep in the bathroom, if you like."

"Is it your own? Don't you share it?"

"The other bed-sitter's empty."

"And she wouldn't let you sleep *there* overnight? No, I suppose not, old cow. Is she a cow, this one?"

"No."

Annabel held her head. "Darling, what am I blathering about? It's quite unrealistic to think of. I've got to go to a meeting. I should have been back at the office. It was my *lunch hour*. It's half past four."

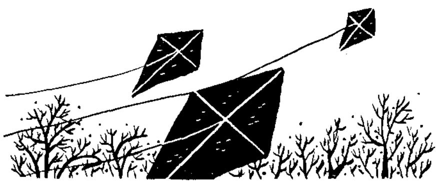
"Not worth going back," Stephen said cheerfully. "Will you get the sack?"

"No. I might have to sack myself. It's that sort of place. Oneself and one's conscience and the filing cabinets. You're put on trust, like a spaniel."

A little later, she said, "Come to the meeting with me. You might feel at home, I think. And then I honestly will have to go away."

He felt her eluding him and said, "What are you hiding?"

"I'm in love with someone. You obviously knew that, though. I'm living with him, on and off. Mostly on, with luck. Called Charlie. You'll meet him if you come this evening. You'd like him."



He was irritated by a piece of smut on her cheek and started to wipe it off, and then pretended he had been stroking her, because he saw her distress at an emotion that she had guessed with her usual impossible correctness. He took her to her meeting. She told him on the bus, nerving herself, that the children were Charlie's but that she had undertaken of her own accord not to tell anyone else because Charlie was the sort of person who couldn't be lumbered.

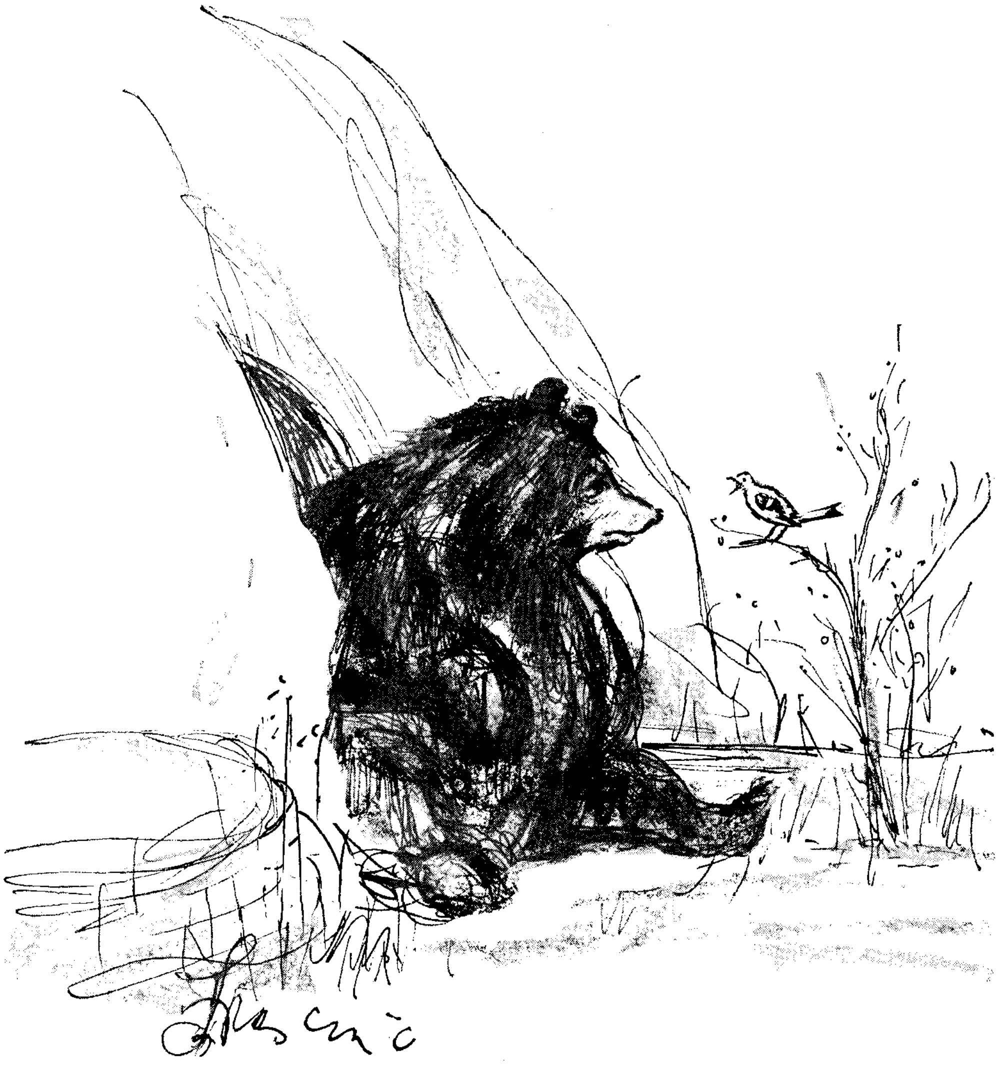
"Lumbered?" Stephen said only. Wait, breathe, start again.

"He's always going away. I suppose he has to. Does he? The thing is, I never believe he's going to come back. I couldn't tell anyone else this. It's not painful to hear, is it? My dear friend."

"That's the trouble with women and dogs," Stephen said furiously, heart splitting for a second, because it was also the trouble with himself, now and then. "They never believe you're going to come back. They don't know the meaning of soon."

"Isn't the same thing true of you?" she said. "Of men?"

"I'm not a man, I'm a phenomenon," he said, with no expression.



"About mid-February, the red squirrels' nut store ran out, and she left him. Then we had this terrible snowstorm and that dumb little spotted fawn got lost and—oh, yes, there was an awful row between owl and fox. It seems beaver told fox that owl said . . ."

• •

"Who isn't?" she managed. She heard that he was speaking wretchedly, not arrogantly, but it would have been a patronage to recognize that any further, and she had to let him be rancorous.

The meeting was in a Notting Hill flat. The room was full of young men talking politics and being affably rude to each other. They wore clothes that he thought beautiful, when he could see for envy: jackets with Napoleonic pockets, trousers cut so that they reached the ground at the back, pink shirts, print ties. There were a few girls there. One of the young men had been hurt in a demonstration and his clothes were spattered with his blood. He was holding his left eye. His girl leaned over him, talking to him, with her long straight hair swinging over his face. In a corner of the room there was a mimeograph machine. A girl and a man were working it, faces transparent from fatigue. Cheery posters hung on the wall, and there were a lot of tables shaped like children's bricks that did for stools or in-trays, made of clear Perspex and spotted with dabs of red and blue paint. Annabel tried to persuade Stephen to join her on a bright-blue canvas swing seat with Charlie. Stephen had already taken in two things: that he was with a set of people he would have liked very much to belong to, and that Annabel was hitched to a man who treated her idly. The two observations did not go well with each other. Like most strong men in an extreme of daze and hurt, he spoke many unnecessary words. One or two of the people he spoke to found him politically fascinating, even if they did take his style of callous irony with no irony of their own. They spoke of him later rather generously. Stephen left as soon as possible, maintaining brusqueness.

He had a cup of tea with his landlady before he went to bed. Felix had tracked him down through his old address and left a note. That cheered him. The landlady, Mrs. Jenkins, was married to a fifty-five-year-old man who drove a vegetable lorry. He kept dropping off in their presence because he went to work at three every morning.

"This is a country that should export," Mrs. Jenkins said. "We always seem to be importing and I don't know why. We'll be devalued again and any fool but the government can see it coming, can't they? Alfred, you shouldn't eat that."

"Why not?" said Mr. Jenkins, wide awake with the cheek of it and now taking not one but two pieces of her best fruitcake.

"The doctor says it's harmful to you."

"Doctors have been the cause of many people dying."

"Well, Mr. Brandt," said Mrs. Jenkins, turning, "I don't know what your politics are, but we're old trades-union people and I'm disappointed. We should export more, as I was saying. That's what all the papers keep telling them and yet none of them take a blind bit of notice. Governments are paid to know things like that. To think quicker than us. It's not our job, after all. Yet it seems they keep doing the wrong thing at the wrong time, according to the papers. It'd make me pack it in and go to Canada if I was younger, but you can't leave England, can you?" She poured some more tea. "This monkeying around. It's bad for the country. It's a worry, isn't it?"

"I'm half Viennese, you know. I'm only half English."

"But you've always lived here." She adjusted to something hopeful.

"Since I was eighteen. I usually call myself half German because people get so fed up with all the Germans who say they're Austrian."

"Well, I don't suppose it was easy, the war, wherever you were. Mr. Jenkins and I had a very nice friend who came from Italy. He spoke perfect English, like yourself."

Stephen read for hours upstairs. People manage on short commons, he thought in the middle of his book. He dreamed of the bloodied face with the girl's hair swinging over it, and of Annabel's children, and then he surfaced again and went for a walk through Covent Garden fruit market, where Mr. Jenkins must already be at work. There was the usual fine smell from the apples spilled and crushed in the gutter. He contemplated eating a meat pie at the stall by the church, but he had enough experience of phantom hunger at night to know that it would disappear of its own accord by morning and that it was best not to squander money on appeasing it. He went to bed and dreamed again. Two old-age pensioners were dancing in a ballroom lit by chandeliers. They were jostled by smart young people, and no one would do *anything* for them. It's the bad hour of the night, he thought, awake. Mrs. Jenkins seemed to be in the room, looking sad. Excuse me, he thought, addressing himself to her, excuse me if I'm being personal, but when was your last laugh? Not long ago, she said in his head, one comes to rely on one's bit of fun, and he tried her with a joke or two, but the old happy creasing of the face took a time to occur. Then Annabel, actual Annabel, broke into the night by throwing gravel up at his window to attract his attention. She looked strange. She had the children with her. It seemed that she had had a row with her man and that he had left.

"For good?"

"More or less. It's always more or less. This time I made it happen, I think." Her voice was blurred.

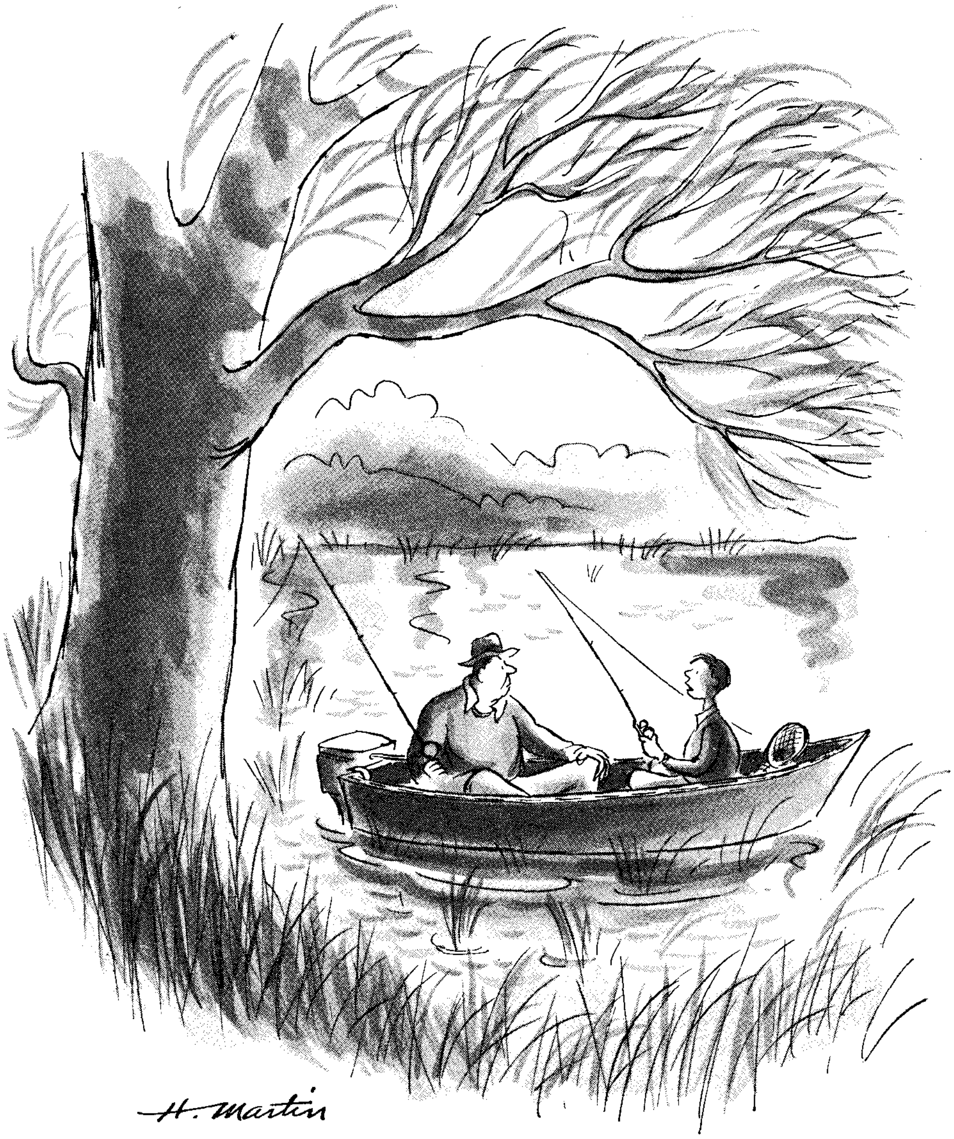
The children were jolly enough. They trundled about the room looking at things and then sat behind one another on his bed and played train carriages.

"They should be asleep, shouldn't they?" Stephen said, and the five-year-old said, "No, of course not, it's today now."

"They'll never go off now that it's light. I'm going to be sick." Annabel staggered out of the door and he followed her. She sat on the rim of the bath and then fell onto the floor. She wouldn't speak or open her eyes, and he shook her very hard.

"I was asleep," she said thickly.

"Are you drunk?"



"Well, if you *don't know the meaning of life,* Dad*, then gosh, who does?"*

"I've taken sleeping pills. Only two. I only wanted to go to sleep." She started to get hysterical and self-pitying. "I've run out of money and I'm trapped with the children and I don't like it here. It's a bad time."

"Don't gripe. Change it."

"You've got energy. You're remarkable. It's different for you."

"Change it."

She opened her eyes and glared at him. "All very well to say. You don't know what it's like."

"No?"

"Don't be sarcastic. I didn't mean you've got much, except this energy. I only meant you're more used to it." The children shouted next door and Annabel covered her ears and said, "I can't."

"That's not true of yourself."

"I just can't. I want to go to sleep for a month. I don't like any of it. I hate my rotten job and I'm still not earning enough and I don't see the kids *enough and there aren't enough* people like you with enough of whatever it is to change anything. None of it's enough." She went to sleep, and woke to growl, "Me least," and he put a bath towel round her and tried to carry her into his bed-sitting room, but he was too frail to do it and she had to wake up again to walk by herself. She opened one eye and grinned at him. The children were playing the Wurlitzer on his typewriter and chatting to each other. It seemed such a good morning in many ways that he was prompted to an unbearable hope and said, "Would you ever marry me?"

"Perhaps I could stay here for a day or two," she said. But she had to reply. "I'm *a tramp*. Both kinds. Tramps shouldn't marry. I'm not in love with you." There was another pause, and then she said, "Maybe," which he knew for no.

She went to sleep for a respite, and when she woke up Stephen was in drafty self-possession. He was holding one of the children, who was asleep. "Look," he said, trying to help her. "You're born nobody and on your own. So you've nothing to lose, have you? It's not a bad position to strike from." —PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

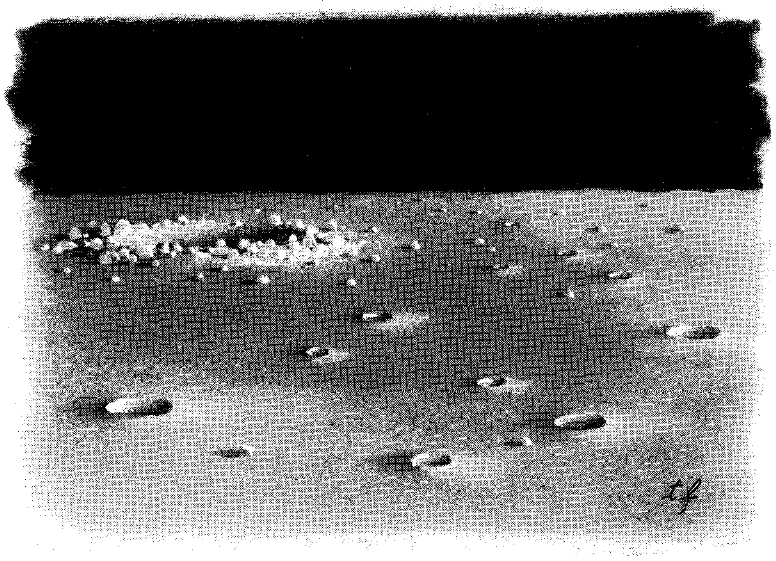
One of the most "in-demand" artists today, Mr. Hollander's concert schedule is filled, and he travels to almost every corner of the world to perform, with each performance more brilliant than the next.—*Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra program.*

Is he upset about this?

A REPORTER AT LARGE

MEN ON THE MOON

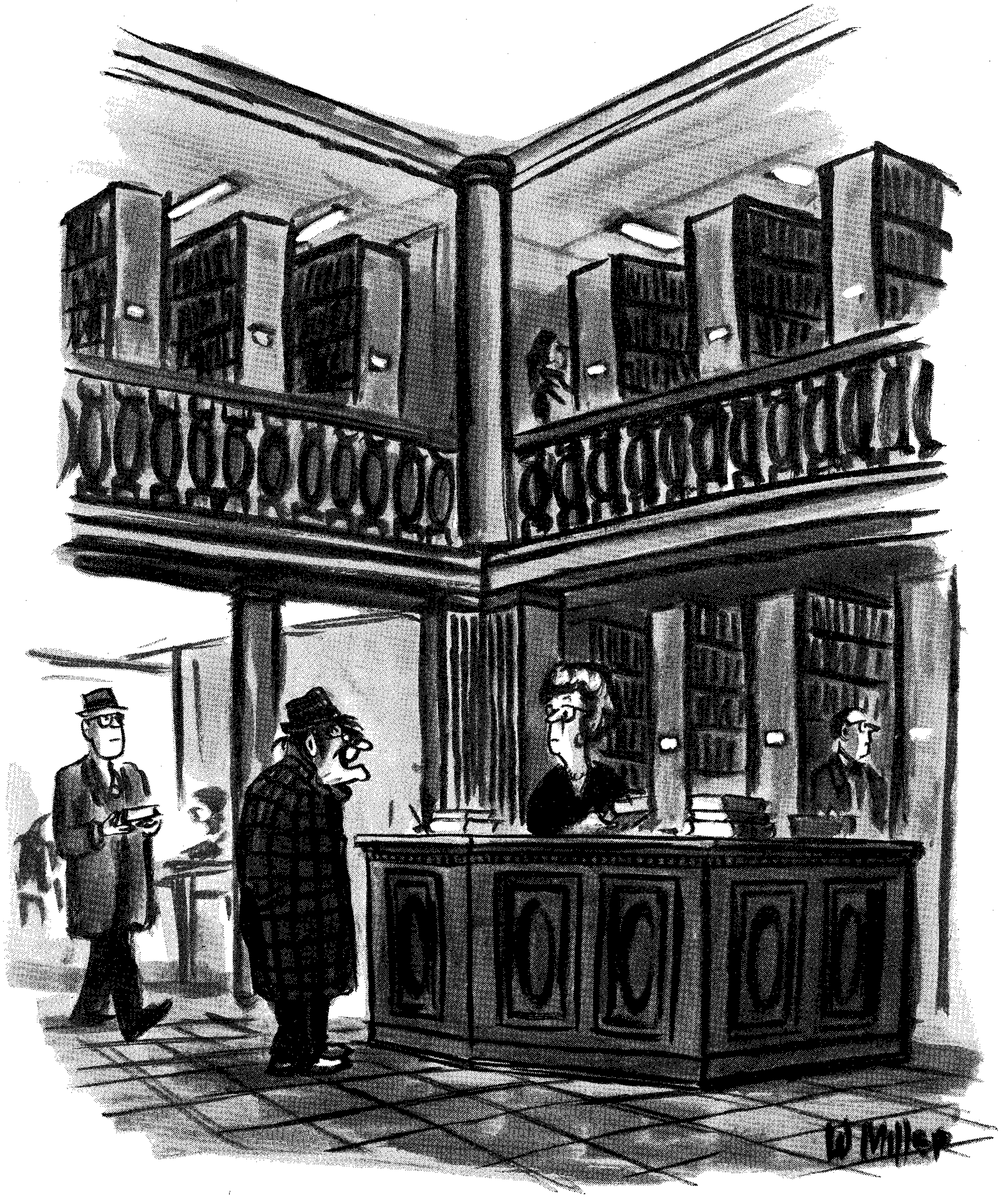
II—AN AWFUL LOT OF HOLES



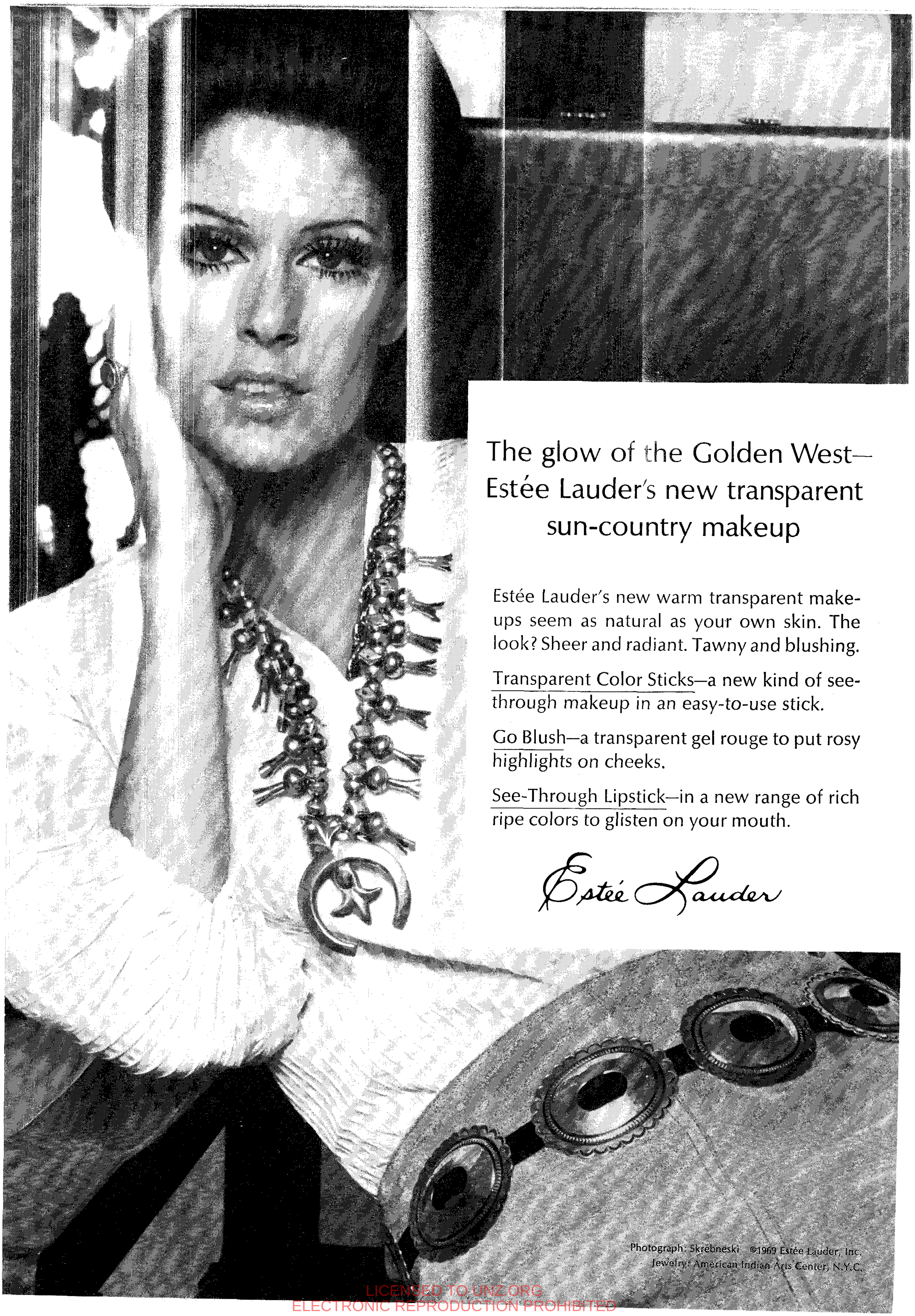
At the moment, the United States has plans for four Apollo missions to land men on the moon. The first landing may take place this summer, when the astronauts—there will be two descending to the moon each time—may be outside their spacecraft only once. However, beginning possibly with the second Apollo landing, which may take place this autumn, the two astronauts may leave their spacecraft—the lunar module, or LM—a second time, in order to go on an extended geological field trip, which the present Apollo astronauts all regard as the most rewarding part of a stay on the moon. The astronauts who go on the field trip will already have been on the moon between twelve and fifteen hours, but during that time they will have been outside the spacecraft for less than three hours. If all has gone well, they will have hastily scooped up some rocks and dirt from the moon, as a precaution in the event of a malfunction forcing a hasty departure; then they will have walked about, in their white space suits, to get the hang of being on the moon, whose low gravity might well make them feel sick if they moved about very fast at the start; and after that they will have picked up some more samples of moon material, including one from underground, which could conceivably contain evidence of life. Finally, they will have laid out a group of scientific instruments called the Apollo Lunar Surface Experiment Package, or ALSEP—an automatic scientific station that will radio information to earth for about a year. Then the astronauts will have climbed back into the LM to get some sleep; they will have been tired, because moving about in a pressurized space suit is hard work. Later, after checking out their spacecraft to make sure that all is well with it (one astronaut has described this exercise as a "confidence factor"), they will once more don their helmets, depressurize the LM, and slither down its ladder. Again, they will be standing on the blackish *mare*. They will immediately set about preparing for the field trip, which will last less than three hours. Unlike the ALSEP instruments, which are designed primarily to peer deep inside the moon, the field trip has as its purpose the skimming of information and material from the surface. The field trip will be the high point of the visit not only for the astronauts, who will now have a chance to see what they can do on their own, but for a majority of the selenologists back on earth as well. During the excursion, which could cover as much as two kilometres (the metric system is used on the moon, because it is more international and thus perhaps also more interplanetary), the astronauts will gather as many as two hundred samples of rocks and dirt, carefully describing and cataloguing each. These samples, which together may weigh as much as sixty-five pounds (just under eleven pounds on the moon), will later be distributed to a hundred and forty geologists, biologists, chemists, and physicists around the world, possibly including some in Communist nations. The samples will be the most tangible result of the journey, providing the most direct information about what the moon is like. When they are brought back, the scientists will submit the samples to extremely close scrutiny. At the moment, however, so little is known about the moon that the observations of almost anybody with a sharp pair of eyes would answer a lot of questions. Consequently, selenology is one of the most speculative, and most prickly, subjects on earth.

The issue that is most apt to raise the hackles of selenologists is whether the craters of the moon were formed primarily by meteors crashing into the moon at high speeds or by volcanic activity. This argument is closely allied to another, about whether the moon has a hot, liquid core, for if there is a good deal of vulcanism the moon would have to have a molten center—or, possibly, a number of sizable pockets of molten material scattered through its interior. Settling the argument about what formed the craters is important, because craters may well be the commonest topographical feature of all the planets that have solid surfaces. A few years ago, Mariner IV sent back photographs showing that Mars is pocked with craters, like the moon, and there is reason to believe that the earth may once have been pocked with them, too. Therefore, finding out what formed the craters is important to an understanding of the entire solar system. The craters on the moon range in diameter from a few inches to a hundred and sixty miles, and possibly much, much more. Regardless of their size, they are shallow depressions, like saucers, with rubbly rims that are slightly higher than the surrounding ground, and the larger craters frequently have in the center a rocky pinnacle called the central peak. Most non-selenologists automatically incline to the view that the craters were made by meteors, for it is almost impossible to look at the moon without thinking that it has been smashed into millions of times. From the earth, the moon looks like a target range for heavy artillery. Plenty of selenologists are of the same opinion, though their theory has it, more scientifically, that meteors are constantly crashing into the moon's surface at speeds of up to thirty miles a second—fast enough so that the energy of motion is converted suddenly into heat, and the heat turns the meteor and the ground around it into gas, which expands and explodes with a force equal to that of an atomic bomb. As a result, these selenologists maintain, the craters are vastly bigger than the meteors that made them, just as rings in the water are bigger than the pebbles that caused them. Impact men like to compare craters to rings in the water, because such circular ripples often have central peaks the way the craters have. When a pebble hits the water, the waves first surge out and then surge back, splashing up in the center; similarly, after a meteoric impact, molten rock may surge outward and then back, so that some of it flies up at the center and hardens. Vulcanists, who take a dim view of the ripple theory, say that the craters are calderas. On earth, calderas are the product of a relatively gentle form of volcanic activity. Not far below the surface, a pocket of magma, or molten rock, forms, making a round blister called a pluton; when the magma drains away, through a subterranean passageway, the ground above it caves in, forming a circular crater. Vulcanists say that the central peak in a lunar crater is magma that solidified at the top of the underground duct that drained the pluton. The reason selenologists bicker so much about the craters is that they explain most of the other features of the moon in terms of either impact or vulcanism. The impact men say that the circular *maria*, such as the Mare Imbrium, the Mare Serenitatis, and the Mare Crisium, which are hundreds of miles across, are gigantic craters, whereas the vulcanists say that they are a heavy volcanic rock in which the lighter highlands, or continents, are floating, as on earth. At present, there is a tendency for the two sides to come together a little, each side granting that both vulcanism and impact may have contributed to the formation of the features on the moon. Even so, selenologists can still wrangle over which force had the *greater* influence. They are currently arguing over individual craters as passionately as ever, each side staking its claim on as many craters as it can, in a sort of lunar land rush. One of the astronauts who flew around the moon in Apollo 8 last December said later, "There are an awful lot of holes on the moon. I think there are enough for both theories." Indeed, in their uneasy truce some selenologists claim to see both forces at work in a single hole. For instance, some are now suggesting that the circular *maria* may have been made by big meteors that hit the moon to make craters as much as fifty miles deep and weakened the moon's crust so that lava flowed out through fissures from the molten interior to partly fill up the *maria* floors. Not all selenologists are so accommodating, however; there are still a few vulcanists who deny that any meteors ever hit the moon, maintaining that, rare as the moon's atmosphere may be, it is no rarer than the area high above this planet where earthbound meteors burn up.

Selenologists gather frequently at conventions, which are apt to be stormy. As the selenologists present their latest thinking about conditions on the moon, the astronauts are likely to listen in, and when this happens the lectures bristle with hints



"Where do you stash the porno, Cookie?"



The glow of the Golden West—
Estée Lauder's new transparent
sun-country makeup

Estée Lauder's new warm transparent makeups seem as natural as your own skin. The look? Sheer and radiant. Tawny and blushing.

Transparent Color Sticks—a new kind of see-through makeup in an easy-to-use stick.

Go Blush—a transparent gel rouge to put rosy highlights on cheeks.

See-Through Lipstick—in a new range of rich ripe colors to glisten on your mouth.

Estée Lauder

Photograph: Skrebneski ©1969 Estée Lauder, Inc.
Jewelry: American Indian Arts Center, N.Y.C.

about things that the astronauts should look for while they are on their field trip. One such gathering of selenologists was held at the Goddard Space Flight Center, at Greenbelt, Maryland, in the spring of 1965, and another—the forty-ninth annual meeting of the American Geophysical Union—was held at the Sheraton-Park Hotel, in Washington, last spring. In the three-year interval between the conferences, five Lunar Orbiters had circled the moon and five Surveyors had successfully landed on it, and thousands of photographs had been returned by the cameras in these spacecraft, and yet not a great deal more was known about the moon at the second meeting than at the first. The most important thing the photographs showed was that there is, beyond doubt, *some* vulcanism on the moon. The vulcanists, in fact, are fairly crowing over the photographs, in which can be seen, among other sulphurous items, many craters that are neatly centered on the tops of mountains. It is too much to believe, the vulcanists say, that these craters result from perfect hits scored by meteors on mountain peaks. Moreover, Surveyor V reported that the material on the surface of the *maria* resembles basalt, which is a volcanic rock, and the Lunar Orbiters photographed what look like lava flows. (So did the Apollo astronauts last December.) Though some of the more extreme impact men have had to revise their position somewhat, the rest feel that theirs is still unassailable, for the presence of *some* vulcanism by no means invalidates their contention that the moon's surface was sculptured primarily by meteors. This feeling that matters hadn't changed so very much after all was expressed by Dr. Harold C. Urey, a professor of chemistry at the University of California and a consultant to the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. In fact, Dr. Urey, an impact man, said at the meeting last spring that selenology hadn't changed appreciably in all the time he had been a selenologist. "Twenty years ago, I recognized that some of the craters of the moon were collisional, and some were plutonic, and we're *still* at that stage," he said. Dr. Urey, who is seventy-six and silver-haired, is the chemist who discovered heavy hydrogen back in the thirties; he developed an interest in the moon after World War II, and today many selenologists regard him as their elder statesman. He explained once, "After the war, I was tired of doing secret work. Then I read a book by Ralph Baldwin about the moon—

INTRODUCING A NEW KIND OF SHIRT LUXURY—THE SAKS-100 DRESS SHIRT OF 100% TEXTURIZED DACRON®

The Saks-100 is unlike any shirt you've worn before. It has the beautiful lustre and feel of the finest broadcloth, but it's made from a revolutionary new Dacron® polyester fabric, texturized so it provides exceptional coolness and comfort. Still, it can be machine washed, tumbled dry and worn without ironing. Styled with the new higher spread collar and French cuffs in fashionable new tones of medium blue or gold or in white. Neck sizes 14½ to 17½, sleeves 32 to 36 inches, $15. Only in our Men's Furnishings Collections. Mail and phone orders filled.

THE MEN'S STORE
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

The connoisseur's guide to Paris.

le Voyage par Air France

We not only rely on a connoisseur's good taste, we cater to it. We invite you to sit in judgment aboard one of our nonstop flights to Paris. Is the caviar frais *fresh enough? The* coq de Cornouailles aux girolles *Cornish enough? Is the* Pouilly-Fuissé *chilled properly? The* Aloxe-Corton *properly decanted? Do you find the music sufficiently* recherché*? The movie* sufficiently meaningful? And our stewardesses sufficiently charming? In short, is everything absolutely to your satisfaction? Ah,* très bien. *Air France knows where you're going. And, we like to fly you there in the style to which you're accustomed.*

Pour votre galerie d'art

There's no place like Paris for the pursuit of objets d'art *for art's sake. Is contemporary your style?*
Iris Clert 28, Fbg. St.-Honoré. Unusual and supernatural subjects by Bro, Stevenson and Bury.
David et Garnier 6, ave. Matignon. Bernard Buffet blesses this gallery with his work. Impressed by the Impressionists? Heim 109, Fbg. St.-Honoré. A world-famous dealer in the "Old Masters." Galerie Jean Dufresne 61, Fbg. St.-Honoré. A Derain for the den? Or a Seurat for your sister?
If you'd like something on the primitive side, you'll find Maurice Ratton 17, rue de Grenelle an extremely civilized dealer in Egyptian art. Magnificent mobiles by Calder can be seen at Maeght 13, rue de Téhéran. A nice piece of sculpture? See Alex Maguy 69, Fbg. St.-Honoré, for the works of Laurens or Brancusi.

Quelque chose de Louis XI?

Something old, something new. But no newer than the 19th century. If you relish the Renaissance:
M. Coquenpot 25, rue de Bourgogne. Superb pewter collection. Or the Restoration: J. Chelo 5, rue Lamennais. If the 19th century is your cup of tea: Madeleine Castaing 21, rue Bonaparte. Or, Jacques Damiot 3, Chaussée Pont de Grenelle. If you cherish Chinese: Loo & Cie 48, rue de Courcelles is the Paris maître.
Odds and ends of every sort from any era:
La Lanterne Magique 11, rue Coëtlogon. The name is the same as the merchandise, magical and otherwise.
Jean-Horace Chambon 44, rue de Miromesnil. Up to your ears in arms, military curios and lead soldiers.

une Première édition

The first editions, and the last word in rare old books:
A. Brieux 48, rue Jacob. A fine old shop specializing in ancient medical books.
E. Loewy 184, blvd. Haussman. Old and elegant livres *from every period.*
Pierre Chrétien 178, rue du Fbg. St.-Honoré. Pages untouched for centuries and rare old bindings.

les "Auctions"

The cautious connoisseur has an excellent opportunity to acquire rare pieces at rare prices from the Hotel Drouot 9, rue Drouot, the biggest auction room in Paris. Viewing is held on Saturdays between two and six. Ask one of the commissaires *present for evaluation and authentication. Auctions are also held by the municipal pawn shops or* "Mont-de-Piété" *at the headquarters of the Crédit Municipal 55, rue des Francs Bourgeois. Not too long ago a Renoir was sold here. For exact dates and times of all sales, see the posters in front of all Crédit Municipal depots. Or subscribe to Gazette Drouot, a catalogue of important sales. Small auction rooms can also be found on the rue du Commandant Pilot in nearby Neuilly-sur-Seine.*

Fromages formidables

To choose the choicest cheese in season visit one of these excellent fromageries:
Creplet-Brussol 17, Place de la Madeleine. 250 different cheeses. Exquisite camembert ripened-to-order.
Courtois 11, ave. de la Grande Armée. Beautiful bries.
Androuët 41, rue d'Amsterdam. The époisse is excellent.
Rayot 9, rue Marbeuf. Vast selection.

Vins vertueux

Paris is a veritable city of wine cellars. Some of the best:
J. B. Besse 48, rue de la Montagne Sainte Geneviève. Splendid wines. Quincy Moulin-à-Vent and Romanée-Conti '29 are available.
Brossault 22, rue des Capucines. Fine wines and luxurious liqueurs. One of the best cellars in Paris.
Hédiard 21, Place de la Madeleine. The top choice in Chambertin Romanée, Beaune, and Médoc.
And to compare vintages attend one of the gatherings of La Confrérie des Chevaliers du Tastevin while you're in Paris.

Vocabulaire

watercolor: aquarelle
oil: peinture à l'huile
gouache: gouache
underripe: pas assez fait
ripe: fait
overripe: trop fait
silver: argent
silver plate: métal argenté
vermeil: vermeil
vintage: cru
corky: bouchonné

Numéros de téléphone

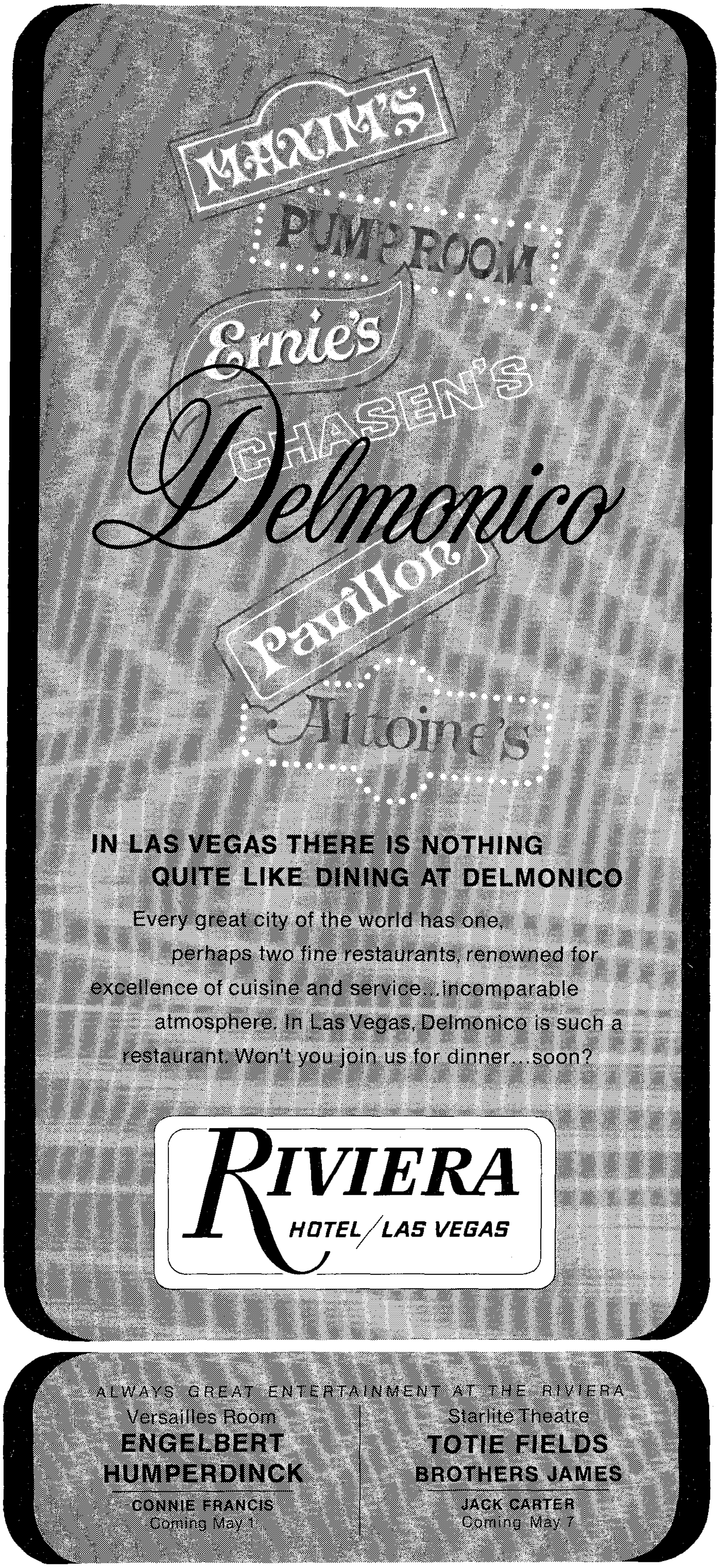
Reserve your judgment and your seat by calling your Travel agent or Air France:

New York, 759-9000
Boston, 482-4890
Chicago, 782-6181
Washington, 337-8711
Los Angeles, 625-7171
San Francisco, 982-7150
Miami, 379-6444
San Juan, 724-0500

*Stereo and movies by Inflight Motion Pictures available at nominal cost.

AIR FRANCE
We know where you're going.

Découpez ici



IN LAS VEGAS THERE IS NOTHING QUITE LIKE DINING AT DELMONICO

Every great city of the world has one, perhaps two fine restaurants, renowned for excellence of cuisine and service...incomparable atmosphere. In Las Vegas, Delmonico is such a restaurant. Won't you join us for dinner...soon?

RIVIERA
HOTEL/LAS VEGAS

ALWAYS GREAT ENTERTAINMENT AT THE RIVIERA

Versailles Room
ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK
CONNIE FRANCIS
Coming May 1

Starlite Theatre
TOTIE FIELDS
BROTHERS JAMES
JACK CARTER
Coming May 7

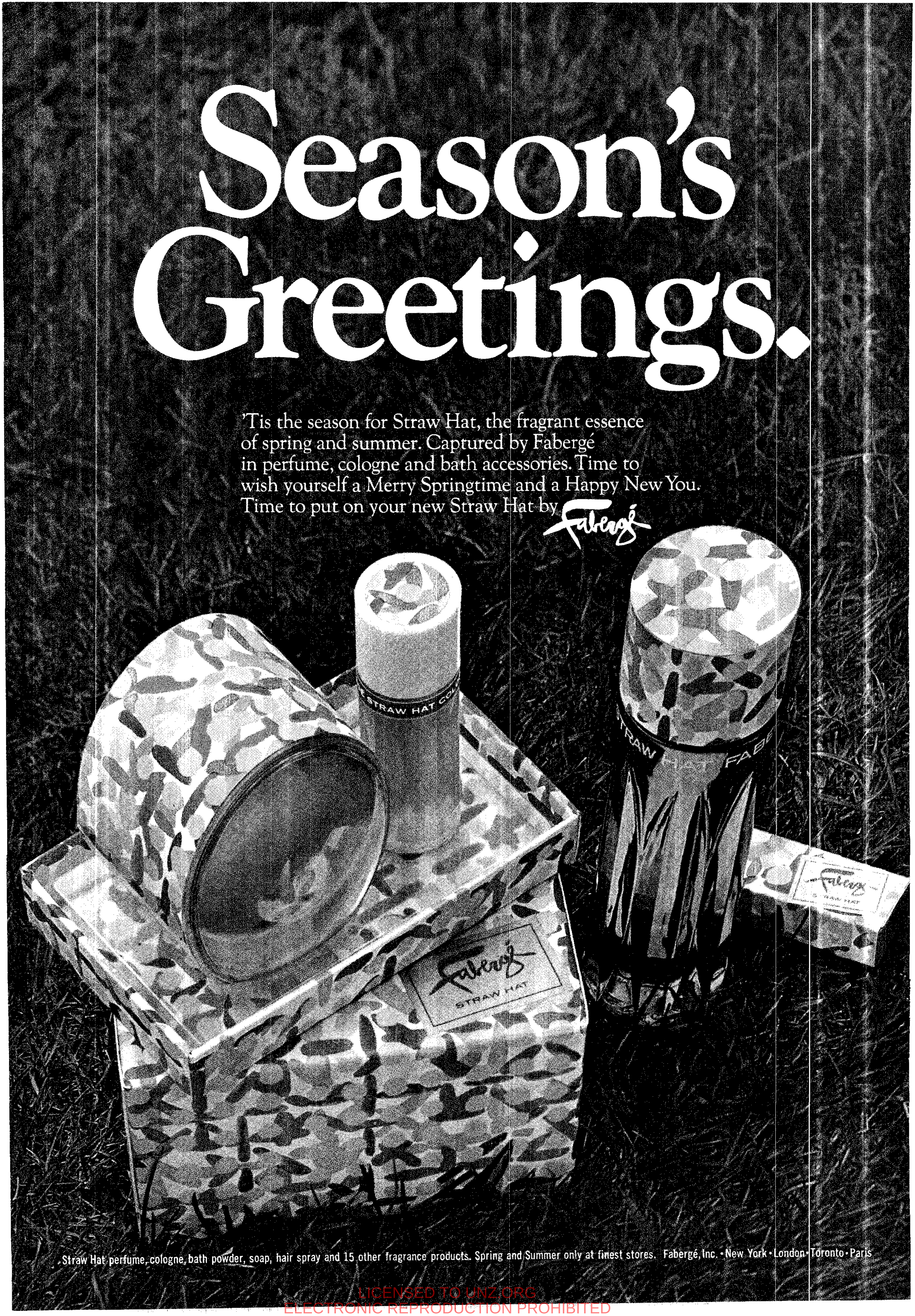
FOR RESERVATIONS * RIVIERA NEW YORK OFFICE * PHONE 755-9840

'The Face of the Moon'—and I've been an astronomer ever since." (Baldwin, now a vice-president of the Oliver Machinery Company, in Grand Rapids, Michigan, did most of his lunar research in the early forties. He was the first person to suggest convincingly that meteors might have made many of the moon's craters; previously, almost all selenologists had been vulcanists.) Besides Dr. Urey, the selenologists at the meeting last spring included Mr. Thomas Gold, professor of astronomy at Cornell; Dr. Eugene Shoemaker, of the California Institute of Technology and the Astrogeology Branch of the United States Geological Survey in Flagstaff, Arizona; Dr. Harold Masursky, chief of the U.S.G.S.'s Astrogeology Branch, in Flagstaff; and Mr. Donald E. Gault and Dr. John O'Keefe, both with the National Aeronautics and Space Administration.

The positions these men take are well known to their colleagues. Dr. Urey, for example, is known for his belief that there was once water on the moon. (Proof of this theory is important to Dr. Urey, for the presence of water on the moon at one time or another would bolster his contention that the moon had once passed close enough to the earth to be splashed by its oceans.) At conventions, he is likely to buttonhole passing selenologists and tell them that a certain depression near the crater Alphonsus might be a dried-up lake bed, or that a serpentine fissure running down Schröter's Valley, an arid canyon near the crater Aristarchus, could have been made only by a meandering river that has long since evaporated. Mr. Gold is known to believe that there may have been water on the moon, too, though he says that the water welled up from underground. In fact, he thinks there may still be water beneath the surface. Mr. Gold, who is one of the most outspoken impact men, is best known for a theory that he suggested many years ago. He said then that the moon may be covered by a deep layer of powder. Some selenologists say that Mr. Gold's deep dust was once several kilometres thick—certainly deep enough to swallow up any spacecraft—but Mr. Gold is now willing to settle for the idea of a thinner layer. He has residual fears, however, that the spacecraft might be swallowed up, and wants some procedure established to abort the landing if the ground gives way. (Mr. Gold's dust differs from the grit everyone else knows is there in that it is finer-grained and more powdery.) Mr. Gold is a

Pearson Chairs by Knoll

The Pearson chairs are so sensitively designed that they appear to be a study in pure form, but actually solve the dual problem of office seating: function and comfort. To preserve the lines of these designs Knoll has developed a new compact control unit which eliminates the mechanical clutter underneath. Another contribution by Knoll to the total office. Designed by Max Pearson of the Knoll Design Development Group. **Knoll Associates,** Furniture and Textiles, 320 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10022. Knoll International operates in 29 countries.


STRAW HAT CO
STRAW HAT FABE
Fabergé
STRAW HAT
Fabergé
STRAW HAT

Season's Greetings.

'Tis the season for Straw Hat, the fragrant essence of spring and summer. Captured by Fabergé in perfume, cologne and bath accessories. Time to wish yourself a Merry Springtime and a Happy New You. Time to put on your new Straw Hat by Fabergé

Straw Hat perfume, cologne, bath powder, soap, hair spray and 15 other fragrance products. Spring and Summer only at finest stores. Fabergé, Inc. • New York • London • Toronto • Paris

tough-looking astronomer, whose ideas stretch beyond the moon to quasars and pulsars, and who has been known to espouse causes that many others feel are lost, such as the steady-state theory of the universe. Whenever he feels that one of his theories is being attacked, he defends it with loud argument delivered in a staccato British accent. (He was born in Vienna, and he studied at Cambridge.) When he turns his attention to the moon, he is often at noisy loggerheads with Dr. O'Keefe, a mild-looking man who is a passionate champion of vulcanism. At the meeting last spring, all six of these men held a panel discussion, during which Harrison Schmitt, one of the Apollo astronauts who may be going to the moon, sat in the audience and jotted down an occasional note in his program.

The arguments started even before the panel discussion got going. Dr. Masursky, a dark-haired young selenologist, preceded the discussion with a lecture, in which he compared photographs of certain volcanic features on earth with photographs of craters on the moon, the implication being that what had caused the former (vulcanism) had also caused the latter. Mr. Gold, who has little patience with volcanoes, apparently couldn't wait for the panel discussion to begin; he let out an audible snort during the lecture, and when the lights came on he leaped to his feet to chastise Dr. Masursky for arguing by analogy. Dr. Masursky replied smoothly that he wasn't drawing conclusions—just showing slides. Shortly after this, the six selenologists mounted the platform together and sat in an uncomfortable line under the eye of Dr. Martin J. Swetnick, a NASA scientist, who was the moderator. The discussion got off to a slow, gentlemanly start, with each panelist saying a few words in turn. Occasionally, some of the suggestions put forward seemed as unlikely as the projects of the scientists in "Gulliver's Travels"—the member of the Grand Academy of Lagado, for instance, who was engaged in extracting sunbeams from cucumbers. But since something of the sort will have to be done with a sheet of aluminum foil that the astronauts are to bring back from the moon—selenologists hope to find it teeming with particles that presumably have radiated away from the sun—it may be that many of the ideas brought up at the meeting were not as unlikely as they sounded.

One of the unlikeliest-sounding of all was advanced by Dr. O'Keefe, who was among the first to speak. Dr. O'Keefe, as a vulcanist, seemed nerv-

When you are old and gray and full of sleep, there'll be plenty of time to lie around in a hammock with your memories. In the meantime, get up. Zip into something bright and weightless as a bird's wing, and practice turning cartwheels. Wear the stripey pant-dress, in cotton and flax backed with acetate. Navy/Red, Pistachio/Robins Egg Blue, Parfait Pink/Cantaloupe. 5 to 15. At good stores. About $19.

Ladybug®

© 1969 VILLAGER INDUSTRIES, INC. PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.

ous at finding himself amid a group of impact men. He wanted to alter a theory he had long been associated with, he said—that tektites, unusual glassy beads of rock found on earth, had originally been hurled here from the moon, by the same volcanic explosions that caused the moon's craters. He wished to concede the point that evidence from some of the Surveyors had shown that the chemical content of rocks in the *maria* was not the same as that of his tektites, and that his tektites therefore couldn't have come from these particular *maria;* however, they could still have come from other parts of the moon. (Schmitt scribbled a note—possibly reminding himself to keep an eye out for tektites on the moon.) Impact selenologists don't like Dr. O'Keefe's tektites, because they are a form of volcanic rock, and so, if it turned out that they did come from the moon, they would score a point for the vulcanists. Three years before, Dr. O'Keefe had held off a roomful of impact selenologists in a tumultuous argument; chief among Dr. O'Keefe's attackers in what amounted to a star-chamber inquisition had been Dr. Urey, for almost every time that Dr. O'Keefe cited a tektite that might have come from the moon, Dr. Urey managed to point out a crater on earth that the tektite could equally well have come from.

This time, Dr. O'Keefe sat down without incident, and Dr. Swetnick, the moderator, projected on the screen an Orbiter photograph showing a huge boulder that had evidently rolled some six hundred metres down a slope, leaving a series of depressions where it had bounced—marks rather like animal tracks in snow. Dr. Swetnick believed that the boulder had been initially dislodged by a moonquake, which would imply a good deal of volcanic activity in the area. Mr. Gold, who, as an impact man, may have felt that the boulder looming on the screen was aimed at him, dodged it by saying immediately that what interested *him* about the photograph was not how the boulder had been dislodged but, rather, the depth of the depressions that the boulder had made in the lunar hillside, for these indicated that the dust in some places was quite deep. (Schmitt took another note.) Mr. Gold's deep-dust theory had run into trouble because all five of the successful Surveyor spacecraft, far from sinking out of sight, had sunk only about one to two inches. Consequently, Mr. Gold was on the lookout for deep dust wherever he could find it. He still refuses to abandon his deep dust, suggesting that even in

Piazza di San Pietro
Piazza Navona
Fontana di Trevi
E RIUNITE DI L
LIQUORE GALLIANO
A LIQUEUR
SPECIALITY OF
Ditta Arturo Vaccari
of Livorno
ITALY
Artificially colored. Made and bottled by
DISTILLERIE RIUNITE di LIQUORI - SOLARO (Italy)
EXCLUSIVELY FOR
McKesson & Robbins, Inc. New York, N.Y.

Fond of things Italiano?
Try a sip of Galliano

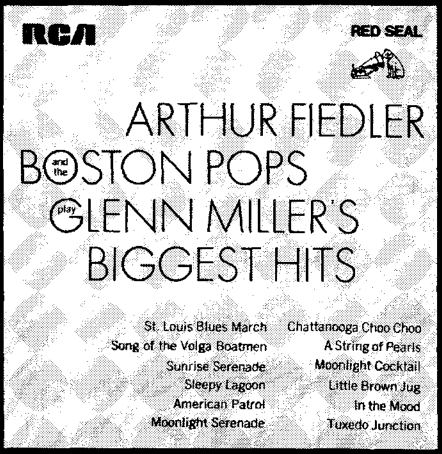
The fabulous fountains of Rome. Steeped in legend. Living monuments to ancient splendor. Modern Italians have their own legend. They say that Galliano is the only liqueur "distilled from the rays of the sun." And truly, there *is* a touch of sunlight in every golden sip. Galliano—the fine Italian liqueur that has conquered America. Let it win *you* over. Perhaps tonight?

80 PROOF LIQUEUR, IMPORTED BY McKESSON LIQUOR CO., NEW YORK, N.Y. © McKLIQCO, 1968

Remember Glen Island Casino?

Tell you what. About 10:30 tonight, when the dishwasher's finally stopped and the kids have been kissed or spanked into bed, sit down with the girl you used to dance to Glenn Miller with, and listen to the music of Glenn Miller again.

Arthur Fiedler and The Boston Pops do right by him.


RCA
RED SEAL
ARTHUR FIEDLER
and the
BOSTON POPS
play
GLENN MILLER'S
BIGGEST HITS
St. Louis Blues March
Song of the Volga Boatmen
Sunrise Serenade
Sleepy Lagoon
American Patrol
Moonlight Serenade
Chattanooga Choo Choo
A String of Pearls
Moonlight Cocktail
Little Brown Jug
In the Mood
Tuxedo Junction

We remember you.

We remember when you were first starting out and she was in bobby sox and you went to see Glenn and you held her in your arms and the whole world was a Moonlight Serenade.

Then ten years passed. Twenty. Thirty. It's 1969.

And suddenly it seems like there's so little music for the two of you to listen to anymore. It's shoulder-length hair and acid rock, morning, noon and night.

Oh no, it's not.

There's still Glenn Miller, and now there's Arthur Fiedler and The Boston Pops playing "A String of Pearls" and "In the Mood" and "American Patrol" and so many, many others.

It's good music.

Arthur Fiedler does right by Glenn Miller.

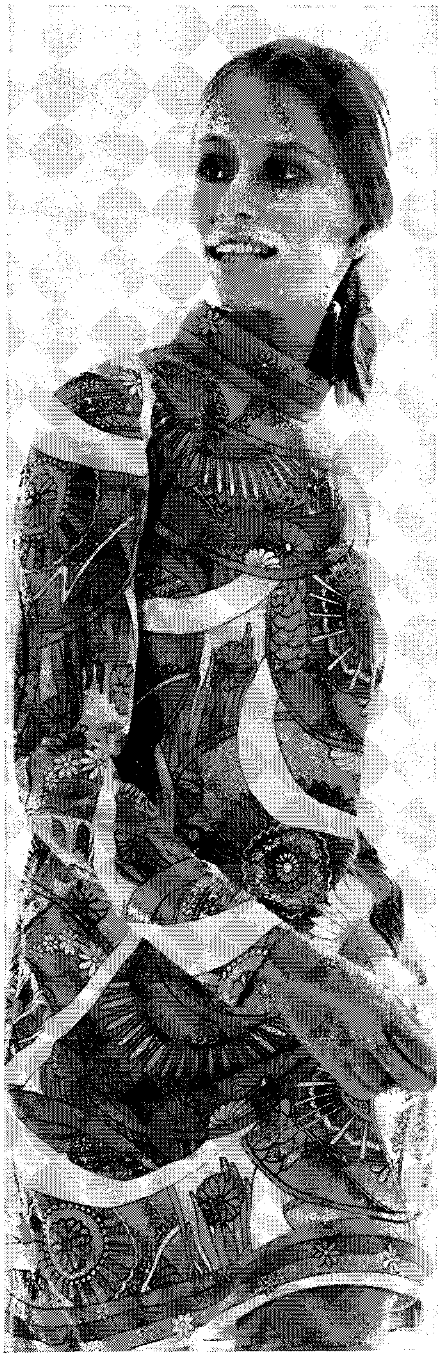
Arthur Fiedler does right by both of you.

What more can you ask in this year 1969?

RCA

Available on RCA Stereo 8 Cartridge Tape

Glen Island Casino • New Rochelle, N.Y.

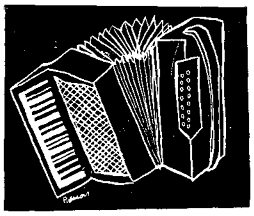


ONLY at Lord & Taylor—
Wilroy's parti-colored
happy-making Ban-Lon® dress.
The border print is new,
the nylon jersey is washable,
packable, everything nice!
36.00 Sports Floor, Fifth,
Lord & Taylor, all stores

Lord & Taylor

places where Surveyors stay stubbornly afloat on the surface the explanation may be that the dust has compacted into a layer a few millimetres thick.

Then Mr. Gault, another impact man, rose to put in a few words for the possibility that the circular *maria*—such as the Mare Imbrium, which is about the same size as France and England combined—are enormous meteor craters. One of the vulcanists presented the familiar suggestion that the lunar *maria* were of heavier volcanic rock than the highlands, as is the situation with the ocean basins on earth, but Mr. Gault countered with the proposition that the ocean basins on *earth* might have been made by huge meteoric impacts, too. This was too much for Dr. O'Keefe, who half rose to protest, but the impact men were off and running. Mr. Gold talked of groups of islands in our oceans that form rings or parts of rings, such as the long arc of the Caribbean islands, asking poetically, "Could they be imprints of impact craters deep on the ocean floor, their underlying circularity shining through?" Dr. O'Keefe, who was not to be put off by a neatly turned phrase, launched a flank attack on Mr. Gold. Mr. Gold had once said there was ice just below the surface of the moon, but Dr. O'Keefe had recently thought of a reason that this couldn't be so. He sprang his reason now. Since ice is a viscous substance, and flows, as glaciers do, he argued, then any sheet of ice underlying the *maria* would flow, thereby smoothing and obliterating the surface features above it. However, the surface features have not been obliterated, and so, he concluded, there can be no ice under the moon. Mr. Gold responded to this reasoning by shouting, "That's why I keep saying the ice layer is a layer of permafrost! I don't expect to find a whole damn lake down there! However, there *are* smooth areas of the moon, where there are one one-hundredths the number of craters that other areas have, and perhaps there are frozen lakes under them!" Dr. O'Keefe looked crushed; Mr. Gold sat down triumphantly; and Dr. Urey took the floor to give Dr. O'Keefe a few more reasons that his tektites could not have come from the moon. Mr. Gold's triumph, however, was short-lived. Soon afterward, the panelists adjourned to another room to hold a press conference. Dr. O'Keefe looked dejected, for Dr. Urey was on one side of him and Mr. Gold on the other. On either side of *them*, however, were Dr. Shoemaker and Dr. Masursky, and Dr. Masursky, it turned out, had been quietly biding his time since his exchange with Mr. Gold about volcanoes. At one point, Mr. Gold was telling a reporter about a theory he had formulated to the effect that his fine powder was transported about the moon on an electrostatic charge that many scientists believe hovers just above the surface. Dr. Masursky suddenly pounded the table and shouted, "Electrostatic transportation doesn't exist!" Mr. Gold retorted that selenologists had all believed that the moon was solid rock until he suggested that there might be dust on it, and that shortly they would come around to believing in electrostatic transportation, too, whereupon Dr. Shoemaker shouted, "We all thought the moon had dust on it twenty years ago!" Dr. Shoemaker, who is in charge of analyzing the Surveyor photographs, often has the last word at conferences, and he had it this time, for the meeting almost immediately broke up in an uproar. In the mid-twentieth century it is unusual to find a field in which the top men are in such radical disagreement about its basic facts, the way biologists were about evolution in the nineteenth century—or selenologists were in the seventeenth, when Galileo suggested that there might be mountains on the moon and wound up in prison. If the astronauts accomplish nothing else on their field trip, they may calm some nerves by settling some disputes. Schmitt could make Dr. O'Keefe very happy if he found rocks identical to tektites during his lunar walk, and Mr. Gold would be pleased indeed if Schmitt or any other astronaut found some specks of powder floating above a crater.



Dr. Urey has said that he hopes the astronauts will land on the Oceanus Procellarum, an irregular *mare*, about as big as the Mediterranean, that runs from the center clear to the western edge of the side of the moon that faces the earth. (The western edge is on the lower left as the moon rises.) From the earth, the Oceanus Procellarum, which is the largest of all the *maria*, looks like the rough, patchy body of a bear, with the round Mare Imbrium making the bear's head. (A small, round *mare*, the Sinus Iridium, and a large crater, Plato, both to the north of the Mare Imbrium, make the bear's ears.) At the bear's shoulder is Copernicus, a huge crater with long rays

MARTELL
J. & F. MARTELL COGNAC
MARTELL
FONDÉE EN 1715
J. & F. Martell
COGNAC
4/5 QUART
80 PROOF
PRODUCE OF FRANCE
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED IN COGNAC (FRANCE)
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.
THE JOS. GARNEAU Co.
NEW YORK, N.Y.

Exquisite Martell. There's nothing lost in translation.

No matter how you interpret Martell, it never loses its meaning. The taste is exquisite. The aroma, superb. And these beautiful qualities come through any way you serve it. The original is for purists—in the snifter. But see for yourself how Martell translates your favorite drink into something eloquent.

© 1967

MARTELL...THE LARGEST SELLING COGNACS OF THE WORLD

Say goodnight, Dick. Goodnight, Dick.

The sofa you'll want just as a sofa.

The Sometime Sofa
by Jamison.

© JAMISON BEDDING, INC., P. O. BOX 989, NASHVILLE, TENN. 37202. BROCHURE UPON REQUEST.

separating the Mare Imbrium from the Oceanus Procellarum. In this vast area is Site 4, the second most westerly of five Apollo landing sites chosen by NASA. The five sites were picked so that each one could be the best target on a given day during any attempted launching, beginning with a site in the Mare Tranquillitatis, on the eastern edge of the moon. The target moves one site to the west, following the sun across the face of the moon, each time a launching is postponed. The five sites look so much alike from the earth that some selenologists feel that the astronauts might just as well land at one as at another. Colonel Frank Borman, the commander of the Apollo 8 flight, feels that the same thing could be said of virtually any spot on the moon. At a press conference in Washington last January, he said that he had come away from the moon with the idea that a random scoopful of material taken from one place would be the same as a scoopful taken from another. Dr. Urey disagrees. "I hope that Apollo 11 doesn't get off the first day, when the target is in the Mare Tranquillitatis, or the second day, when the target is in the Sinus Medii," he has said. "I hope it gets off the third day and goes to the Oceanus Procellarum. The Oceanus Procellarum is different from the other *maria*—parts of it are blacker—and I'd be interested to know why."

Assuming that the astronauts, having awakened from their sleep, are standing once more on the black Oceanus Procellarum, they will, according to Dr. John W. Dietrich, a geologist at the Manned Spacecraft Center, near Houston, "observe a generally smooth horizon interrupted only by irregularities associated with small craters that are rarely larger than six hundred feet across." In his description of what the astronauts will see, Dr. Dietrich thoughtfully converted the metric system into feet, yards, and miles, for the benefit of the layman. "For a six-foot man, the distance to the horizon on a perfect spheroid the size of the moon would be one and four-tenths miles, but surface irregularities could restrict the horizon distance to a thousand yards or less," he went on. "Isolated hills up to thirteen hundred feet high that are twenty-two to thirty miles west of the site may project above the horizon if the landing occurs near the western margin of the site. Groups of hills thirty to thirty-six miles south-southwest of the landing site will not be visible above the horizon, although they rise to elevations as great as two thousand three hundred feet above the

Suit shown:
55% Dacron* Polyester
45% Worsted Wool

There's a world of pleasure in wearing a hand-tailored Walter-Morton Litemate summer suit that tells people how well you dress —not how hot it is! Loomed in a superfine blend of cool, colorful DACRON* and worsted wool.

WALTER-MORTON CLOTHES
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

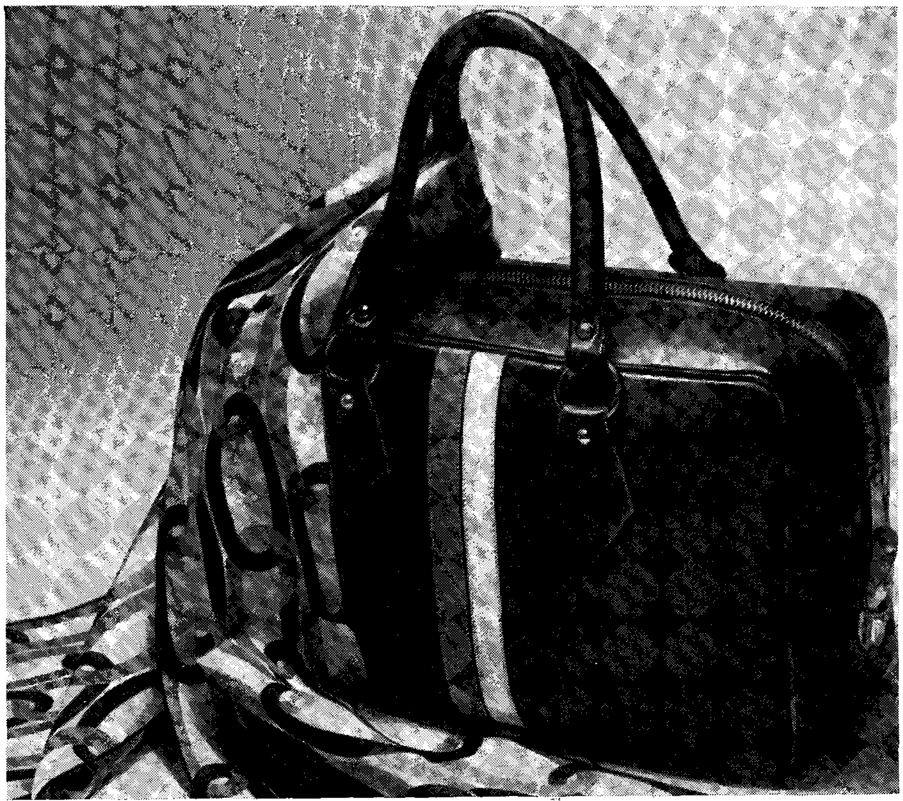
*DuPont Registered Trademark

The ties that bind

A wedding ring actually has many different meanings. It is a very personal symbol of an agreement between two people. To fit the moods and tastes of different marriages, Cartier keeps a large selection of wedding rings on hand: in gold or platinum, $10 to $100. With diamonds and other stones from $400 to $4,000. Also, handsomely engraved wedding announcements and invitations.

Cartier

Fifth Avenue and 52/New York 10022/Palm Beach/London Ltd./Paris S.A.



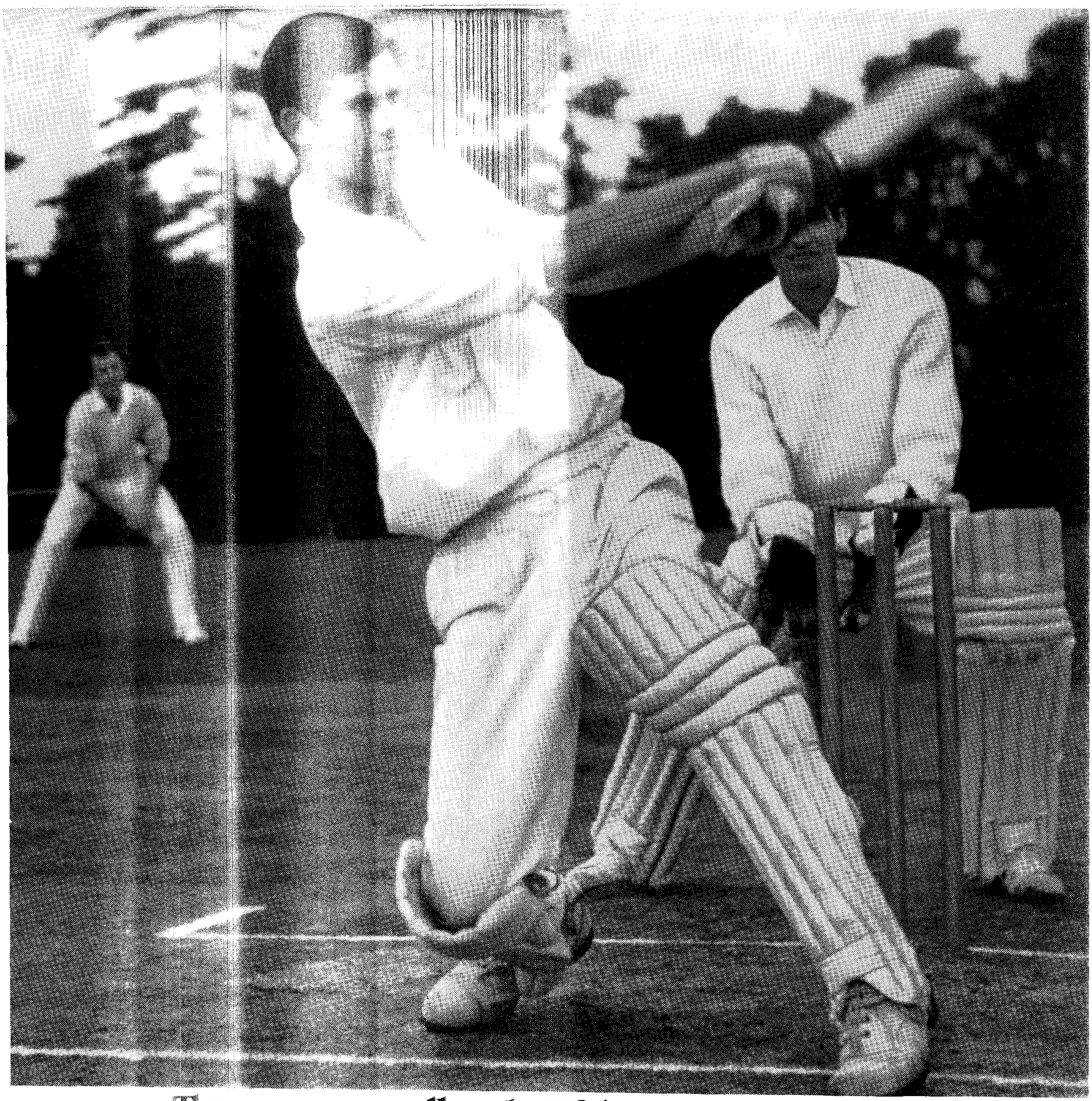
Peck & Peck is that certain kind of store that thinks red, white and navy are quite the thing. This flight bag in navy (trimmed with red and white) or white (with red and navy) is just the thing to have *en route.* Soft cowhide, 24.00. To wear with it, a red, white and navy patterned scarf. Silk, 4.00

Peck & Peck

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK/SAN FRANCISCO/CHICAGO/BOSTON/PHILADELPHIA/PITTSBURGH/ROCHESTER/BALTIMORE/DETROIT/AKRON/CLEVELAND
ST. LOUIS/TWIN CITIES/INDIANAPOLIS/WASHINGTON, D.C./ATLANTA/KANSAS CITY/HARTFORD/NEWPORT/BUFFALO/SPRINGFIELD/PROVIDENCE

surrounding area." Dr. Dietrich's assumption was that the astronauts would have landed in the middle of the site, which is an imaginary oval five miles long and three miles wide, and under those circumstances they would see no mountains whatever; instead, they would be standing in the center of a flat black pancake pitted with craters. In this nondescript landscape, the nearest landmark big enough to have a name is a crater a mile or so across known as Wickmann CA, which is fifteen miles to the north and out of sight. The reason this monotonous terrain has been chosen is that, as Don Lind, another of the Apollo astronauts, once put it, "the first few times, we want to make darn sure we get there and back without busting our tails."

Dr. Dietrich, a partly bald man with rugged features, says gloomily that geologists ordinarily prefer more varied country but that it will be a long time before spacecraft land on parts of the moon other than the *maria*—though later Apollo missions may land within walking distance of such relatively interesting features as rills, ridges, and large craters. Landings in the moon's highlands won't take place for some time, and it may be that the highlands can be best explored by astronauts who land in the *maria* and travel to the highlands by other means. The other means that NASA is now thinking of include a sort of buckboard with flexible wheels that look like radar dishes (the Lunar Module/Lunar Roving Vehicle); a truck with enormous, pillow-like tires (the Local Scientific Survey Module); and a rocket-powered craft that is still in the design stage (the Lunar Flying Unit). In the meantime, the astronauts must be content to explore the *maria.* One person who is far from content with this situation is Mr. Gold, for he doubts whether manned landings in what amounts to a lunar parking lot will have much value. "The landing site is deliberately selected to be uninteresting," he complains. "It will be as if a group of Martians landed in the Sahara, scooped up some sand, and went back to Mars thinking they knew about the earth." However, it is possible that even Sahara sand would be of interest to the first Martians to reach the earth. And even Mr. Gold isn't uninterested in the *maria.* At the conference last spring, he was standing in a red-carpeted corridor at the Sheraton-Park Hotel, telling Dr. Urey and Dr. Alan Cameron, a tall, broad-shouldered selenologist in a gray suit, that the *maria* were doubt-



This season, we'll make 72 home runs a week.

BOAC jets will be flying from the U.S. to Britain 72 times a week during the peak travel months ahead. Leaving from New York, Boston, Miami, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco and Honolulu.

Besides the nonstops to London, we'll call on Manchester in the north of England (a new nonstop service starting April 28). On Glasgow in Scotland. And on Belfast in Northern Ireland.

No other airline can offer you as many flights to Britain out of New York, 54* per week. Or as many convenient gateways into Britain.

And nobody else has the VC 10, the super-comfortable jet that's been in such demand over the Atlantic for the past five years.

The care and feeding of passengers on all BOAC flights will be in the hands of an expert British cabin staff, both stewards and stewardesses.

We're also offering some awfully tempting tours of Britain. They start as low as $300,** including air fare, for two glorious weeks.

All of which is designed to inspire you to take us back to our home base. Would it really be cricket to fly there any other way?

BOAC
TAKES GOOD CARE OF YOU

For reservations, contact British Overseas Airways Corporation. Or see your Travel Agent. *In association with Qantas. **Based on 14/21-day Economy group inclusive tour fare from N.Y.

Toujours Moi
CORDAY
PARIS
FRANCE

French Resistance Fighter

World's longest-lasting perfume...$8 to $40

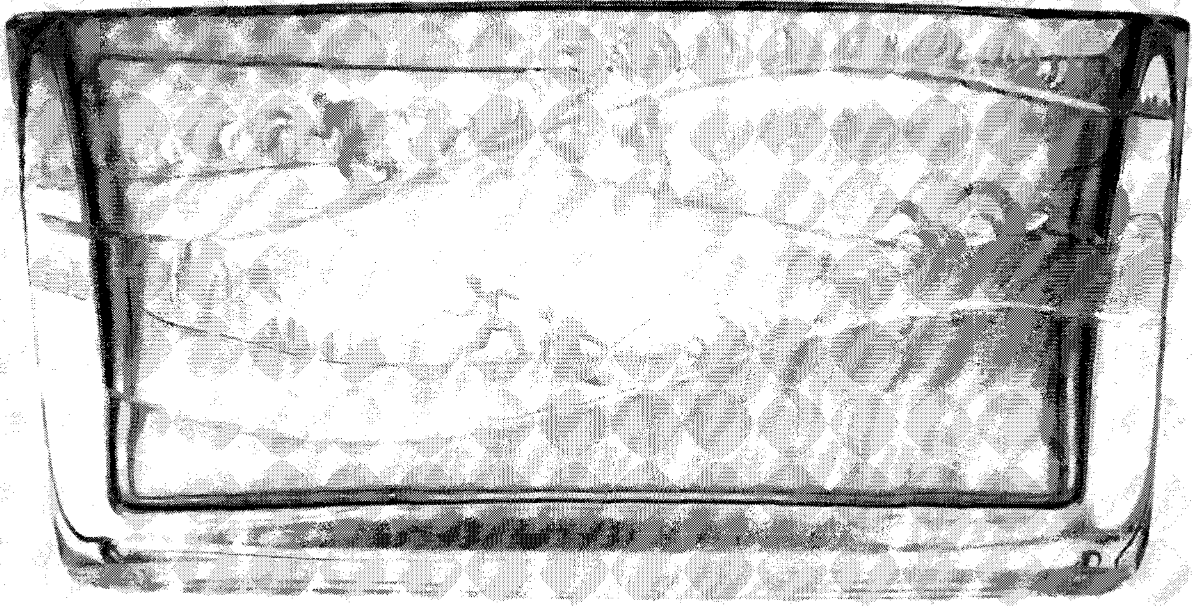
©1969 Parfums Corday, Inc. Available in Canada.

OUR SHIRTDRESS OF
ITALIAN INSPIRED
PRINT . . . in chic,
cool cotton, in an
assortment of
continental colors,
8-18, by McMullen.
40.00

MONTALDO'S
Charlotte, Winston-Salem, Greensboro, Durham, N.C. • Richmond, Va.
St. Louis • Denver • Colorado Springs • Columbus, Ohio
East Orange, Short Hills, N.J. Noop's

less rich in iron, at least on the surface, and that if this indeed proved to be the case the explanation was very likely a blend of two theories that Mr. Gold is fond of—the impact theory and the theory of electrostatic transportation of particles. If, as he suggests, the iron on the surface of the *maria* came originally from meteors, the entire moon should be covered with iron-rich debris, and not just the *maria* alone. (Mr. Gold talks of the iron-rich layer as being not very thick, because he thinks that iron-rich meteors are relatively recent in the solar system, by which he means that they are younger than the moon itself, which is thought to be four and a half billion years old.) Unlike the *maria*, the moon's highlands are thought to be relatively poor in iron; if they in fact are, this would seem to be at variance with the idea that iron-rich meteors have been landing evenly all over the moon. Mr. Gold thinks that he has the answer—his theory of electrostatic transportation, which suggests that craters can be filled by particles of dust that are kicked up by meteorites and then slide down Mr. Gold's electrostatic charge until the crater is choked and even obliterated. In similar fashion, Mr. Gold suggested, particles of iron from meteors have moved from the highlands down onto the *maria*—which are possibly the biggest craters of all—so that they have become the repositories for most of the iron on the surface of the moon. Dr. Urey said this sounded like an interesting thought. Dr. Cameron, however, disagreed, saying that meteors are also rich in magnesium, but that since it has not yet been established that the *maria* are rich in that metal, too, it would be wise to wait until the relative magnesium content of the highlands and *maria* is known. There the matter dropped, to be taken up again when the astronauts embark upon their field trip on the *mare* floor.

BEFORE the astronauts leave the LM for the second time, they will have to plot a route for the field trip. (The LM has two main parts; the descent stage is the module's spidery base, which will be left behind on the moon; the astronauts will take off in the ascent stage to rejoin the orbiting command module.) From their landing site, they ought to be able to see about three miles. They will have to give the terrain a closer look than before. Its most noticeable feature will be the incredible number of small craters. An astronomer on earth looking at

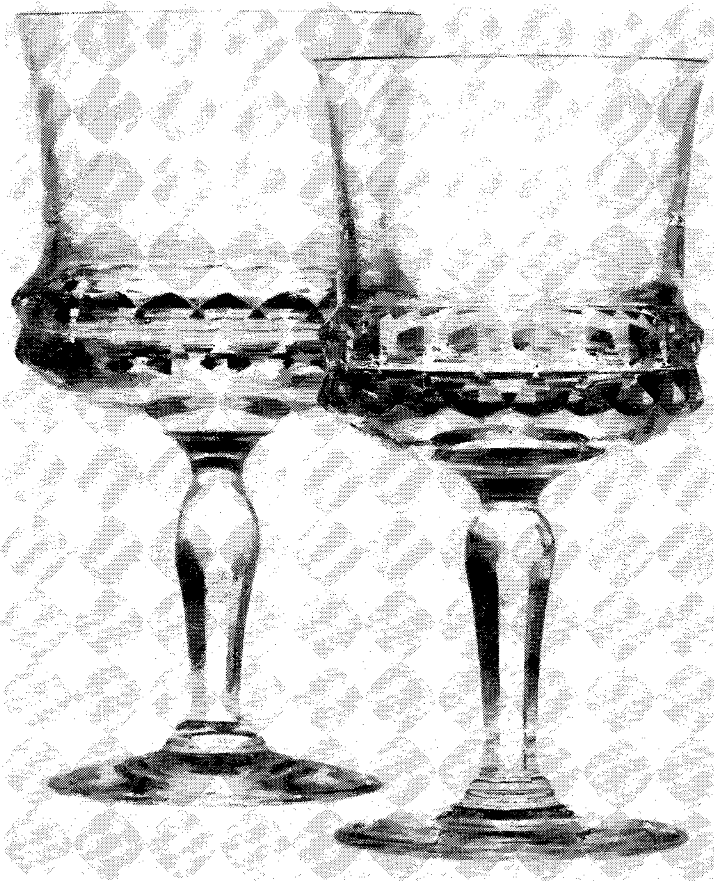


distinguished design in exquisite crystal...

At the great Orrefors glassworks in the forests of Smaland, Sweden, there is an internationally famous artist-designer named Ingeborg Lundin. It has been said of her that she "waves a magic wand over blower and glass alike and lures from them wilful, audacious, and graceful shapes of incomparable beauty." She designed the engraved vase which sells for $260 and the goblets priced from $16.50 each. Whichever you choose, you will have an exquisite Lundin design for your very own.

For brochure of exquisite crystal pieces by Lundin and other famed Orrefors designers, write our U.S.A. representative, Fisher, Bruce & Co., 221 Market St., Phila., Pa. 19106 or 527 W. 7th St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90014.

ORREFORS
CRYSTAL



ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GORDON
OF PHILADELPHIA

At Lord & Taylor, all stores
John Douglas, all stores
Bocock-Stroud, Winston-Salem
The Denver, Denver;
or for the store nearest you,
write Gordon Sales Associates,
1410 Broadway, New York 10018.

Gordon makes the difference

...the difference between hoping you look great and knowing you do. It's men's wear tailoring as men know it—as women envy it—as Gordon sews it. Beachcomber shorts in Tent cloth of Kodel® polyester and cotton, about $15. Activair's plaid shirt of cotton handwoven in India, about $11.

SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

the moon through a telescope finds that as he doubles the magnification the number of craters he sees is doubled, too. NASA has doubled and redoubled the highest telescopic magnification of the moon by means of the Lunar Orbiter spacecraft, which, bringing the moon to within a few miles, have revealed craters as small as two feet across. A good many selenologists are beginning to think that the myriad little craters were made by meteors, because it is hard to account in any other fashion for the way they pepper the ground. Seen from an Orbiter, Site 4 looks like a clay tennis court that has been rolled and has then been pelted by raindrops during a short, hard cloudburst; some of the larger craters (the largest ones in the Lunar Orbiter photographs are six hundred metres across) look like puddles. When Dr. Dietrich puts a magnifying glass over the center of the site photograph, raising the power again, he can get a fairly good idea of what the astronauts will see. Standing in the LM, they will feel as if they were on a raft in the middle of a glassy black lake where raindrops were just beginning to fall—the myriad small craters being about the size of the rings that raindrops make in the water. (The bigger craters will be another matter.) In some places, the ground will roll slightly, suggesting a gentle swell. As with rings in the water, some of the craters will be more clearly defined than others. The craters with the sharpest outlines are presumably the youngest. Selenologists call the comparatively faint, older craters "subdued," rather than, say, "weathered," in order to sidestep the tricky question of erosion on the moon. Some craters are so subdued that they have all but disappeared into the *mare* floor, like the last ripply trace of a ring in the water. Some geologists rate craters on an age scale of one through eight, No. 8 craters being the youngest and therefore, as a rule, the sharpest, while No. 1s are the oldest and usually the most subdued. There aren't many soft, old No. 1s where the astronauts will be looking, nor are there many sharp, young No. 8s, because the area around youthful No. 8s is apt to be strewn with jagged, chunky blocks, which the astronauts will have avoided. There will, however, be a good deal of rubble. The rubble—which resembles New England fieldstones—will be strewn in and between the craters, and there will be larger concentrations of it in the vicinity of the larger craters.

In plotting the route for their field trip, the astronauts will probably want to go out to the farthest point first and work their way back, so that the longer they are out, the nearer they will be to the LM, in case any trouble develops with their life-support systems. There is enough oxygen in the backpacks they will wear to last four hours, so, in the trip of just under three hours, they have a one-hour leeway in their oxygen supply. Going to the farthest point first and then working back will also prevent the astronauts from wandering farther and farther from the LM as they go from one point of interest to another, and perhaps getting too far away to return at all. Using his magnifying glass and photograph, Dr. Dietrich has plotted out a route that would interest him, were he an astronaut who had landed in the center of Site 4. He would go first to a field of small craters about one-half of a kilometre, or sixteen hundred feet, southwest of the LM; then to a large crater about a fourth of a kilometre, or eight hundred feet, to the north; and then back to the LM, possibly taking in some smaller craters on the way. The route is roughly triangular, with the first leg—the one from the LM to the crater field—the longest; after the crater field, to which he would go as directly as possible, everything else would be more or less on the way back to the LM. This trip would be slightly shorter than a kilometre and a quarter long, but detours would lengthen it to perhaps two kilometres; there are too many craters to walk in a straight line.

Although the astronauts are capable of walking about three kilometres an hour on the moon, even in their cumbersome space suits, Dr. Dietrich feels that the trip he has planned may be too ambitious for the astronauts, in view of the constant stops they will be making. They will have two hundred sample bags to fill, and so they will be stopping frequently. The bags are made of amber-colored Teflon, which, like several other synthetic materials NASA has approved for the Apollo project, is light, non-toxic, and fireproof.

THE TAVERN
TGoddard

When the astronauts start out on the field trip, one of them will carry a camera and the other a set of geological hand tools on a rack with a handle across its top. The rack folds flat for storage in the LM, but it opens out into a three-sided stand that has suspended in its center a Teflon pouch to hold samples. There will be only one set of geological tools, for while one astronaut is gathering geological

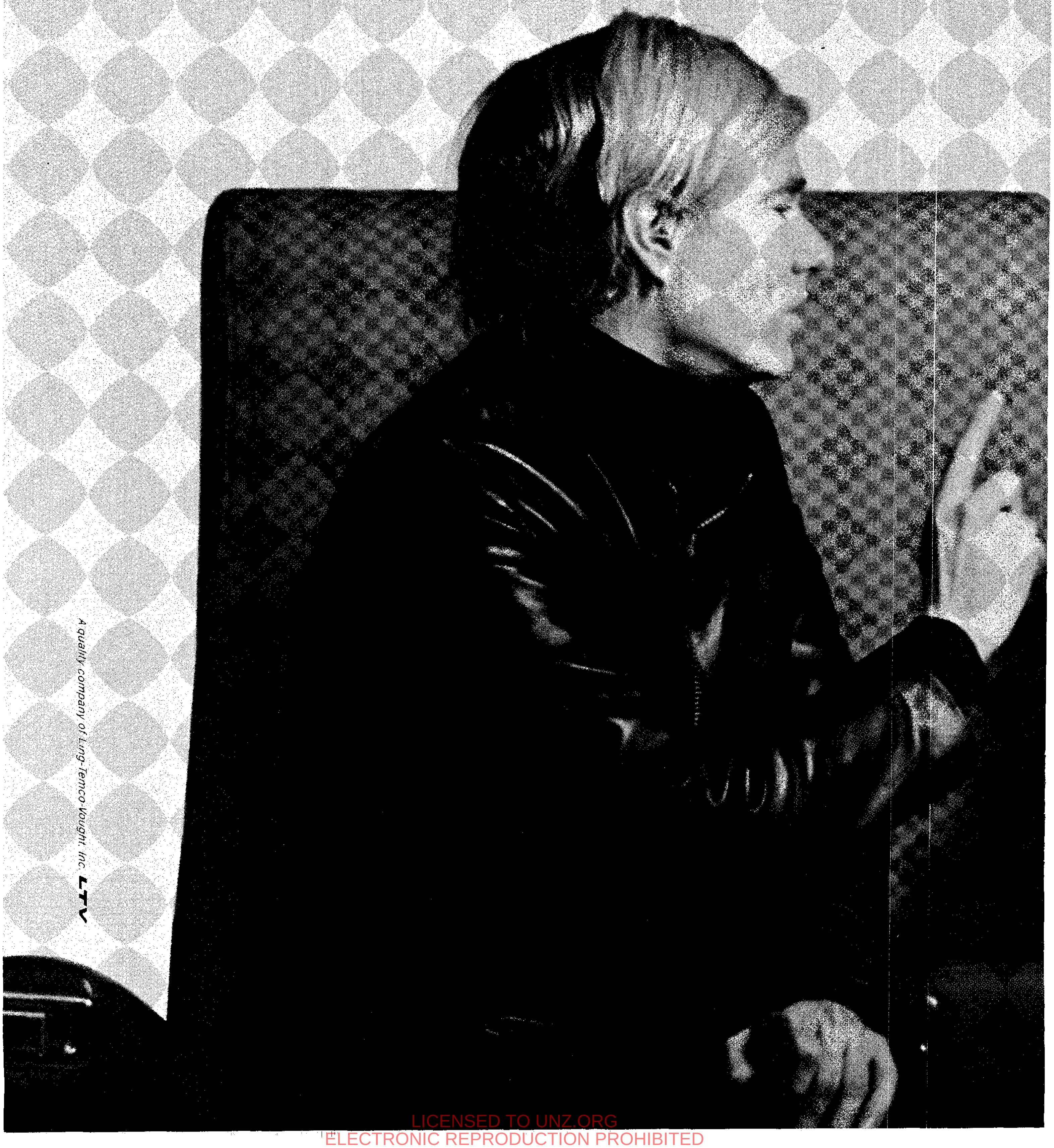
How would you like your plastic foam...
danish modern or french provincial?

Check the fancy moldings on your furniture. They may be made of urethanes. A unique family of plastics derived in part from a petrochemical called propylene oxide. Urethanes can look more like wood than wood. Duplicate every curve and wormhole of an antique—without handcrafting. Or they can be dense, rubber-like and paintable like the new auto bumpers. And now Oxirane Chemical Company, an Atlantic Richfield affiliate, has a brand new way of making propylene oxide—so important to the making of urethanes. Their plant can make 160 million new pounds a year of the ingredient. So you'll be seeing a lot more of urethane products. Possibly in places where you don't expect them.

making things happen
with petroleum energy

AtlanticRichfieldCompany

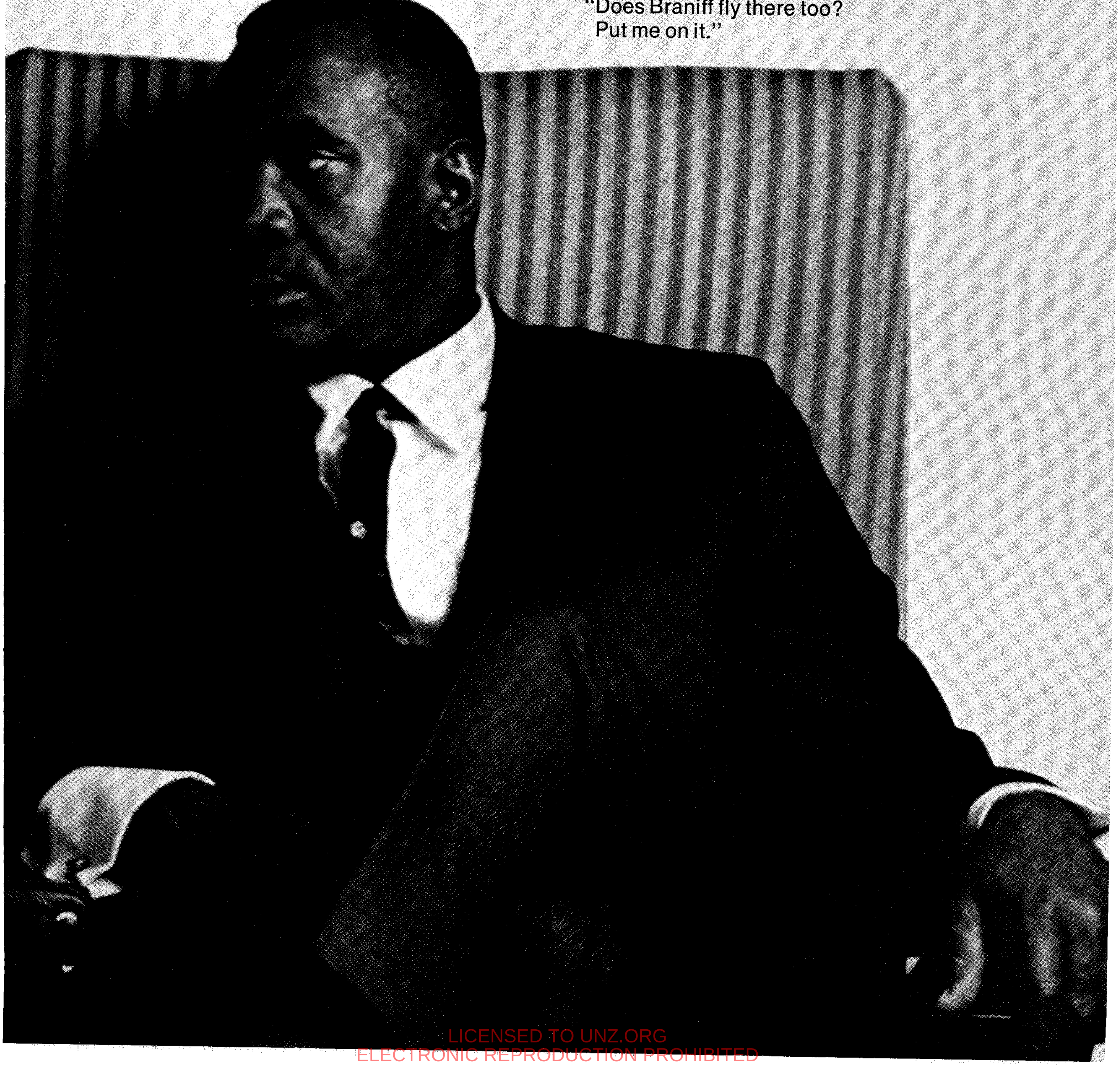
Andy Warhol and
fly on Braniff. (When

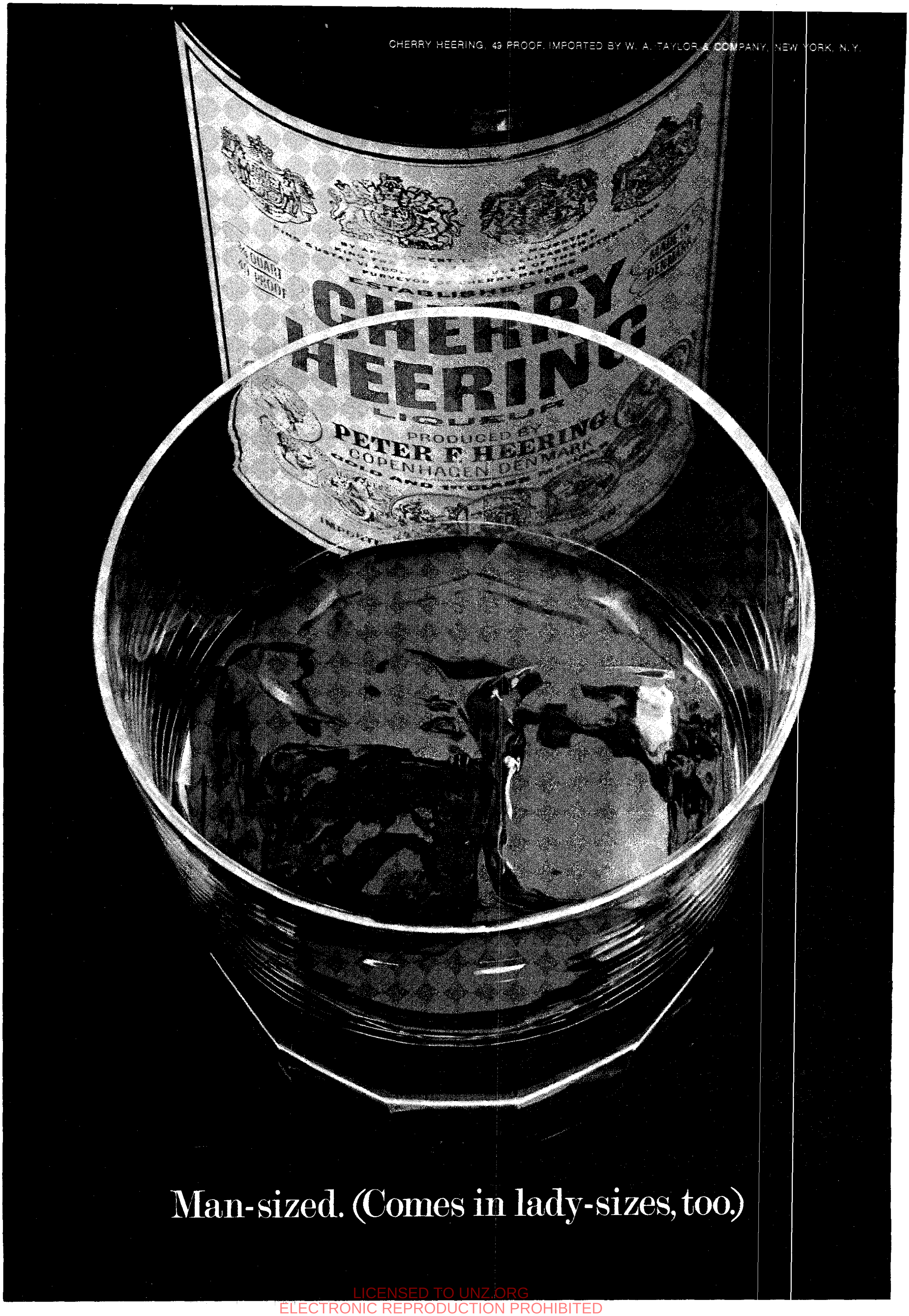


A quality company of Ling-Temco-Vought, Inc. LTV

Sonny Liston
you got it-flaunt it.)

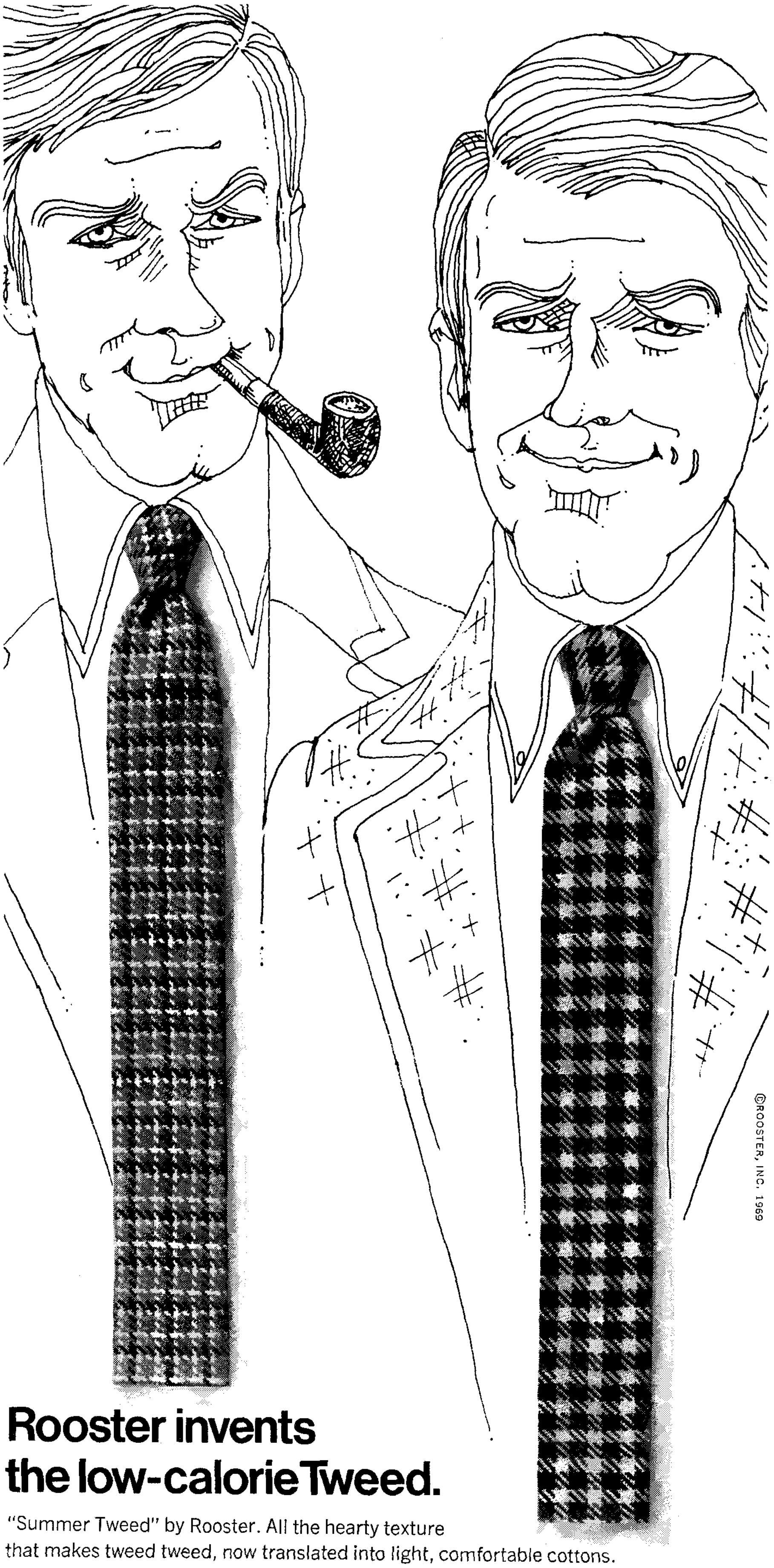
We see them a lot, and they always enjoy themselves.
They like our vigor, and they like our verve.
Good. That's why we paint our planes different colors and make the interiors so plush.
That's why we pick the sharpest girls we can find and dress them in Pucci's.
And that's why the whole airline harps on service, service, service.
Make every drink ice cold.
Serve every meal piping hot.
Bring them a magazine. Fling them a pillow.
Get them there on-time. And guess what.
It works. They keep coming back.
They keep asking their Travel Agent:
"Does Braniff fly there too?
Put me on it."




CHERRY HEERING. 49 PROOF. IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y.
CHERRY HEERING
LIQUEUR
PRODUCED BY
PETER F. HEERING
COPENHAGEN DENMARK
Man-sized. (Comes in lady-sizes, too.)

samples the other will be taking photographs and generally keeping a sharp eye on things. A group of engineers known as human-factors engineers worked very hard on the geological tools, which were simple to begin with, in order to simplify them even more, for conditions on the moon demand special modifications. All the tools are made of aluminum alloys or stainless steel, and look white or silvery. Among them are a geologist's hammer; a scoop; a small weighing scale; some small tubes for gathering core samples; a surveying instrument consisting of a compass, a range finder, and a scale for inclination; and a device that acts as a plumb line. There is also a small tool that combines a magnifying glass, a brush for sweeping dust from a sample, and a hard point for scratching an identifying number on a sample. About the only tool that the astronauts will have in addition to the tools used by a geologist on earth is a pair of tongs for picking up interesting-looking rocks; the tongs are needed because, in their space suits, the astronauts cannot bend over far enough to touch the ground.

Before gathering their first sample, the astronauts will walk out a hundred feet or so from the LM, to avoid getting samples contaminated by fumes from the spacecraft. Since every bit of the moon's crust will be new to them, and to the scientists back on earth, there may be a tendency at the start to pause at almost every step to scoop dust out of a tiny crater or to pick up a curious pebble with the tongs. The easiest sample to gather will be the dust, for it will be all about them—black, fine-grained, and cohesive. They may feel as if they were standing in a desert of graphite powder. Some impact men say that it may be a blanket of pulverized moon rock shattered by the billions of meteors that have smashed into the moon, as one Apollo 8 astronaut radioed back, like "pickaxes striking concrete, creating a lot of fine haze dust"—a theory that can be checked if the astronauts bring some dust home. They will peer appraisingly into the small, shallow craters, looking for clues to what caused them, for though a good many selenologists believe they could have been made only by impact, a few selenologists have speculated that some of the small craters might be what they call dimple craters—possibly the result of the slumping of the surface into an underground cavity—and if this should be the case with a crater that the astronauts were inspecting they would notice that it had a deeper and more pointed bottom than that of an impact



Rooster invents the low-calorie Tweed.

"Summer Tweed" by Rooster. All the hearty texture that makes tweed tweed, now translated into light, comfortable cottons. Hand woven especially for Rooster in a zestful collection of stripes, plaids, checks and tattersalls. Rooster People, tweed lovers by nature, may now indulge their appetites all year long.
$3. At very good stores.

rooster

©ROOSTER, INC. 1969

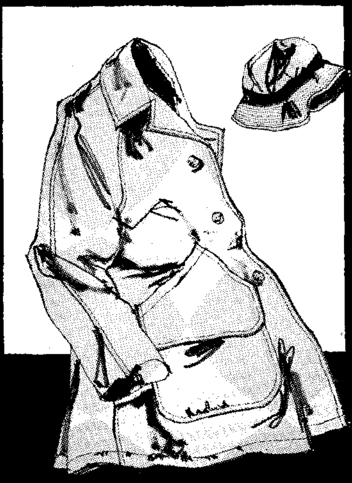
You can't buy a better vodka for love nor rubles.

VODKA
GILBEY'S
VODKA
PRODUCT OF U.S.A.
DISTILLED FROM GRAIN

Gilbey's Vodka

VODKA, 80 PROOF. DIST. FROM 100% GRAIN. W. & A. GILBEY, LTD., CINN., O. DISTR. BY NAT'L DIST. PROD. CO.

BILL BLASS FOR PBM



Bill's rain forecast—the Clam Coat, $110. Bonwit Teller, Halle Bros., The Dayton Co.
Bill Blass for PBM, 226 West 58th Street.

crater, like the dimple in the sand of a just turned hourglass. The rocks littering the *mare* in front of them may be so numerous that the astronauts will have to exercise care not to trip; Dr. Dietrich describes parts of the moon as good ankle-breaking territory, but he adds that it would be almost impossible for an astronaut to break an ankle, because he would fall with only a sixth of his normal weight. The astronauts will have no trouble seeing the rocks, for the early-morning sun will pick them out as brilliantly as it does the westerly rims of the craters; the rocks catch the sun brightly on one side and cast long shadows from the other. Some of the rocks may be lighter than the blackish *mare* anyway, for they may be of different material. However the larger craters were formed, the rocks were ejected from them in the process, and some of the rocks in front of the astronauts may have come from quite far away, for in low gravity explosions can send debris enormous distances. The rocks could have come from anywhere on the moon. This possibility is by no means farfetched, as the rays of the crater Tycho, which are probably lines of dust that were spattered during its formation, are thought by some selenologists to circle the moon entirely—a possibility that has inspired Dr. Urey to come up with an ingenious suggestion concerning a couple of the rays. Unlike the rest, these rays appear not to emanate from the crater's center but to be tangential to it. Dr. Urey believes that these two rays are dust ejected during the impact that made Tycho; that the debris sprayed completely around the moon and back to Tycho; and that the amount by which the rays are offset from the crater's center represents the distance the moon rotated on its axis during a hundred and eighty minutes, which is the time that Dr. Urey calculates the trip took. (Vulcanists who find this theory hard to swallow point out that there are a number of other craters with offset rays, and that since the rays are offset differently in each case, the moon must have shifted around on its axis in a most erratic manner. These vulcanists evidently think that Dr. Urey is indulging in the same sort of perverse reasoning as the astronomer in "Gulliver's Travels," who put a sundial on top of a weather vane, hoping to make the revolutions of the earth match the accidental turnings of the wind.)

Though some of the debris in front of the astronauts may have come from Tycho, about a thousand miles to the southeast, there is no way of knowing

Steely eyes.
Steel grip.
Aluminum racket.

It's true that most metal rackets will give you more speed and more power. A metal racket has lower wind resistance than a conventional racket so you can get it into position faster and hit harder with the same swing. That's elementary.

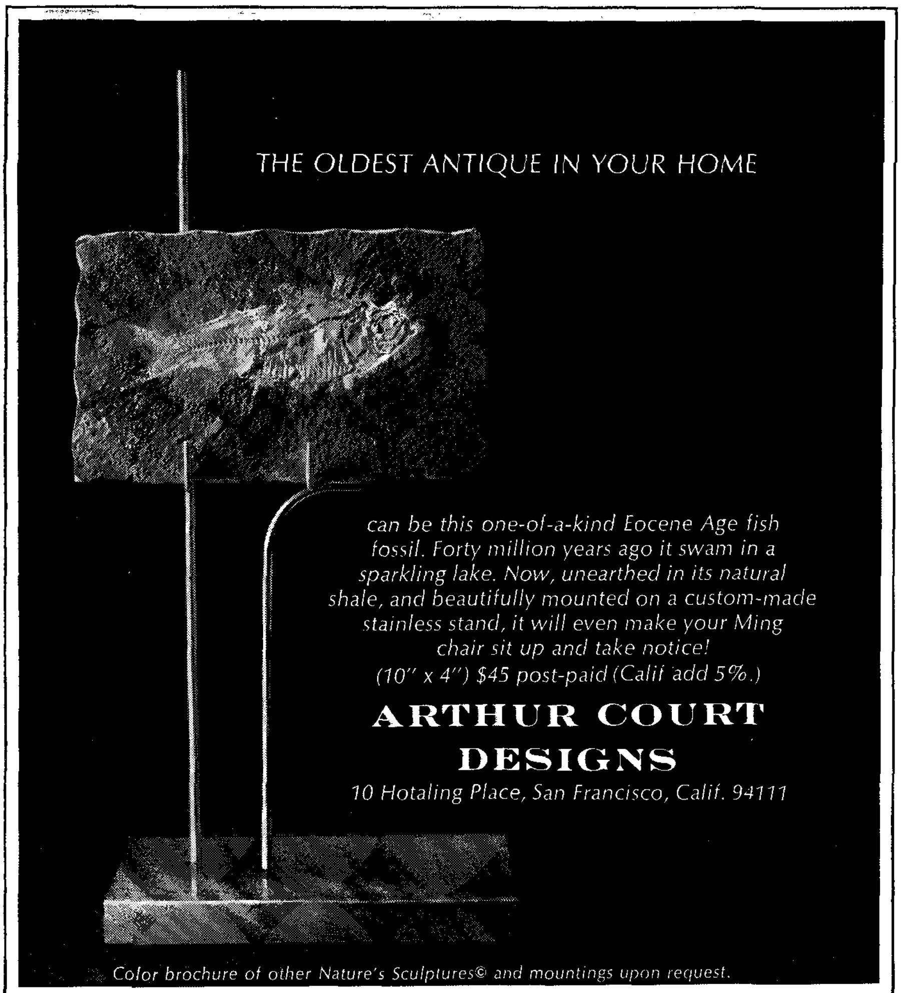
But the Spalding aluminum racket gives you one thing no other metal racket can give you. Extraordinary control.

The Smasher has an exclusive design that takes full advantage of aluminum's "dampening effect" (it absorbs the shock of impact). So the Smasher is less apt to twist in your hand, even when you hit off-center. You'll find yourself making critical lobs and drops and net shots with a touch you never had before.

By all means keep your steely eyes on the ball. And develop a steel grip. But play an aluminum racket.

The Smasher, of course. (The only metal racket approved by Spalding.)

The Smasher. By Spalding.

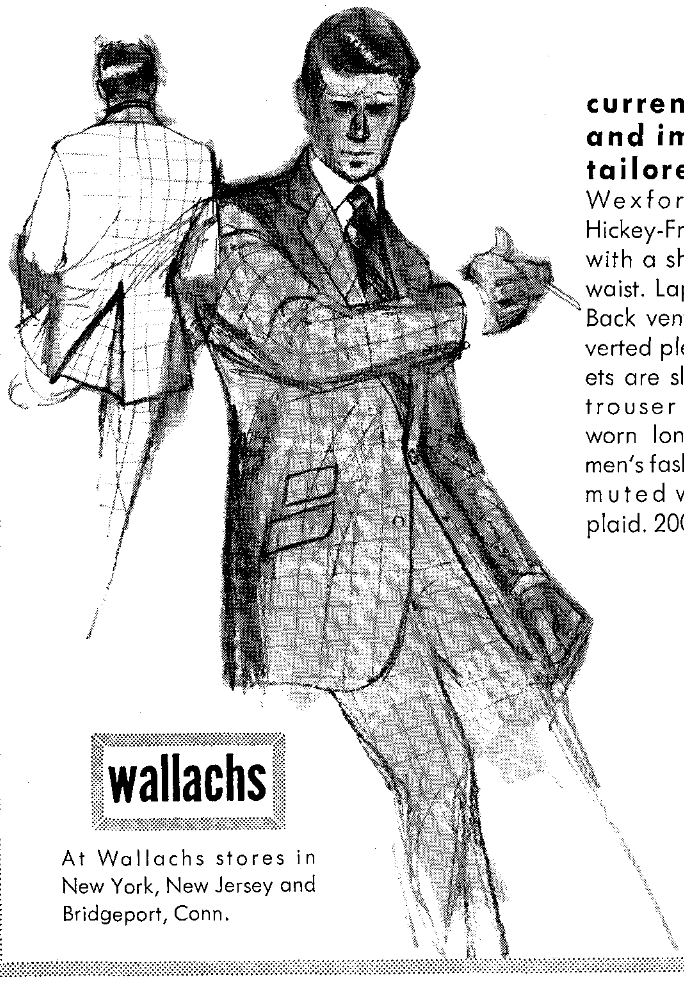


THE OLDEST ANTIQUE IN YOUR HOME

can be this one-of-a-kind Eocene Age fish fossil. Forty million years ago it swam in a sparkling lake. Now, unearthed in its natural shale, and beautifully mounted on a custom-made stainless stand, it will even make your Ming chair sit up and take notice!
(10" x 4") $45 post-paid (Calif add 5%.)

ARTHUR COURT DESIGNS
10 Hotaling Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94111

Color brochure of other Nature's Sculptures© and mountings upon request.



current, correct and impeccably tailored—Our new Wexford model by Hickey-Freeman is styled with a shaped, higher waist. Lapels are wider. Back vent is a deep inverted pleat. Flap pockets are slanted. Angled trouser bottoms are worn longer. Masterful men's fashion—here in a muted windowpane plaid. 200.00.

wallachs

At Wallachs stores in
New York, New Jersey and
Bridgeport, Conn.

until the astronauts bring some back to earth. The procedure for taking a sample is first to describe the rock by radio to Dr. Dietrich—or whatever geologist is on duty at the Manned Spacecraft Center, near Houston—taking a guess as to its composition. (Since the photographs from the Surveyors indicate that basalt is the basic rock of the *maria*, most of the rocks that the astronauts undertake to describe will probably be basaltic.) Then the astronauts will note whether the rock is sharp and angular or rounded and smooth—for Surveyors have photographed both kinds. They will probably have a good deal to say about almost any rock, for selenologists—the astronauts included—become eloquent when presented with anything from the moon. Recently, one NASA geologist described a Surveyor photograph of a half-buried, rather ordinary-looking stone as follows: "Sub-angular in shape, with facets slightly rounded at the edges and corners. The lighter-colored part of the rock is the more resistant to erosion, and therefore distinctive. Granularity of the block is not evident, but it shows mottling. Intersecting fracture planes resemble cleavage planes produced during static flow of rock under high shock pressure. The edges of the fractures also exhibit a rounding. . . ." One of the most important observations that the astronauts will make is whether the dirt around the rock appears freshly scarred, the way it would if someone had just tossed a heavy stone onto a beach, or whether the rock is embedded in the ground with the soil packed tightly around it. Surveyor photographs have shown both situations, and some selenologists are perplexed by the embedded rocks, for there is no weathering or erosion on the moon to pack the soil around the rocks. Mr. Gold thinks the answer lies in his theory of electrostatic transportation, which he insists has filled up so many craters on the *maria* floors. It has simply filled up the ground broken by hurtling rocks as well, he says. Dr. Dietrich, not a dust man himself, doesn't dismiss Mr. Gold's theory out of hand, for he points out that, electrostatic field or no, *something* seems to have shifted the fine particles on the moon. But if Dr. Dietrich doesn't dismiss Mr. Gold's electrostatic theory, he doesn't embrace it very warmly, either. "Whenever Mr. Gold or Dr. Urey makes a noise, the rest of us *have* to look into it," Dr. Dietrich says, in exasperation. Looking into it isn't always easy, for both Mr. Gold's moon and Dr. Urey's moon are a good deal more mysterious

©Bulova Watch Co., Inc.

The Accutron® slogan isn't advertising puffery. It's a law of nature.

Accutron has the only watch movement that doesn't use a balance wheel. And that's why it's so accurate. Because nature gives balance wheel watches a bad time.

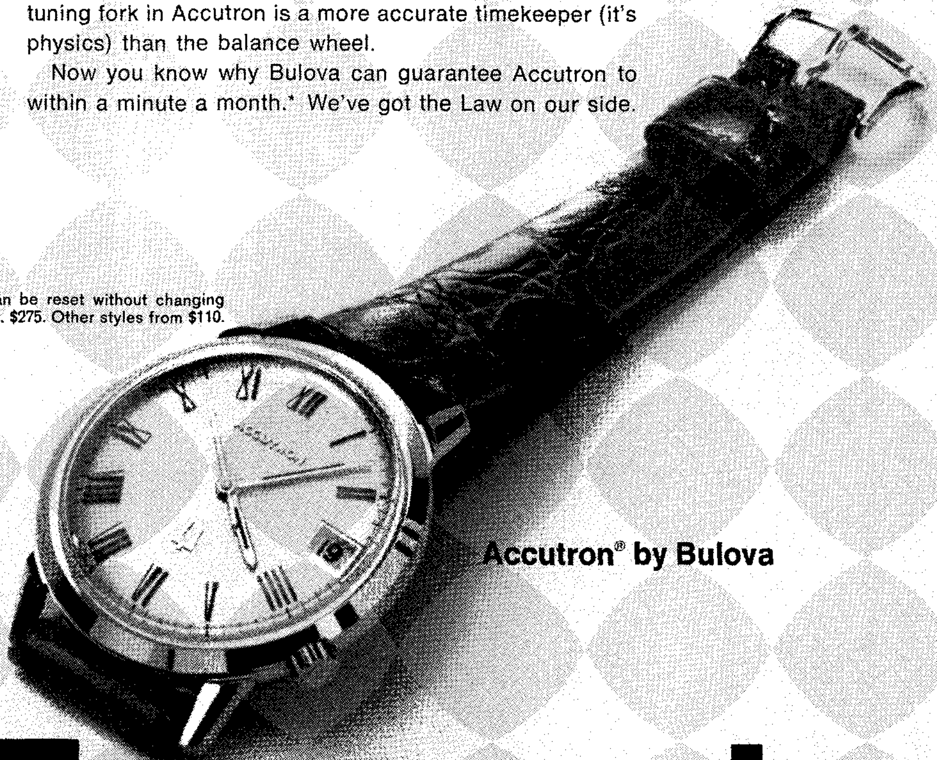
Balance wheels are very sensitive to the Law of Gravity, for example. Their rate of timekeeping is constantly changing, depending upon the position the watch (that is, your arm) happens to be in. The Accutron watch, on the other hand, has a negligible position error.

Then there's the Law of Friction.

Balance wheels have oiled bearings, unfortunately. The oil deteriorates, day by day, thereby increasing the friction. And changing the rate of timekeeping. Accutron doesn't have this problem. Its tuning fork has no bearings, so timekeeping isn't dependent upon oil.

But even if there weren't any gravity or friction to worry about, Accutron would still be a better watch. Because the tuning fork in Accutron is a more accurate timekeeper (it's physics) than the balance wheel.

Now you know why Bulova can guarantee Accutron to within a minute a month.* We've got the Law on our side.



CALENDAR "AD": 18K solid gold; date can be reset without changing time setting; water-resistant; shock-resistant. $275. Other styles from $110.

Accutron® by Bulova

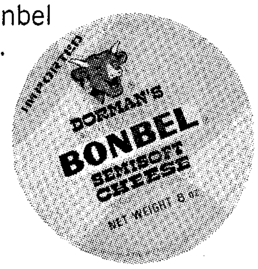
The most accurate watch in the world.

*Timekeeping will be adjusted to this tolerance, if necessary, if purchased from an authorized Accutron jeweler and returned to him within one year of date of purchase.

Bonbel is a kindof.

A totally different kind of cheese. The way brie is. Only when you buy the cheese called Bonbel do you get cheese that tastes like Bonbel. Get to know this smooth, imported cheese. It's the only one of its kind. And you'll find that it's kindof special.

Send for our free new cook-booklet:
N. DORMAN & CO., INC., Dept. 118,
73 Hudson Street, New York, N.Y., 10013



BACCARAT ...the crystal of Kings...since 1764

BACCARAT ...for gourmets ... for hostesses ... for brides

BACCARAT ...for stemware ... for gifts ... imported from France

BACCARAT, now two hundred years old, is justly famous among connoisseurs and discriminating hostesses for the variety of its stemware patterns and gourmet glasses, either plain or cut, modern or traditional. The PERFECTION pattern above, created in 1933 in a perfect BORDEAUX shape, or a slender, tall stem is $7.00 each.

Write Dept. Y21 for illustrated brochures featuring stemware, china or gifts, 25¢ each, and or $1 for "How to Choose and Use Wine Glasses."

at fine stores and at
BACCARAT
55 East 57th St., N.Y.C.

than Dr. Dietrich's moon. By and large, the Surveyors have not been good to Mr. Gold, for, in addition to not obligingly disappearing altogether into the surface of the moon, they have so far failed to turn up any evidence of electrostatic transportation of particles. Mr. Gold explains the latter failure by suggesting that the process may be going on at an extremely slow rate. "I don't expect to find a perpetual snowstorm up there," he says. Nevertheless, he would clearly like it if the astronauts did.

WHILE one astronaut is noting the size, shape, and composition of the rock, possibly through a blizzard of tiny particles, the other will be snapping photographs of it with a Hasselblad, a camera similar to the one used by the astronauts aboard the Apollo 8 capsule last December. The Hasselblad has been designed expressly for taking snapshots on the moon, and, like all the other moon equipment, it is simple and foolproof. The astronauts may be tired—they will certainly be under considerable strain—and their hands could be a little shaky. Consequently, the astronaut will hold the camera by a grip very much like a pistol's. He won't have to change the film very often, for there are about one hundred and eighty exposures on a roll. He will have to set the camera for speed, range, and light; he will have no light meter, but he will have got a rough idea beforehand of what the correct settings on the moon should be, given the angle of the sun. The control knobs are very big, so that he can set the camera while wearing his thick, clumsy gloves. Awkward as photography in a space suit may be, the astronaut will be a better photographer than any of the Surveyors on the moon, if only because he can look around and decide what to take and—equally important—what angle to take it from. He will face the rock under consideration, making sure that the sun is well to one side of him. It will be hard to take a picture into the blazing sun, and equally hard to take one directly away from the sun, not only because the astronaut would then be photographing his own shadow (a long one, since the sun is low on the horizon) but because he has to avoid an effect called backscattering—a tendency of sunlight to reflect from the surface of the moon. Backscattering can be almost blinding; some of the Surveyor photographs that were taken away from the sun—or "downsun," as Schmitt calls it—were washed out by

You have nothing to fear about driving in Europe but fear itself.

If you can speak English and read a map you can drive in Europe as easily as you drive in Cleveland.

In one way, driving in Europe is easier than driving in America.

Unlike the traffic signs one finds in the States, traffic signs in Europe were designed for people who can't read the language of the country they're driving in.

All the signs in Europe, the British Isles, and Scandinavia are the same. And only one of them relies on words to make its point, and that is in English: STOP.

"They all drive on the wrong side of the road." And other misconceptions.

Every man has his own misconceptions about driving in Europe, but many people share at least one of these:

(a) Europeans drive on the wrong side of the road, (b) European roads are pretty but narrow and impossible to make good time on and (c) renting a car there is expensive, especially if you want to go any distance.

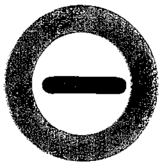
These are misconceptions, not falsehoods. First, in the British Isles they do drive on the left.

But everywhere else they drive on the right like we do.

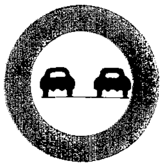
Second, many back roads in Europe are narrow and winding, and so beautiful you wouldn't want to take them to get someplace fast.

But thousands of miles of roads connecting major cities are not only wide and well paved; they're frequently four-lane divided highways.

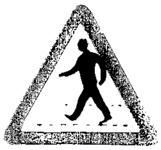
And last, Hertz cars are available at almost any price. Our European rates on smaller cars, like the Ford Cortina, are a true European bargain. Or you can go to the other end of the scale and get a chauffeur-driven car from us.



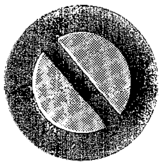
CUSTOMS



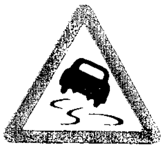
PASSING PROHIBITED



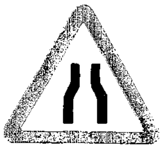
PEDESTRIAN CROSSING



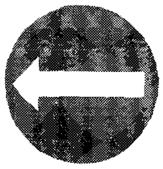
STOPPING PROHIBITED



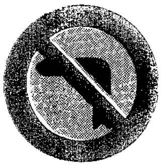
SLIPPERY ROAD



ROAD NARROWS



DIRECTION TO BE FOLLOWED



NO LEFT TURN

And for the ambitious traveler who wants to see it all, Hertz is now introducing the first weekly unlimited-mileage rate for all of Europe, the British Isles, and Scandinavia. (Your Travel Agent, most airlines, and any Hertz office can give you all details.)

The only language you need to know is English.

When you go into a Hertz office in France you will usually find a French girl. An *English-speaking* French girl. In every Hertz office around the world there is someone who speaks English.

The maps and guide books we give you are in English.

The special driving tours we can arrange include hotels where they speak English.

When you put the English-speaking girls together with the English-language maps, and the no-language signs, and the good roads, and the reasonable rates, having a car becomes simply a beautifully convenient way to see Europe.

If you're thinking about a trip in the near or distant future, we think you'd appreciate our Motoring Guide to Europe, and we'd like to send you a free copy, along with a short plug for our new unlimited-mileage rate.

Just clip the coupon and send it to us.

The biggest should do more. It's only right.

Hertz®

Please send me a free copy of the Hertz Motoring Guide to Europe and the Big Apple Unlimited Mileage Brochure.

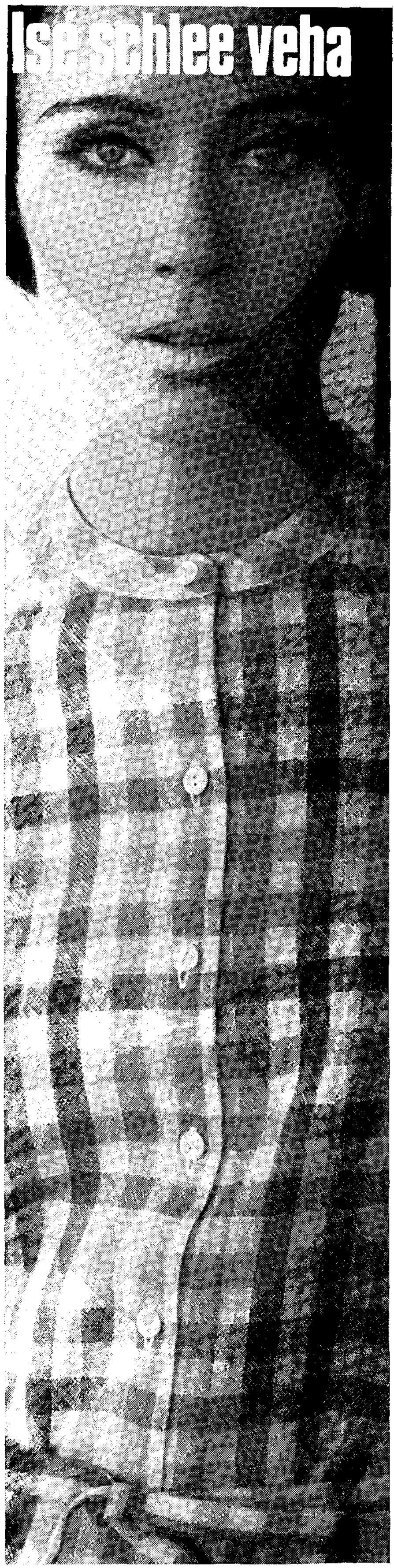
Name____________________

Address____________________

City__________State________Zip________

Hertz Europe, 660 Madison Avenue,
New York 10021.

©HERTZ SYSTEM, INC., 1969 Y



Donald Davies of Dublin.

*Donald Davies of Dublin is a way of life.
673 color variations in *Wool o' the Wisp.*
For nearest store, write 417 Fifth Ave. N. Y.

it. Rocks downsun are particularly likely to glint with backscattering, because they are apt to stick up perpendicularly from the flat *mare* and be hit head on by the slanting early-morning sun. One explanation for backscattering could be that the moon and the rocks are indeed covered with a thin coat of powder, as Mr. Gold says; if the grains are the way Mr. Gold thinks they are, sunlight would bounce back from them. To date, this peculiar lighting effect of the moon's surface is one of the strongest arguments in favor of Mr. Gold's powder. The astronaut, then, will face the rock in such a way that as much of it as possible is in sunlight *without* backscattering, for he has to avoid shadows; anything in shadow is hard to see on the moon, because there is virtually no atmosphere to diffuse light. When he has found the rock's best profile and is ready to shoot the picture, he won't raise the camera up to his eyes, because his space suit is tight at the shoulders. At one stage in its development, the Hasselblad had as a viewer a wire frame on top, like that of the old-fashioned Speed Graphics that newsmen used to carry; however, the astronauts can't raise their arms high enough to see through such a viewer. The camera has no viewer at all, and the astronaut will shoot from the hip. The camera is squared off, like an old Brownie box camera, so the astronaut will have a close enough idea of where he is aiming. At first, the camera was to have had an extra-wide-angle lens, so that even if the astronaut's aim was off he would be sure to hit something, but the astronauts' aim during practice has been so good that the wide-angle lens was dropped. When everything is ready, the astronaut will release the trigger. The trigger, which is built into the grip, is pulled exactly like that on a pistol. After the astronaut pulls the trigger, an electrical motor inside the camera winds the film to the next frame and cocks the trigger for the next shot, thus automatically preventing any double exposures.

While the photography is going on, the astronaut with the tools will be getting ready to knock a few chips off the rock to bring back to Dr. Dietrich and other NASA geologists. If the astronauts are to bring back a representative selection of samples, they won't have room for entire boulders. (Aside from the fact that it is white, the hammer that the astronaut will be wielding will be little different from the slender hammers that geologists use; that is, it will have a long handle and an attenuated head with a chisel on one end.) When the astronaut has gently knocked off a few chips, he will pick them up with the tongs by squeezing a trigger on the handle, which will cause a pair of wire hands at the far end to clench around the chips. Then he will put them into one or more of the two hundred Teflon sample bags, all of which have catalogue numbers already printed on them. (These bags will be in a small box that sits on top of the tool rack.) Next, he will radio the catalogue number back to Houston, and then he will drop the sample into the big sack suspended in the center of the tool rack. Finally, the astronaut with the camera will take a closeup of the place where the sample had been, in order to give the geologists a complete picture of the sample's relationship to the terrain.

The astronauts' path toward the crater field will zigzag this way and that as they move from one item that catches their eye to another, avoiding craters the whole time. The astronauts will doubtless get sidetracked. Even Dr. Dietrich gets sidetracked without ever leaving the M.S.C., because there are a number of tempting craters that show up on his photograph. On the route he has picked out, he isn't even sure that he wouldn't go to the big crater *first* and the crater field *second*, on the ground that the big crater is the more spectacular of the two and he wouldn't want to miss it in the event that the trip had to be curtailed. Putting first things first is the most basic principle of the men who are planning the astronauts' stay on the moon. The astronauts could very well change plans in midstream, for exactly where they go is ultimately up to them. At one point, there was some thought that geologists back at the Manned Spacecraft Center might guide the astronauts over television, telling them what to do, but this plan was vetoed by the astronauts almost before it was proposed. Dr. Elbert King, curator of the Lunar Receiving Laboratory, who has had a hand in training the astronauts in geology, says, "Anyone who knows the astronauts knows that one thing they are not is robots who can be operated by remote control. They have every intention of making their own decisions while they are on the moon." Dr.

Only one carpet can touch Amtico vinyl. Amtico.

Carpet here. Vinyl there. Amtico everywhere. Take our Shalimar vinyl. Its marbled look is positively opulent with our Vynon shag. Shalimar in pale translucents. Vynon carpet in smashing colors possible only in this deep, dense polyester.* Now you see why only one carpet can touch our vinyl. Ours! For a free floor idea folio in color, write Amtico Flooring Division, American Biltrite Rubber Co., Inc., Trenton, New Jersey 08607.

Showrooms: New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Dallas, Toronto, Montreal.

AMTICO

Fashion leader in vinyl and carpet

*"TOUCH STUFF®", a trademark of the Beaunit Corp

BENEATH EVERYTHING WOMANLY SHOULD BE SOMETHING SHAPELY
. . . TAFREDDA

Clingy crepes, uptight knits, electrified wools . . . all shape up over Tafredda®. The fabric that makes the smoothest slips in town. Clothes don't cling or bunch up because Tafredda, woven of 50% Avlin® polyester/50% nylon, holds the line of everything you wear. Look for Tafredda in every fashion color.

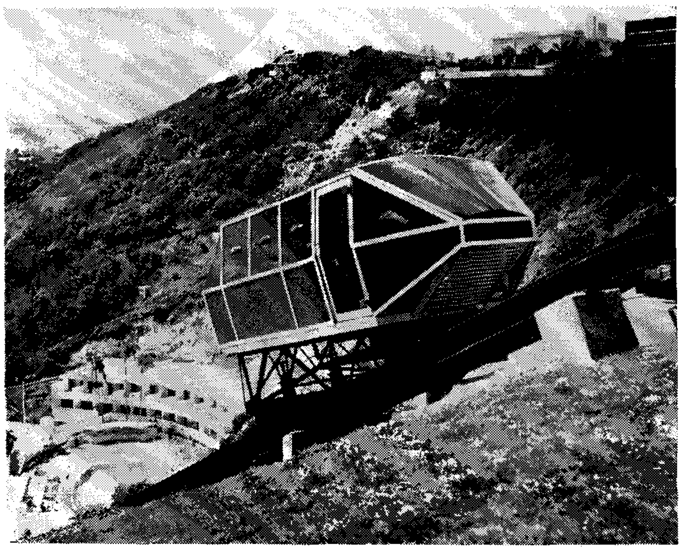
fmc® AVISCO FIBERS

Hot pink and white chemise by Chevette. About $12. At all fine stores.

King gives the impression of being more of an administrator than Dr. Dietrich, who seems to be more of a geologists' geologist. Since Dr. King won't be able to follow the astronauts over television, he has done the next best thing; he has instructed them to keep up a steady line of chatter to the scientists at the M.S.C. Dr. King says, "We want them to look with their mouths open. We tell them, 'Talk! Describe! Tell us what you see!' The tiniest observation might be crucial. Even if they don't know what something is, we want them to tell us what they *think* it is. 'Free associate,' we tell them. I want to hear things like 'I wonder what that little pink rock is. It looks as if it came from that crater over there.' The Apollo astronauts won't be tongue-tied, like some of the Mercury boys; we've seen to that. They'll have the background and the experience. Also, they'll have something to talk *about*. They have the fantastic responsibility of making these incredible observations." Dr. Dietrich and other geologists have already trained the astronauts to loosen their tongues by flying them to places they have never been before and sending them off with instructions to keep talking into microphones, even if they can't think of anything to say. All the places have been as moonlike as possible, such as the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes, in Alaska, and Meteor Crater, in Arizona. "On some field trips, I'd be sitting behind a rock out there, listening over the radio to what they were saying," Dr. King recalls. "We'd record their comments on tape, and later on I'd critique what they'd said. If the astronaut missed mentioning a rock I knew was there, I'd light into him afterward, just like a football coach critiquing a fumble on a film of a game."

When the astronauts get to the small crater field, they will probably talk a little faster, as if they were afraid to miss any rock that Dr. Dietrich might somehow have planted there, for the conglomeration of small craters will be the nearest thing to scenery they will have seen yet. The astronaut with the camera will take a good many snapshots. If most of the *mare* is like a smooth black lake with a few raindrops falling into it, then the crater field is like a lake in a hailstorm. The astronauts will have to be careful as they maneuver among the craters, because the craters are so close together that where the rims brush, high crests have been thrown up, forming choppy waves; some craters actually intersect, like the rings in water during a heavy

El Conquistador Hotel and Club
is a hillside of miracles.
One of them is the funicular
that glides from level to level.



It takes you to decks and docks,
tennis and terraces, patios and pools.
To the 18 hole championship
golf course. To the Health Club.
Or to see a fiery sunset.
El Conquistador is places to dine,
to drink, to dance, to dream.
It's southern France in eastern Puerto Rico.
It's blues and greens and a view
you won't believe. It's nowhere
and somewhere and everywhere.
It's an unforgettable vacation experience.

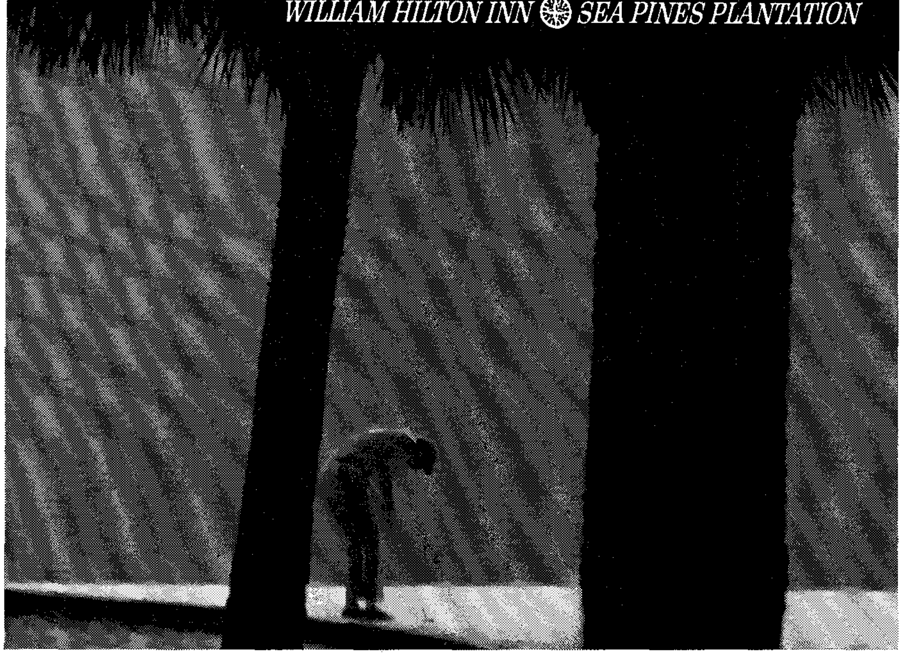
EL CONQUISTADOR
Hotel and Club
Las Croabas Puerto Rico

...Also visit our other great resort,
El San Juan Hotel, San Juan, Puerto Rico.
Lou Puro, Chairman of the Board • Sam Schweitzer, President
David C. Botbol, General Manager
For reservations, see your Travel Agent or write or call
850 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022 (212) 421-9322 or 688-8815

Island par excellence.
Hilton Head.

For golfers, this lovely island is all that Heaven allows. Sea Pines Plantation's 36 spectacular holes of championship golf are part of a truly special world. Uncrowded. Unspoiled. Unlike any other—anywhere. There's the autumn Heritage Golf Classic. The elegant William Hilton Inn. The Plantation Club, with superb tennis, swimming and cuisine. Hilton Head's welcome is as warm as her year-round sun, whether you're stopping at the Inn or staying on always, in a Plantation home or villa. For information on the Inn, Homesites, Homes and Golf Villas for rental, write us at Box 72, Hilton Head Island, South Carolina or contact the Robert F. Warner, Inc., office in your area.

WILLIAM HILTON INN *SEA PINES PLANTATION*

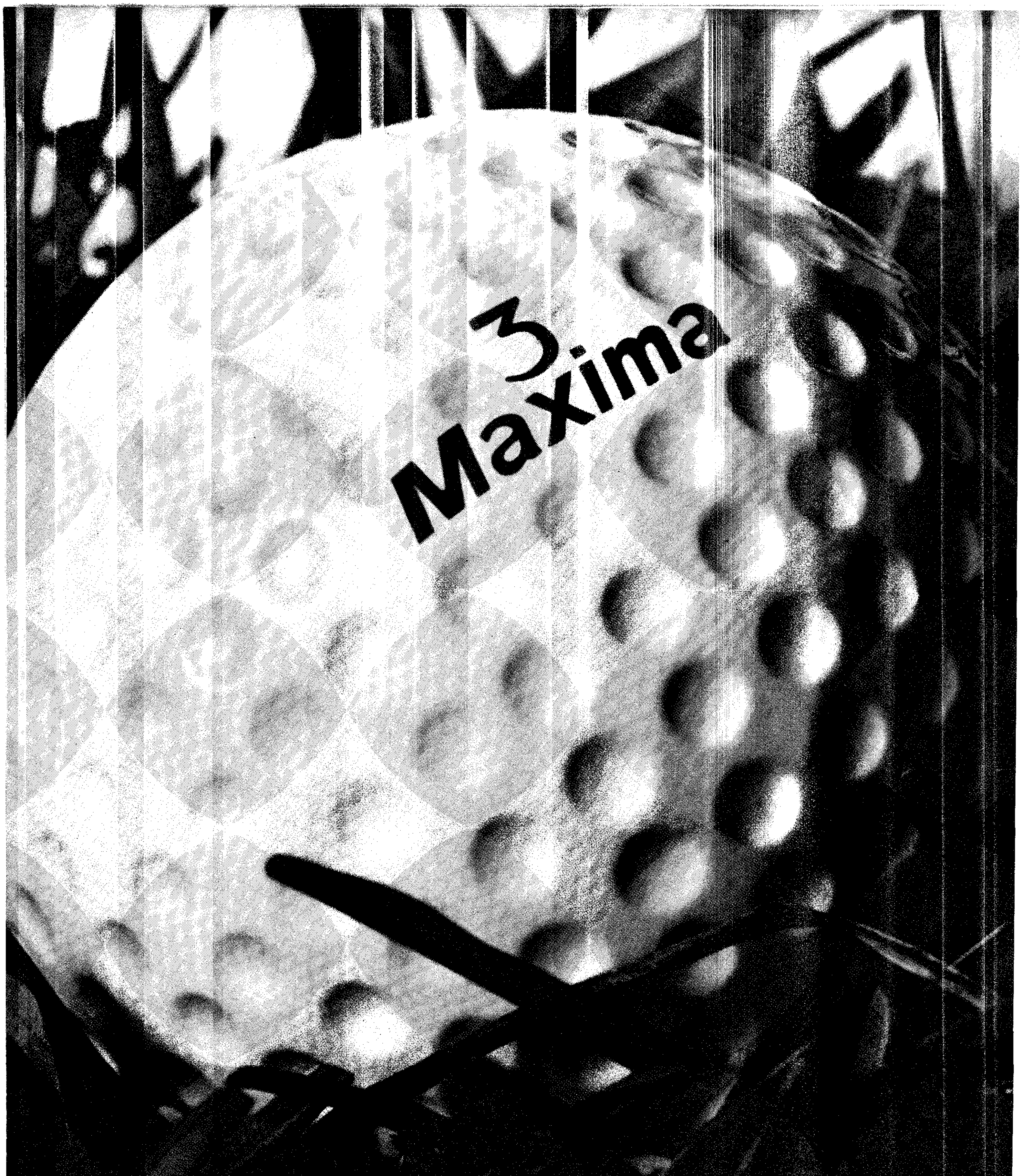


ON THE LIGHT SIDE OF SUMMER: LILLY PULITZER'S COOL WHITE COTTON SHIRT WITH THE ROUGH MALE LOOK OF WIDE TUCKS AND TEXTURE. 30.00 THE COTTON PANTS, A VIVID PRINT. 30.00

Higbee's
SIGNATURE SHOP

Mail and phone orders to Cleveland: add 75¢ beyond delivery area. Ohio residents add 4% sales tax.

rainfall. Dr. Dietrich, who is closely bound to the soil in his thinking, describes the crater field as being typical badlands topography, pitted as if someone had been firing a shotgun into the sand. This may not be far from correct, for he believes the crater field may have been caused by rubble shot out of a much bigger crater when it was formed. Secondary craters, as craters made in this way are called, are quite common on the moon. Normally, they form a pitted area around the primary, or parent, crater, though in the case of a really big primary, the secondaries may be scattered some distance away. Dr. Shoemaker, who has spent a good deal of time counting secondary craters around different primaries, measuring them, and plotting them on graphs (even selenology has its tedious aspects), says that a good-sized primary crater is apt to father a hundred thousand secondaries, the biggest of which is apt to be one-twentieth the diameter of the primary. Secondary craters are often smoother and rounder than primaries, which are usually flat-bottomed and can sometimes have quite jagged walls. To learn more about how primary craters spatter hosts of secondaries around them, some selenologists, among them Dr. Shoemaker, have studied craters left by atomic explosions whose force is thought to have been similar to that of the shocks causing craters on the moon. At the American Geophysical Union meeting last spring, there was a film of an atomic explosion on the Yucca Flat, Nevada, showing, first, the flat, sandy ground with an occasional cactus sticking from it; then the ground slowly billowing up; then a shattering spray of earth and rocks as the explosion breached; and, finally, from the air, the vast primary crater, a deep brown hole in the desert, surrounded by a host of secondary craters, thinning out like spray as they got farther away. It was found that the secondary craters in the Yucca Flat are not always perfectly round, because the rocks that made them, having been lobbed from the primary crater, were not travelling fast enough to generate high-velocity impact explosions, the way meteors do. In many cases, the rocks that made the secondary craters are still to be found inside them. Dr. Dietrich wants the astronauts to retrieve samples of such rocks from inside the moon's secondary craters, because the presumption is that the farther a rock has flown from a primary crater, the deeper underground it started from. The rocks that made secondary craters in the crater field may have



Nobody's had the guts to guarantee a pro-only golf ball since 1937.

Thirty-two years ago Acushnet created the Titleist. They thought it was so great, that they guaranteed it to be the greatest ball ever played.

Now, First Flight has come up with a ball we think is even greater. The Acrylic Center Maxima. And just to prove we're not bluffing, here's our guarantee:

Buy 3 Maximas from your pro and play one of them. If you don't think it's the hottest ball you ever played, send all 3 back to us and we'll give you your money back.

We wouldn't dare make such a guarantee unless we had the ball to back it up.

First Flight's new Maxima Acrylic Center balls, $14.75 a dozen, in 77, 88 and 101 compression.

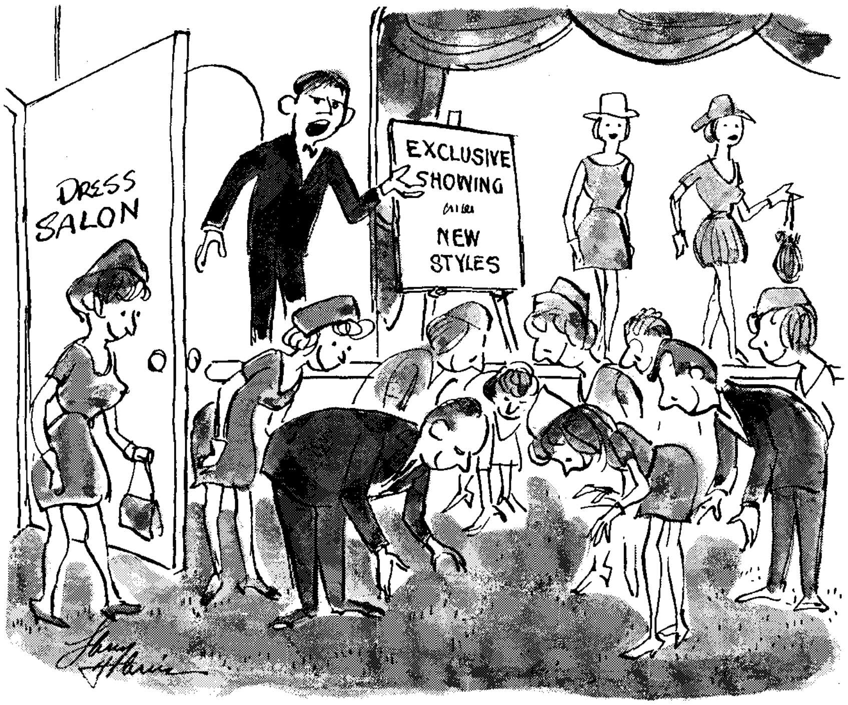
First Flight

Chattanooga, Tennessee. Custom built woods, irons, golf balls, and Hot-Z golf bags. At pro shops only.

*The new Baker Album of Collectors' Choices,
presents more than 500 of Europe's most desirable designs. $3.00.*

Baker Furniture, Inc.
CABINET MAKERS
324 MILLING ROAD, HOLLAND, MICHIGAN 49423

NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • PHILADELPHIA • CLEVELAND
SAN FRANCISCO • ST. LOUIS • DALLAS • ATLANTA • GRAND RAPIDS



A title on the door...rates a Bigelow on the floor.

Be careful where you put down a plush Bigelow. It may steal the show. Especially since Bigelows are now available in all the latest styles, colors and textures. Definitely crowd-pleasers. Willing to take a chance? Send for our free color brochure on commercial carpets. Write to Bigelow-Sanford, Inc., Dept. B, 140 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. *People who know... buy* BIGELOW.

(*Advertisement*)

come from very deep underground, because the primary crater in this case is so far away that Dr. Dietrich doesn't know where it is.

When the secondary craters have been robbed of their rocks, like eggs from nests, the astronauts will start back toward the LM by way of the big crater. They will have been gone from the LM for about an hour. As they walk along, the ground under their feet may be a little crunchy, for, in addition to being sandy, dusty, or powdery (as it has been variously described), it may be pebbly as well, some of the larger pebbles appearing to be aggregates of smaller ones, so that the astronauts may feel that they are taking a walk on a heap of clinkers. They will have to keep their eyes open for evidence of crevasses underlying the *mare*. Crevasses—or rilles, as the selenologists call them—are plentiful in the *maria*, and even though all the Apollo landing sites have been chosen in part to avoid them, it isn't impossible that these crevasses may extend under the surface, lightly hidden by Mr. Gold's ubiquitous powder. Mr. Gold has suggested that the astronauts should be roped together like mountaineers, for one of them could tumble into a rille the same way an unwary mountain climber falls into a crevasse that has been lightly bridged by snow—and, like snow, the powder may be slippery. In spite of this danger, the astronauts have refused to be roped together.

BY the time the astronauts got halfway to the big crater, they would perhaps be feeling totally lost, adrift in a never-ending sea of craters, if it weren't for the LM, squatting like a strange shiny lunar insect about half a kilometre away. Even if the LM were out of sight over the nearby lunar horizon, they could always follow their own tracks back to it, for their footprints, perhaps a quarter of an inch deep, may be noticeably darker than the surrounding *mare*, because the ground may be darker below the surface. Their trail will be a winding one, threading its way among the millions of craters like rabbit tracks through a particularly thick woods. Wherever the astronauts brush by a crater, the track will be a blackish smudge, for they will pause and look into each sizable crater they come upon as if it were the only crater on the moon. One job they will try to do is to get samples of dirt from around as great a range of craters as they can, No. 1 through No. 8 on the scale of age and sharpness, to see if

Contrary to popular opinion, this is all you need to recognize a great stereo.

Most people think buying a stereo requires at the very least a degree in electronics. It doesn't.

If a stereo sounds clear, if you can hear all the instruments and if the singer sounds like she's singing to you, you're listening to a great stereo. That's all there is to it.

Now that you know how to look for a great stereo, we'd like to tell you about one. The Sony® HP-480 Compact Stereo System.

The HP-480 has an all-silicon transistor amplifier. An FM stereo/FM/AM tuner. (The HP-480 also comes without a tuner, but we call that the HP-460.) A Dual Automatic Changer. A Pickering Dustamatic magnetic cartridge with a diamond stylus. Sealed speakers with 6″ woofers and 3″ tweeters. And an OTL circuit for better sound quality and less distortion.

However, if you don't understand what any of that means, don't worry.

Your ears will.

The Sony® HP-480 Compact Stereo System

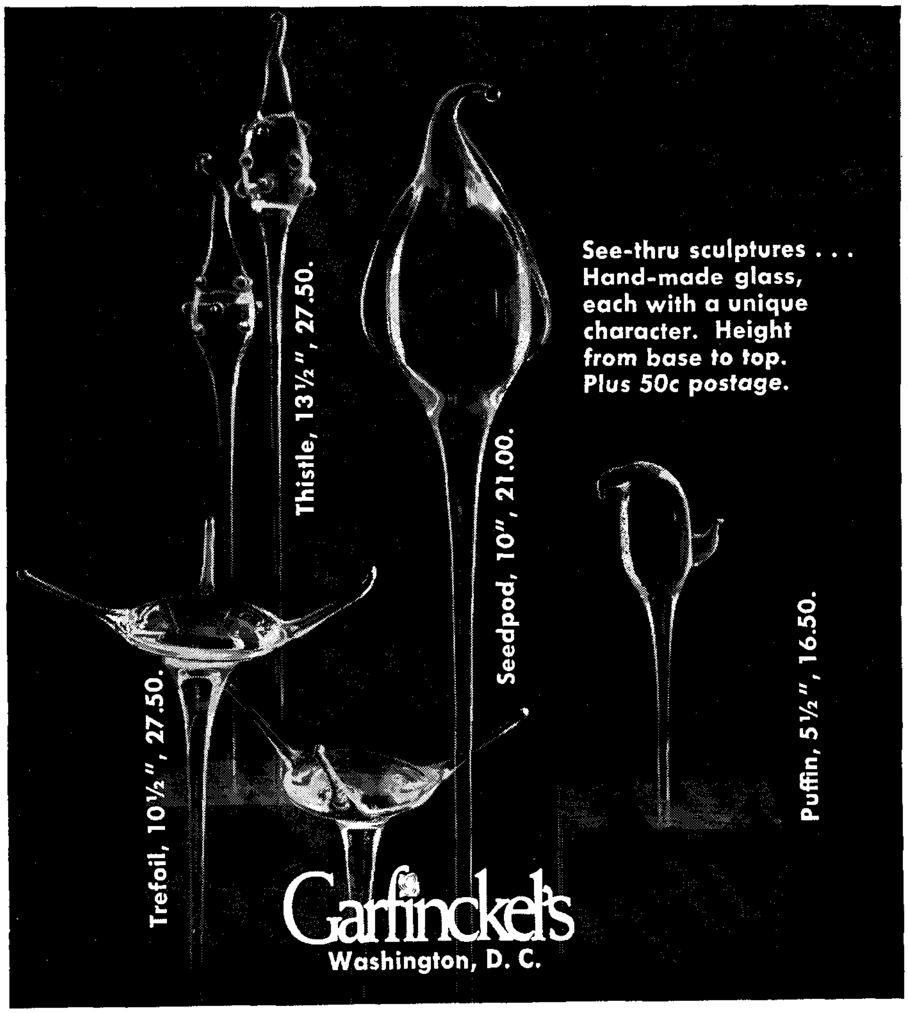
© 1968 Sony Corp. of America. Visit our Showroom, 585 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.

SAUZA IS THE LARGEST-SELLING TEQUILA IN MEXICO
—and in the world.

Now available in the U.S.A.
—not only renowned Tequila Sauza, bearing the official guarantee seal of the Mexican Government—but also our authentic and superb bottled cocktails, the Margarita Sauza and the Sauza Sour!

When in Mexico visit the Tequila Sauza plant in Guadalajara.

TEQUILA SAUZA 86 PROOF. SOLE DIST. U.S.A. MUNSON SHAW CO. N.Y.



See-thru sculptures . . . Hand-made glass, each with a unique character. Height from base to top. Plus 50c postage.

Thistle, 13½", 27.50.
Seedpod, 10", 21.00.
Puffin, 5½", 16.50.
Trefoil, 10½", 27.50.

Garfinckel's
Washington, D. C.

there is any difference in the material around them, and particularly in its color. The color differences will be only in shades of gray. Later, geologists would like to make a graph co-ordinating the sharpness of craters with the color of the material around them. Some geologists think that the blackish soil of the *maria* has been darkened through time by a bombardment of protons from space, so that if there is a correlation between the sharpness of a crater and its color, and if it can be shown that its sharpness has to do with its age, it may be possible to determine the relative age of craters and other features of the moon just by looking at their color—possibly from the earth, through a telescope. If Dr. Dietrich were near the radio, and if the astronauts should ask his advice, he might urge them to be sure to get a sample from any small No. 8s they happen across, for the sharpest craters, if they are indeed the newest, would be the least affected by proton darkening, and thus the material around them would be closest to its original form. Because it is in a vacuum, the dust will be sticky, and as the astronauts move about they may find that their white space suits get quite dirty, for lunar grit will be hard to get off.

As the astronauts dip into small craters to scoop out blackish powder, many of the principal investigators—NASA's name for the scientists who will have first crack at analyzing the samples after they are brought back, sorted, and released from quarantine—will be listening eagerly for hints about the nature of the material being collected. At the end of the field trip, the astronauts, back at the LM, will transfer their Teflon bags of samples from the big sack hanging in the middle of the tool rack to a container—it is hollowed out of a block of solid aluminum and closed by means of four steel straps—that the NASA people call a sample-return container and the astronauts call a rock box. It is in this container and another like it that the preliminary samples and the samples from the field trip will make the journey back to earth. About four days later, the rock boxes, containing approximately sixty-five pounds of moon, will arrive at the Lunar Receiving Laboratory, in Houston. Each box will be wrapped in a couple of large Teflon bags to seal off any organisms that might have attached themselves to the outsides of the boxes while they were on the moon. The boxes will be opened inside a small round metal chamber, whose interior pressure will be kept at a near vacuum, similar to the pressure on the moon, but before they get there they will first have to pass through a series of three compartments, where the boxes will be taken out of the Teflon bags and scrubbed with nitrogen to remove any earthly organism that might have got onto the boxes after they returned from the moon. Technicians on the outside can reach into the three compartments by means of rubber gloves set into the compartments' sides, and into the vacuum chamber with a pair of beefed-up space-suit gloves that have been set into the side of the chamber. The gloves are hard to manipulate, because the vacuum inside lets the earth's atmospheric pressure on the outside inflate them like balloons; they protrude rigidly into the chamber, their fingers stiffly extended. The vacuum chamber is necessary because (among other reasons) some scientists think that material from the moon, where there is little or no oxygen, might oxidize rapidly enough on exposure to the earth's oxygen to explode, thus destroying the samples. When a box is finally in the vacuum chamber and rid of any earthly material that could contaminate the samples, a technician will reach into the chamber through the gloves, undo the straps on top, throw back the bolt on the front of the box, open the lid, and gingerly lift out the small Teflon bags, like a jeweller emptying sacks of diamonds from a briefcase. Dr. King will get his first good look at the samples a little later, when they are lifted up a short elevator to sit on a turntable, where they will be photographed from six different angles and where Dr. King will make certain preliminary decisions about their disposition. Portions of the samples will be shunted down a pipe to a laboratory a floor below, where they will be tested for traces of life. Others will be dispatched to an underground laboratory to be measured for radioactivity. Clearly, nobody is taking any chances; if any of the moon material was planted there as a message from a higher civilization, such as the mysterious humming slab in the film "2001: A Space Odyssey," now is when the message will be discovered. Most of the samples will stay in the main chamber until the quarantine is lifted. By this time, the vacuum chamber will look like the assembly line in an Amsterdam diamond-cutting factory. Like large diamonds, some of the larger samples will be broken down so that there will be more to go around. Then the samples will be packed in special containers—many will be vacuum-sealed—

Dacron.®
The hip hurrah.

LAURENCE GROSS celebrates the long, lean bodyline, pausing only for a burst of color at the hipbone. In gabardine with the smooth aplomb and wrinkle-shedding talents of 100% textured filament Dacron* polyester. Navy or white, with bandana-red sash. 6-16. About $65. At Lord & Taylor, New York and branches; Rich's, Atlanta; The Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland; I. Magnin & Co., West Coast.

DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Better things for better living
...through chemistry

*Du Pont registered trademark. Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or fashions

for shipment to the hundred and forty scientists who will be studying them. Not all the samples will be distributed right away, though; NASA plans to hold some back for what it calls "second-generation experiments," and these samples will be handed out later. "You always seem to have your best ideas on what to do with a sample after you've used it all up, so we are making sure this won't happen," Dr. King has explained. About ten per cent of the sample material, moreover, will stay permanently in vacuum storage at the L.R.L., against the possibility that new techniques of scientific analysis will be developed in the future. However, most of the scientists seem to have a pretty good idea about what they will do with their samples right now. Mr. Gold, who is to get one, says he will make (among other things) the same measurements that he and others have already made through telescopes (such as infrared measurements and measurements by polarized light), the idea being to confirm the accuracy of telescopic techniques so that they can be extended with confidence to other areas of the moon. Mr. Gold will, of course, be interested in any dust the astronauts bring back. Some of the scientists will have spent years perfecting new techniques of analysis for their samples. Dr. Paul Gast, a geochemist at the Lamont-Doherty Geological Observatory, at Palisades, some ten miles up the Hudson from New York, has headed a team that has spent what he calls "several man-years" figuring out the best way to handle the one or two grams of moon he expects to get. He hopes to get a piece of igneous rock (it is by no means certain that he will), which he can analyze in order to establish how long ago it passed from the molten to the solid state. In doing this, he will have to look for as many as thirty different elements. "On earth, you never analyze one small sample for that many elements. Usually, when you've worked with a sample once or twice, you throw it away and get another one," he says. He won't be able to be so cavalier with the tiny amount of moon at his disposal. The work has to be planned with great care, because often the test for one element can ruin the sample for other analyses.

As the astronauts prospect along, stopping here and there to knock off a rock chip that may keep a scientist back on earth occupied for years, they will be getting closer to the big crater, which is less than half a kilometre from the LM. In Dr. Dietrich's Orbiter photograph of the site, the crater is a pockmark that registers about No. 5 on the scale of age and sharpness. It is two hundred metres across. As the astronauts approach it, they will come upon increasing amounts of rubble spewed from the crater during its formation. The astronauts will have to watch their step to avoid tripping, but actually they will be walking too slowly to trip, because Dr. Dietrich would like them to sample the debris at intervals as they walk toward the crater, for the rubble from a crater represents a cross-section of the rock underlying the *mare*. The more distant debris will have come from deep down and the rubble on the raised lip from higher up, so walking toward a crater will be like climbing the substrata of the *mare*. The first debris that the astronauts will come to will have come from a depth equal to up to one-fourth the diameter of the crater—from fifty metres down, that is, or a good distance below the present floor of the crater. The astronauts will go no farther than the top of the crater's rim—a jumble of rocks like a tumbled-down circular stone wall. It would be comparatively hard to do so, since the inside wall of the crater, a rocky scree, slopes quite sharply to the flat crater floor, thirty or forty metres below. (Theoretically, slopes on the moon can be precipitous, for the angle at which a rock will remain in place on a hillside is a good deal greater in low gravity than on earth.) The astronauts will probably be eager to go down, for the crater's sides may be layered in the way the walls of some quarries are on earth, providing an even better cross-section than the rubble outside the crater. It would be interesting to know whether the *maria* were built up by successive flows of lava, or whether they are loose dust a long way down. (If they should go into the crater, they would probably find the loose, dusty material extending at least partway down, for many selenologists think the powdery stuff is quite deep. Mr. Gault has fired pellets at high speeds into tubs filled with fine-grained sands, and has found that the resulting craters look very much like the ones on the moon. A rim on a crater is an almost certain sign that the crater is composed of loose material, for Mr. Gault has found that when he fires his pellets into a solid surface the pellet leaves no rim at all—just a hole.) However,

Top of the Center Columbus

Top of the Marine Milwaukee

Top of the Town Cleveland

Top of the Rock Chicago

In 9 great cities
the scene starts
at the Top.

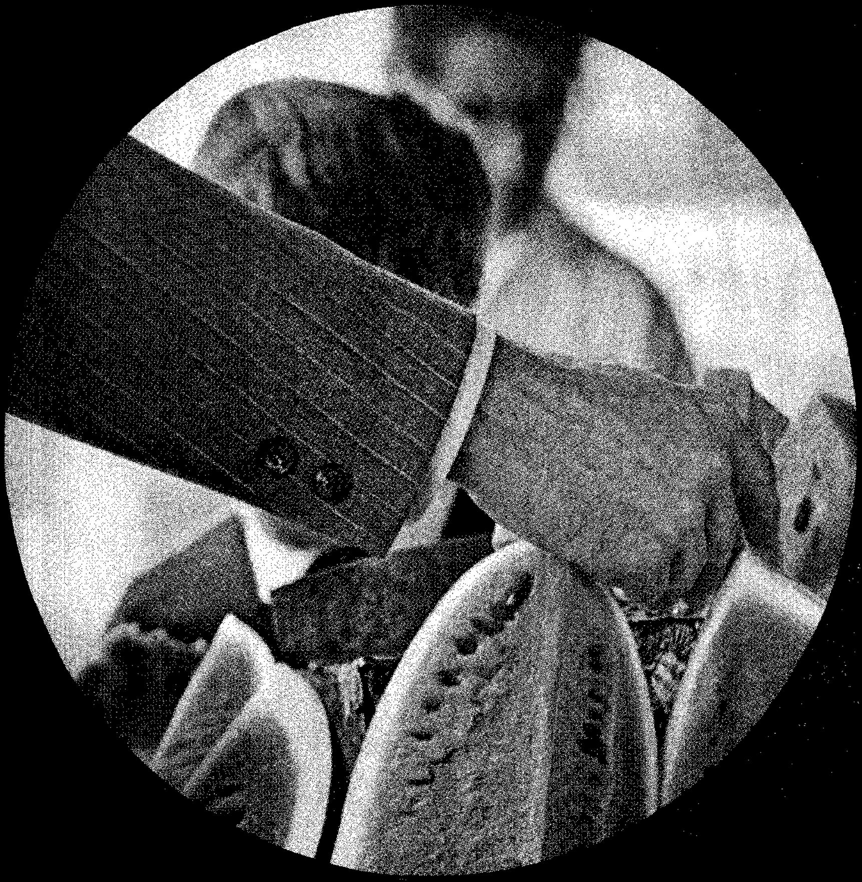
The tops in great food,
great drinks, elegant service
and a magnificent view.

Stouffer's other Top Restaurants...

Top of the Six's	New York
Top of the Hub	Boston
Top of the Mart	Atlanta
Top of the Flame	Detroit
Top of the Rockies	Denver

STOUFFER RESTAURANT-INN
DIVISION OF LITTON INDUSTRIES

© DEANSGATE, INC. 1969



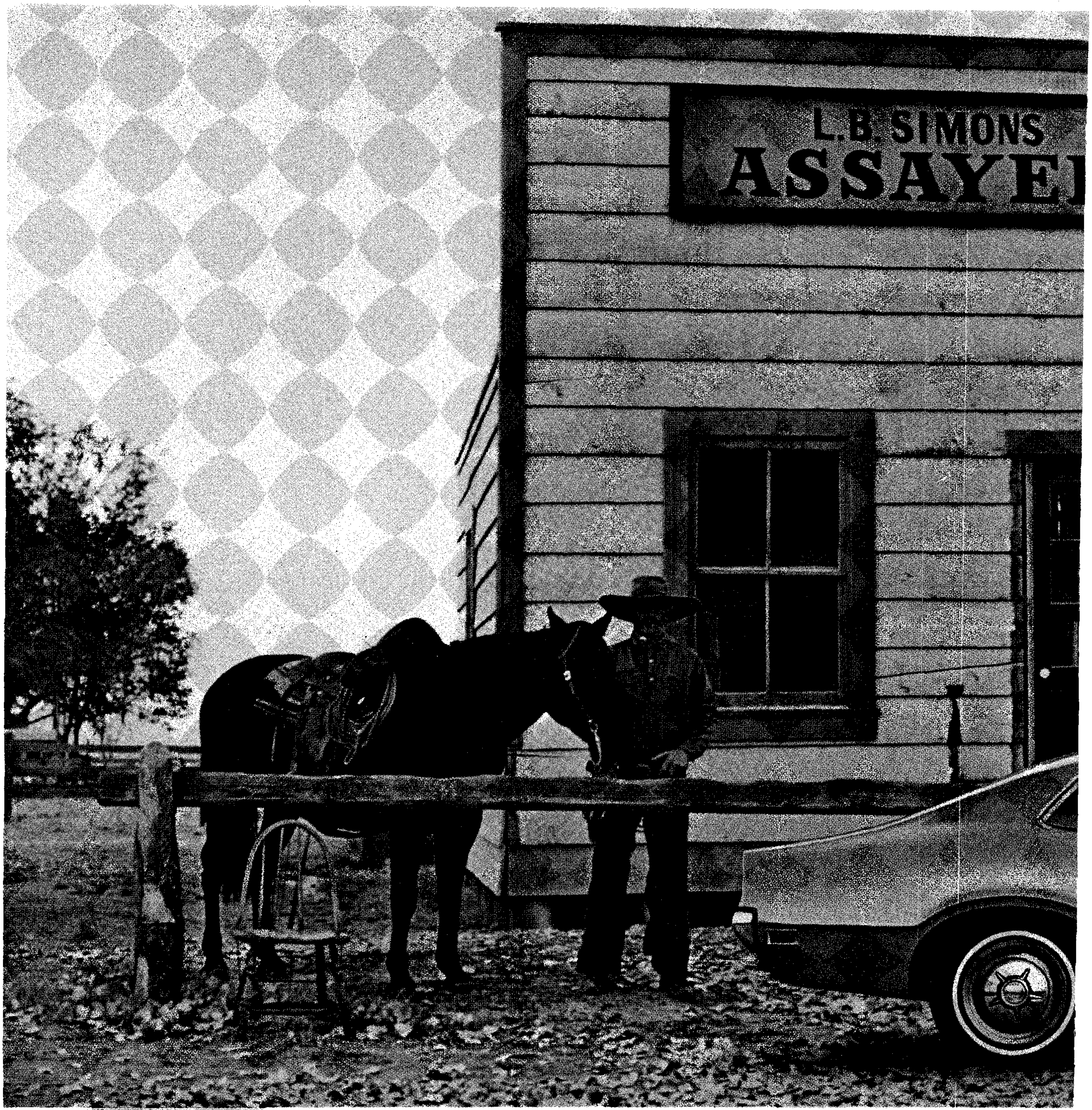
Iced watermelon doesn't wilt.

Nor will this Deansgate suit. It's "ice": flawless Deansgate tailoring. It tenaciously holds the shape of the cool Dacron® polyester and fine wool fabric. In varied colorings. About $85 at stores that cater to men who are fastidious about their clothes.

Interested in an informative booklet on men's fashions?
Write: 950 Poeyfarre Street,
New Orleans, Louisiana 70150.

Deansgate®

Ford presents an ingenious plan



FORD
IT'S THE GOING THING!

Now, *no need* to look to imported cars for economy: Maverick is here! The first car of the '70's . . . at 1960 prices. With the big room Americans need. The front seat gives you 9″ more shoulder room than a VW's. With a *real* trunk (10.4 cu. ft.). No more going off half-packed!

Maverick's got 105 horses under the hood. Let 'em loose and move up to 70 mph turnpike speeds in a hurry. You'll still get gas mileage you might expect in an import.

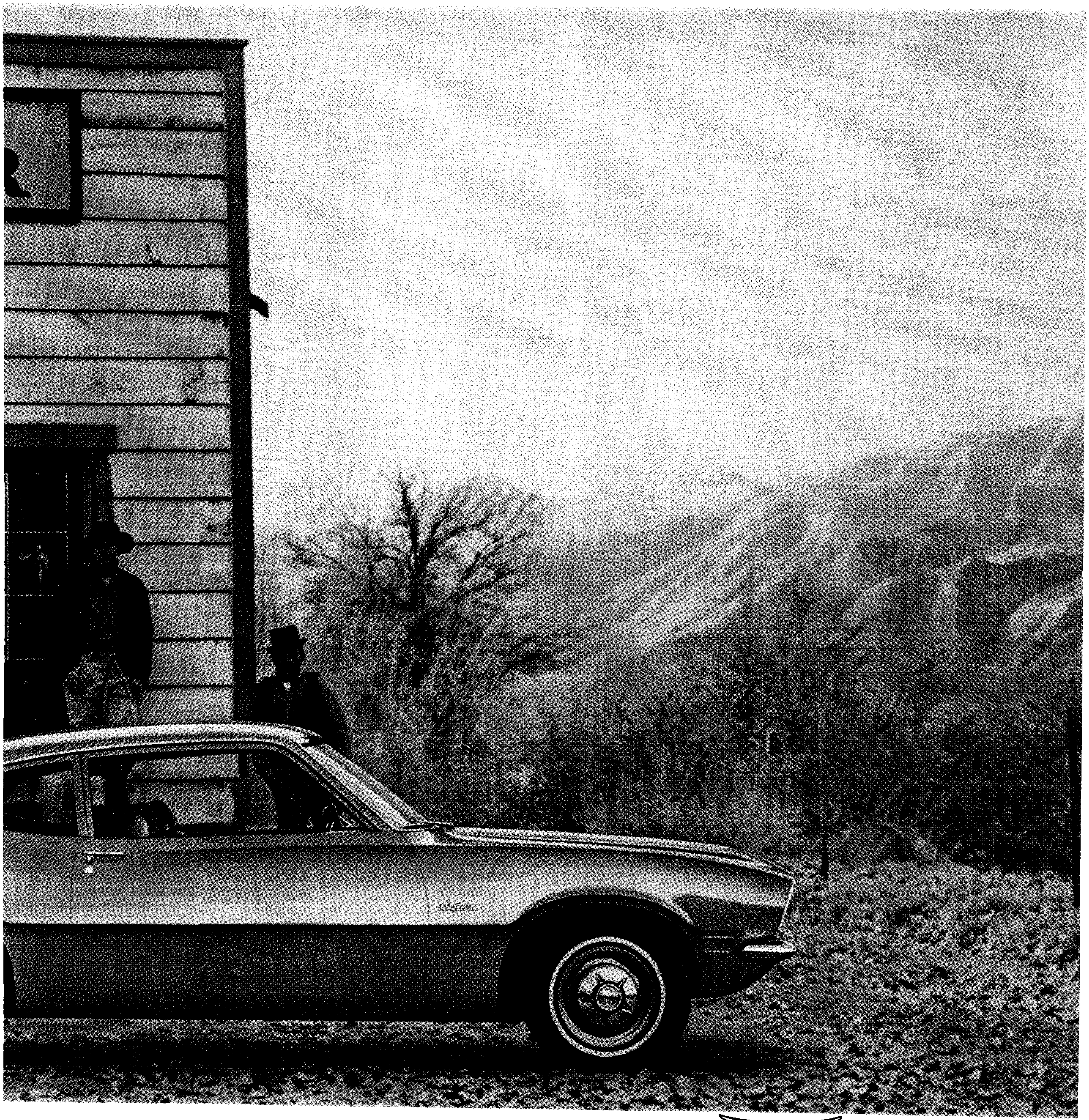
And Maverick makes America a better place to park. The wheelbase is 8″ shorter than a '69 Falcon's. The turning circle is a mere 35.6 feet (VW's is 36 feet).

Maverick is designed to be unusually easy to service. You won't have to get any strange parts

MAVERICK Ford

For scale model of Ford Maverick, send $1 to Maverick, P.O. Box 5397, Dept. H-1, Detroit, Michigan 48211. Offer ends 7-31-69.

for stopping the gold drain.

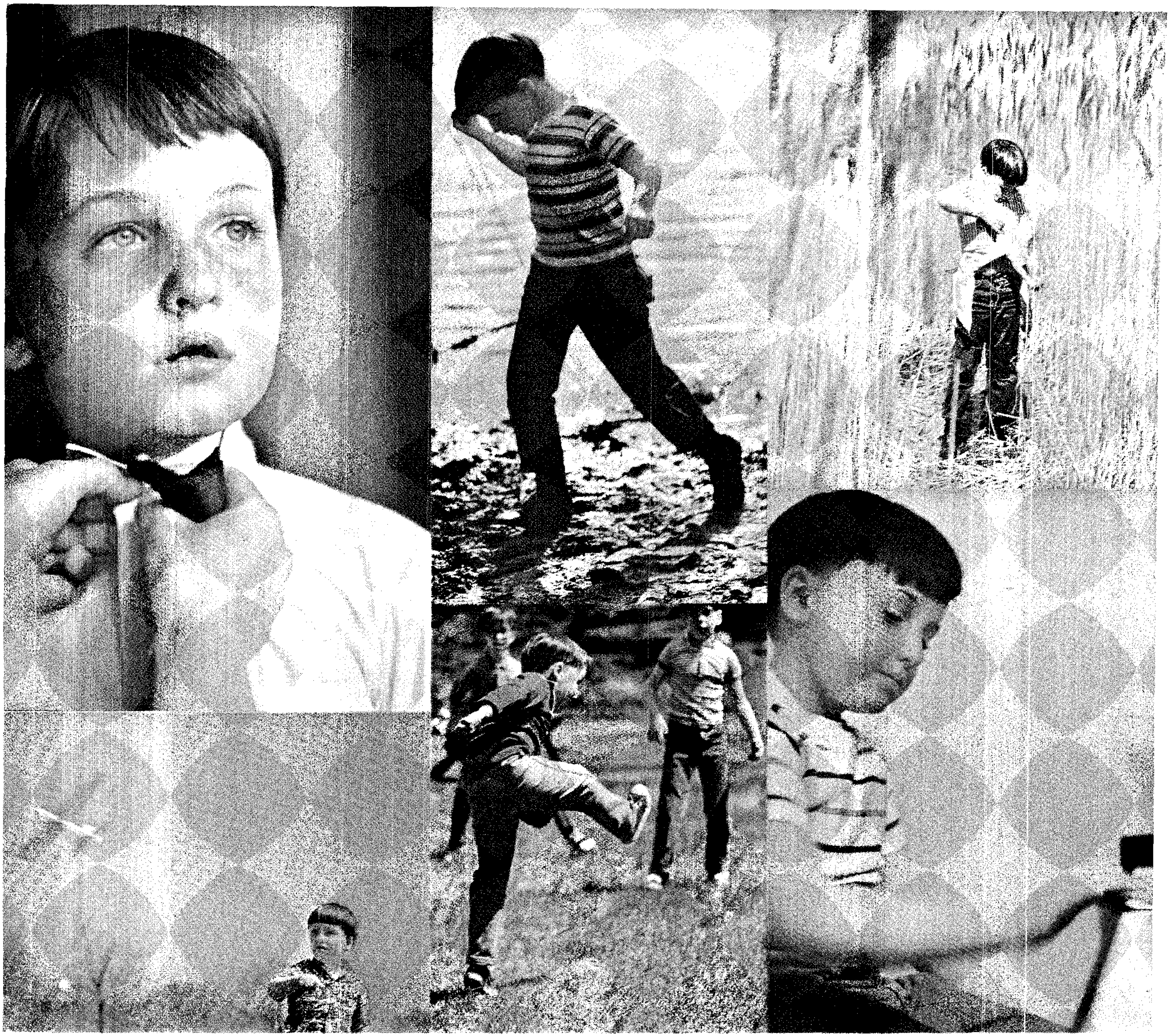


from strange places, either. There are over 6,000 easy-to-find Ford dealers to handle Maverick parts and service. The price for all this? $1995*. You don't have to strike it rich to go Maverick.

***Manufacturer's suggested retail price for the car. Price does not include: optional white sidewall tires, $32.00; dealer preparation charges, if any; transportation charges, state and local taxes.**

FORD MAVERICK

$1995*



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT HUNTZINGER

This man has $260,000.

Someday, he'll be responsible for it himself.

But for now, Chemical Bank acts as trustee. A trust with Chemical under grandfather's Will has left this man free to handle his everyday problems. Chemical Bank takes care of everything. Provides money for his support and education. Works to make the principal grow.

And when the time comes for him to take over, Chemical Bank will be there to guide him in the management of his inheritance. To keep his holdings intact and growing.

For more information about trusts under Wills or to arrange a confidential interview, call (212) 922-4412.
When your needs are financial, the reaction is Chemical.

Chemical Bank

Personal Trust Department, 277 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10017 the astronauts won't go down; they are prohibited from going into big craters, because if they did so they would be out of sight of the LM, and therefore they would lose radio contact with Houston—and also with each other. Besides, the interior of a large crater is a good deal hotter than the surrounding *mare*, because the sun's rays bounce back and forth inside it. Another danger is the possibility of sinking into a morass of Mr. Gold's dust, which, under some circumstances, might settle deeply into the bottoms of craters. In "Earthlight," which Arthur C. Clarke wrote in 1955, when Mr. Gold's dust theories were more attractive than they are today, two of Clarke's astronauts tumble into what he calls a dust bowl while they are driving across the moon in a sort of Land-Rover. The dust in the crater is so fine that "it begins to flow like a liquid and accumulates at the bottom of the crater," Clarke writes. "In almost all respects, indeed, it *is* a liquid: it is so incredibly fine that if collected in a bucket it will slop around like a rather mobile oil." Clarke's astronauts flounder perilously in this unpleasant soup, but it is not thought likely that the Apollo astronauts will encounter the same fate, particularly if they keep out of craters.

Standing safely at the crater's edge, the astronauts will probably click away with their camera, undoubtedly taking more pictures than they need. Some craters are spectacular. Copernicus, for instance, is a saucer fifty-five miles broad and two to three miles deep, or three times as deep as the Grand Canyon. (Dr. Dietrich would give a great deal for debris from Copernicus, which might come from nine miles down.) A photograph of Copernicus that was taken by an Orbiter satellite skimming over the rim is awesome. The inner walls of Copernicus cascade in a series of concentric steps, the riser cliffs a mile high, to a flat floor, pocked here and there with smaller craters; the central peak is a mountain about two thousand feet high. Although the crater on whose rim the astronauts are standing is no Copernicus, it is awesome enough, being a hole whose diameter is the same as a long city block. As with Copernicus, the dish of the crater isn't smooth, like a saucer, but, rather, appears to descend in at least two big concentric steps. On earth, craters with stepped walls are usually volcanic-collapse calderas—formations that collapsed over a period of time. The magma beneath drained away little by little, so that the crater caved in at successive stages instead of all at

Kodak
INSTAMATIC
REFLEX CAMERA
Schneider-Kreuznach

The 24 hour camera.

Runs automatically on sunlight, moonlight, candlelight, any light you've got.

This is the new *Kodak Instamatic* Reflex camera—for "pictures unlimited," without complications.

It combines the best of everything. Big, bright reflex viewing and focusing. Automatic electronic shutter that times exposures from 1/500 up to 20 seconds. Lens interchange, for wide-angle, telephoto. Flashcube, and electronic flash. Drop-in cartridge loading for color snapshots, color slides, black-and-whites. Everything, in fact, to make picture-taking fast, easy, and sure—any time, anywhere.

See the most capable automatic camera in the world at your Kodak dealer's, and ask for a demonstration. With f/2.8 lens, less than \$200; with ultra-fast f/1.9 lens, less than \$250.

Prices subject to change without notice.

The new Kodak Instamatic® Reflex camera.

Kodak

once. (Some impact men, who have no intention of ceding Copernicus, or any other terraced crater, to the vulcanists, claim that such craters are made by meteors impacting into layered ground, the resistance of the different layers accounting for the terraces in the crater walls.) Dr. Dietrich is one of those who would like to claim Copernicus, a spectacular prize, for the vulcanists. He confesses, "I spent fifteen years as a volcanic geologist before I came to NASA, and so I tend to see volcanic features wherever I look." He won't venture to guess whether the crater that the astronauts are looking at is volcanic or not; that is for the astronauts to say. Dr. Dietrich says that their minds will be as open as anyone's mind could be, for they will have been trained by both volcanic and impact geologists. The astronauts can't help having ideas of their own, however, he says, and he adds, "If Schmitt is up there, all bets are off, because he's a professional geologist." The geologists at the M.S.C. who, like Dr. Dietrich, tend to be vulcanists regard Schmitt with some suspicion, for he worked for the United States Geological Survey, which Dr. Dietrich regards as having been a hotbed of meteor men. (In fact, Dr. Masursky, the chief of the United States Geological Survey's Astrogeology Branch, has recently trumped Dr. Dietrich's Copernicus by claiming Tycho for the impact selenologists.) There was once talk around NASA that a professional geologist should not be sent on one of the early missions, lest his bias interfere with his judgment. This argument infuriates Dr. Dietrich and Schmitt alike, because they both believe that a man's bias gives him a frame of reference that is essential in observing. Schmitt, who doesn't think of himself as either an impact man or a vulcanist, is especially indignant. "When a man knows what to look for, his value snowballs," he says. Schmitt believes the value of his own presence on the moon would decidedly snowball, because he feels that he knows enough so that once he is there he could tell fairly quickly whether a crater was formed by an impacting meteor or a collapsing caldera. "Given a new crater, I would have a reasonable chance of spotting how it was formed right off," he says. "There are small geological differences between volcanic and impact craters, such as the distribution of rock around them or the character of the glass in their vicinity. Any geologist might be able to tell the difference. But he'd have to be there first."

When the astronauts have finished

$1800.00

Men's watch with sapphire
crown in 18K yellow gold
by Audemars Piguet.

Distinctively
GÜBELIN
3 West 57th Street New York
(212) PL 5-0053
Jewelers to the world since 1854

Countess Mara designs for "one man in a million."

Just as women look forward to the new couture collections, many men watch for the new Countess Mara ties. And for much the same reason: to see completely original ideas, executed with flawless taste. The Countess' new Spring collection, now ready, fulfills every expectation. Her creativity is as fresh in those ties priced from $8 to $50, as in those unique treasures priced at $100. Each tie, as always, is proudly embroidered with the CM coronet.
Countess Mara, Inc. 110 East 57th Street at Park Avenue, New York

Countess Mara®

NS-1 First new boat shoe in 25 years

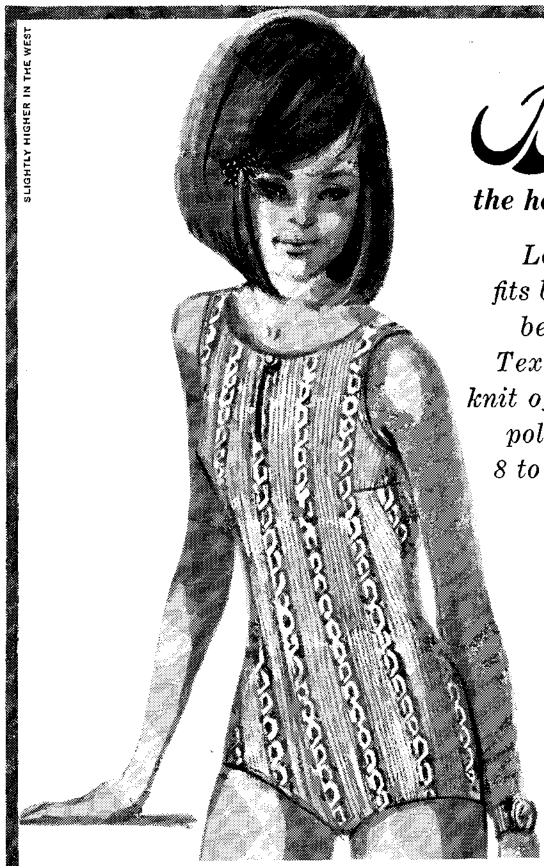
let's get to the bottom of this

Made by Converse, makers of famous All Star basketball shoes. The new Converse NS-1 for yachtsmen. Revolutionary, patented natural sole developed from the study of foot pressure points. Rings within rings give you an all-points-of-the-compass grip on any deck. Proved to have greater holding power on wet decks than any other soles. You squeegee up no sand when you go ashore, so you don't mark up your deck when you're back on board. Uppers are of DuPont Cordura, washable, fast-drying, lighter, cooler. No sweat. These shoes are one-piece contour cut for trim fit, new silhouette. No seams to saw away at your skin. Full cushion heels and arches. Comfort. No shoe shipping out anywhere will compare with NS-1. Ask for them wherever sporting goods are sold. For your nearest dealer call anytime free (800) 243-0355. In Conn. call collect 325-4336. Converse Rubber Company, Malden, Massachusetts 02148.

★ converse When you're out to beat the world

poking around the rim of the crater, they will trudge back to the LM. At this point, Dr. Dietrich likes to imagine that they will turn to the geologists back in Houston, to ask whether the earthbound scientists have any special requests. The astronauts will have been consulting the geologists all along, and they may have thrown in such suggestions as "Try to get a sample of rock from a secondary crater," but they will not have intruded much beyond that. However, the geologists at the Manned Spacecraft Center will have been following the astronauts' path closely on a blowup of the Orbiter photograph, so that if they are asked to make a specific request they will have no difficulty coming up with one. Dr. Dietrich has already picked out a couple of smaller craters that he would like the astronauts to look at if they have time.

On the field trip, the chances are that the astronauts will have collected more material than they will have room for. When they get back to the LM, they will have to decide what to leave behind. All the equipment used on the moon, including the tools, the tool rack, and the entire ALSEP, will be left behind on the moon; even so, there is room for no more than sixty-five pounds of samples—the maximum amount of baggage the LM can carry and still rendezvous with the Apollo command module. The astronauts will have a problem deciding what to throw away among the field-trip samples. They will do the sorting on a table that folds out of an equipment bay of the LM and that they will have set up shortly after landing. Their small weighing scale, which is a little like the pocket scales fishermen use, has been resting unused in the tool rack all this time; now they will hang it from the LM's ladder, and then they may hang the sack from that, removing samples until the weight is down to sixty-five pounds (or, on the moon, slightly under eleven pounds). Their problem is essentially that of a man who is packing for an airplane flight and has to decide what to leave behind so that his suitcase won't be overweight. Doubtless the interplanetary airwaves will be ringing with questions like "Shall we ditch the vesiculated basalt or this powdery black stuff?" Hard as such decisions may be, they may not make that much difference. Dr. Dietrich says, "Anything they bring back from the moon will be of interest," and he adds cautiously, "Whatever they bring back on the first few missions probably won't

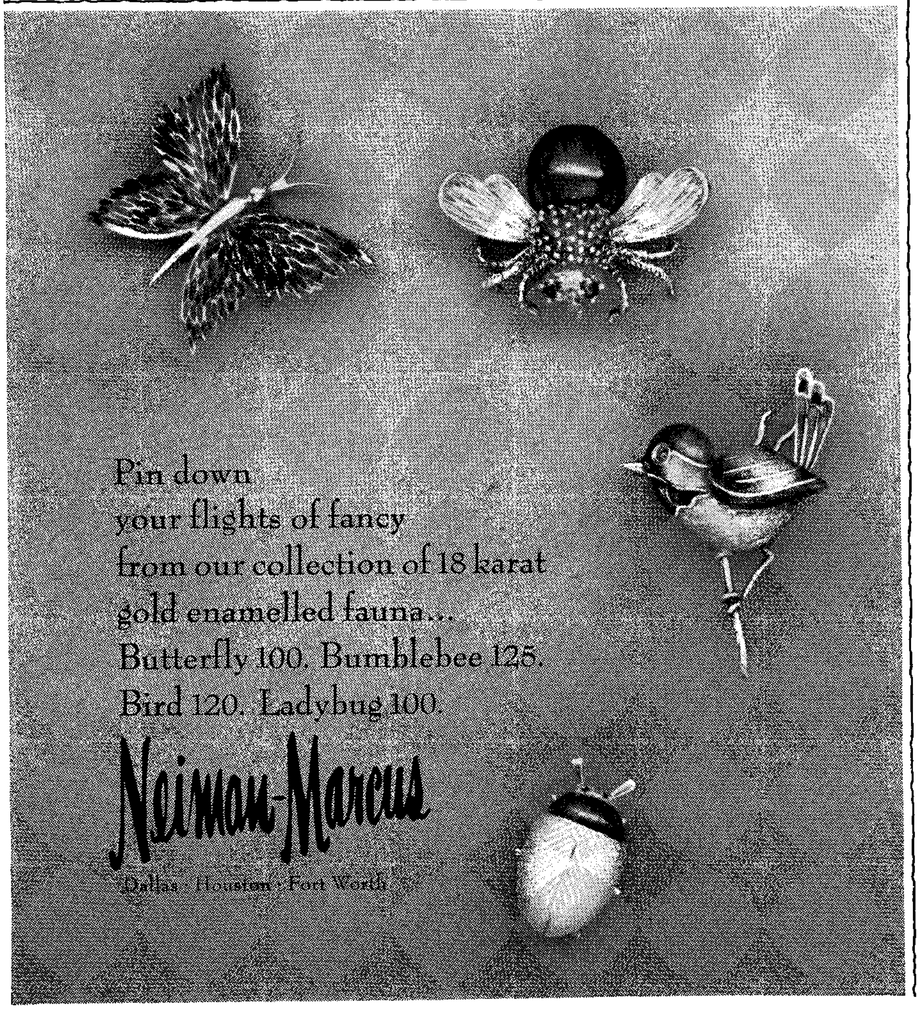


SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

Dive-ettes
the honestly better swimsuit

Looks better because it fits better because it's made better . . . by specialists. Textured fisherman double knit of 100% Celanese Fortrel® polyester in beige or blue. 8 to 16, preteen. About $14.

At Bloomingdale's, New York; Dayton's; Minneapolis; Sanger-Harris, Dallas; Gimbels, Pittsburgh; Thalhimers, Richmond; and other fine stores or write Dive-ettes, Inc., 112 W. 34th St., N.Y.



Pin down
your flights of fancy
from our collection of 18 karat
gold enamelled fauna . . .
Butterfly 100. Bumblebee 125.
Bird 120. Ladybug 100.

Neiman-Marcus
Dallas · Houston · Fort Worth

settle too many major questions. At the beginning, we'll probably find every theory substantiated. It has happened that way right along, as with Mr. Gold and his dust theories. But we will have *begun* to accumulate data. We might *begin* to get somewhere."

After the astronauts have packed the samples they will take back with them, they will close the lid of each rock box and clamp the four steel straps across the top. As the straps are tightened, a sharp edge that has been set along the lip of the lid bites into a soft metal, indium, that covers the lip of the box, making a vacuum-tight seal. The insides of the boxes are heavily ribbed, so that when they are returned to earth the pressure of the atmosphere will not crush them, destroying the scant lunar environment inside. Then, for good measure, they will turn a knob on the front, which throws a bolt into a socket. Next, the astronauts may make a little cache out of the equipment they are leaving behind—something like a cairn on an Arctic waste. Then they will hoist the rock boxes up into the LM with a rope, and after that they will climb the ladder, leaving the moon seemingly almost as empty as it was before they came. The moon, however, having had about eleven pounds of its material replaced by perhaps thirty-three pounds of experimental instruments and discarded equipment, will never be the same again. The experiments will be pumping information out through the moon's ephemeral atmosphere, now somewhat more substantial with rocket pollution. Not the least of the changes will be the two sets of footprints emanating from the artificial crater under the LM, which go first out to the ALSEP and back, and then farther out—a thin trail, threading amongst the craters, that has about it something of the tenuous outer thrust of a ring in the water. The footprints will remain No. 8 on the scale of age and sharpness for some time.

—HENRY S. F. COOPER, JR.

(*This is the second of two articles on the Apollo lunar landings.*)

•

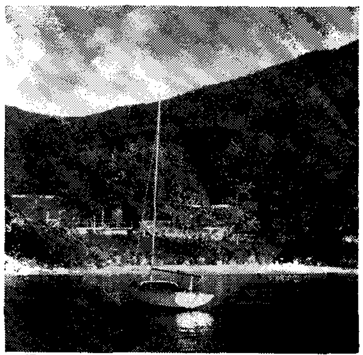
The Rev. Robert Rebhahn, Dean of Students, said a dormitory now housing freshmen women would be closed and two floors of a 1-story men's dormitory would be opened to women students next fall.

Father Rebhahn said the step was being taken for economy and would save the school about $50,000 a year.

—*St. Louis Post Dispatch.*

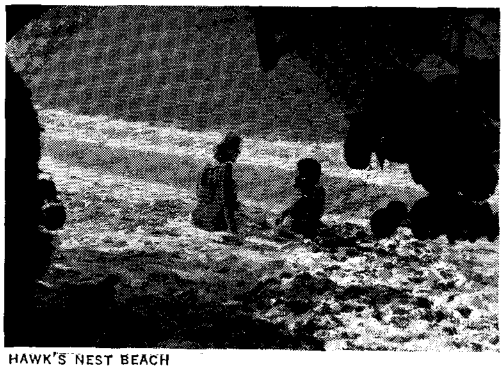
It's so simple, really.

MAIN BEACH

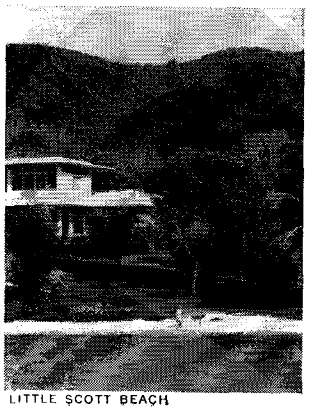

LITTLE CANEEL BEACH

TURTLE BAY BEACH

SCOTT BEACH


HAWK'S NEST BEACH

HONEYMOON BEACH


LITTLE SCOTT BEACH

Where do seven of the world's loveliest beaches spend the summer?

Caneel Bay is surrounded by seven of the loveliest beaches you've ever seen. Most of them are lonely, too. Why not keep one company this summer? Your Travel Agent will tell you all the particulars, including special rates for spring, summer and fall. Or call our Reservation Offices: New York (212) 246-4699; Chicago (312) 372-4489; Washington (202) 347-4951.

CANEEL BAY PLANTATION
VIRGIN ISLANDS NATIONAL PARK
ST. JOHN
U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS
OPERATED BY ROCKRESORTS, INC.

THE THEATRE

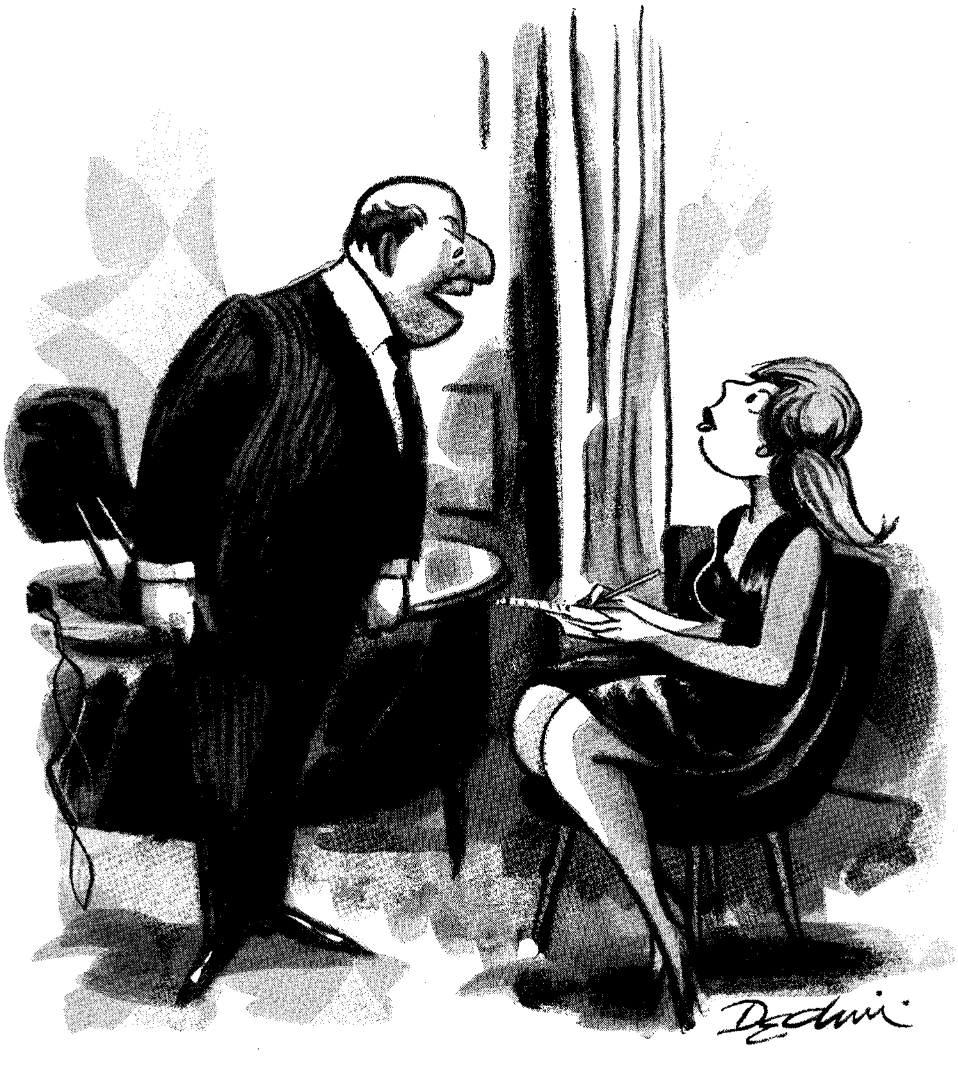
PRANKS

"Cop-Out," which passed away after eight performances at the Cort, consisted of two one-act plays by a talented young man named John Guare. The first was called "Home Fires," and we were told that the time of the play was November 12, *1918*, and that the place was Catchpole's Funeral Parlor, "a very elegant establishment on The Boulevard in Swampscott, Massachusetts." Mr. Guare's pinning matters down in this finicky fashion was evidently of considerable importance to him, though it remained mysterious to the rest of us. If, as I would be the last to deny, there actually *is* a Swampscott, Massachusetts, then there was almost certainly a Swampscott back in 1918, but there was nothing intrinsically Swampscottian about Mr. Guare's amiable little farce; it could just as readily have been laid in Prout's Neck. I was also puzzled by the playwright's decision to write about a time so antediluvially remote from his own. Perhaps he suffered under a disagreeable old priss of an undertaking antecedent, whose demon he could exorcise only by pillorying him onstage, or perhaps he was simply taking advantage of the opportunity, a la "Little Mary Sunshine," "Dames at Sea," and other such frolics, to poke fun at the songs, costumes, and customs of a vanished and therefore ever-so-innocent-seeming past; whatever his reasons, he plainly enjoyed inventing an intricate toy of a plot about the misadventures of a German-American policeman and his family on the day following the signing of the Armistice. The Smiths, né Schmidt and soon to become Smythe, turned out to be far more troubled over the nature of their patriotic feelings than they were over the fact that they were engaged in burying poor Mrs. Schmidt/Smith/Smythe. An open coffin occupied a prominent corner of Fred Voelpel's charming set, but I am glad to say that Mr. Guare was old-fashioned enough to keep the corpse out of sight and largely out of mind; unlike the corpse in Joe Orton's "Loot," it never became the most active member of the cast, which included George Bartenieff, MacIntyre Dixon, April Shawhan, Charles Kimbrough, and Carrie Nye—attractive people all, who struck just the right note of moderate and amused disdain for the amber trifle they found themselves embedded in.

The second play of the evening, "Cop-Out," was a much more substantial affair than "Home Fires." A bleak comedy as well as a black one, it sought, mostly in vain, to make us laugh at a savage parody of the general rottenness of our current situation; in two intertwining but unrelated sets of episodes—one involving the pursuit by a brutal F.B.I. type of the unknown killer of an old lady's cat, and the other a love affair between a girl given to protest marches and a cop who knows of nothing better to do with her affection than to shoot her down in cold blood—we were invited to observe that representatives of the law and enemies of the law are indistinguishably evil. It is an ambitious proposition, and Mr. Guare made a less convincing case for it than he must have intended; the honors of the occasion went not to him but to Ron Leibman and Linda Lavin, who between them played several parts with a virtuosity and energy that might well have sufficed to drive a locomotive from here to San Francisco.

"Cop-Out" was directed by Melvin Bernhardt, whose only mistake was to have Miss Lavin shot by Mr. Leibman as, in the last moments of the play, she was running up the aisle of the Cort. Miss Lavin lay there after the play ended, and the departing audience was obliged to pick its way over and around her. It is nuisance enough to have actors scampering about the orchestra, balconies, and boxes in the course of a play; tripping over their bodies as one leaves the premises adds a hazard to theatregoing that Broadway, in its present troubled condition, can ill afford.

—Brendan Gill



"If what I'm dictating strikes you as utter gibberish, Miss Wilkins, it's because it is *utter gibberish."*

1969.
RENAULT REPEATS THE CHALLENGE

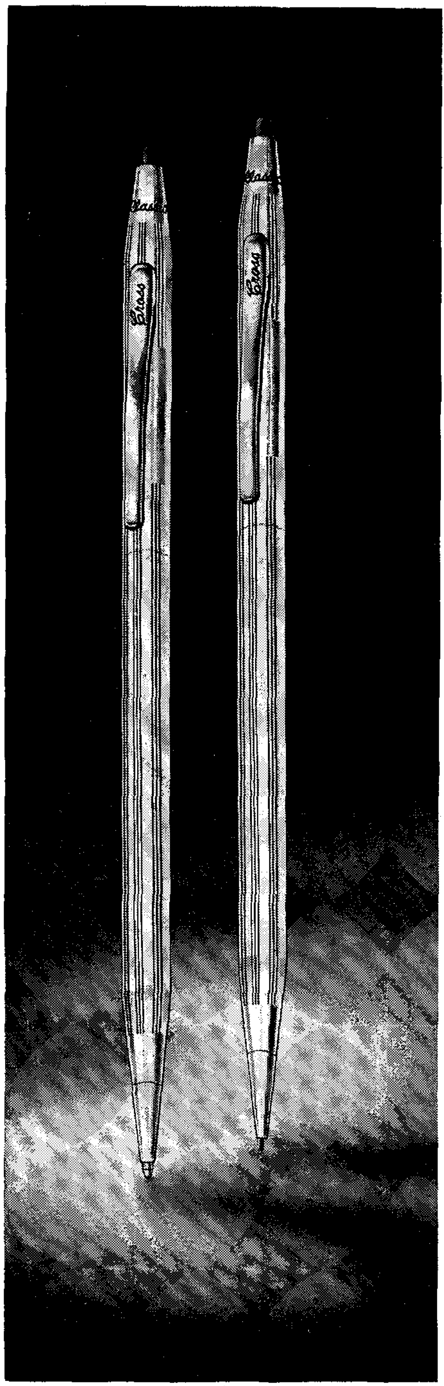
THE RENAULT 10 HAS:
CONTOURED BUCKET SEATS
4 DOORS INSTEAD OF 2
4-WHEEL INDEPENDENT SUSPENSION
4-WHEEL DISC BRAKES
4-SPEED SYNCHROMESH TRANSMISSION
ENGINE OVER DRIVE WHEELS
FOR BETTER TRACTION
RACK AND PINION STEERING
REPLACEABLE WET CYLINDER SLEEVES
TURNING CIRCLE OF 30 FEET
SEALED LIQUID COOLING SYSTEM
12 MO./UNLIMITED MILEAGE WARRANTY
2 SPEED HOT WATER HEATER
AND DUAL DEFROSTER
5 MAIN-BEARING ENGINE
SPECIAL VENTS FOR
DRAFT-FREE VENTILATION
11 CUBIC FEET OF TRUNK SPACE
SEPARATE COMPARTMENT
FOR SPARE TIRE
15 INCH WHEELS INSTEAD OF 13
TOP SPEED OF 85 MPH.
AND 35 MILES A GALLON

CHALLENGE APPLIES TO '69 CARS, STD. EQUIPPED, LISTING UNDER $2000 AND ON SALE IN U.S. BY 1-1-69.

RENAULT

FOR INFORMATION SEE DEALER OR WRITE RENAULT INC., 100 SYLVAN AVE., ENGLEWOOD CLIFFS, N.J. 07632

Find another car under $2,000
that has all that the Renault 10 has,
and we'll buy it for you.



Pen $10. *Pencil $10.* *Set $20.*

14 Karat Gold Filled
writing instruments
created in
timeless good taste

CROSS®
SINCE 1846

©1966 A. T. CROSS COMPANY, LINCOLN, R. I. 02865

THE RACE TRACK

Trials! Trials! Trials!

THIS being the time of year for it, we shall hear a good deal about Derby trials in the next couple of weeks. The first, of course, will be the Wood Memorial Stakes at Aqueduct on Saturday. Then there's the Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland in Lexington on the twenty-fourth, the Stepping Stone Purse at Churchill Downs in Louisville two days later, and, finally, the Derby Trial Stakes (a race in which, someone once cynically remarked, nobody tries) at the Downs on the Tuesday before the Derby itself, which will be run on May 3rd. Curiously, an equal number of Wood Memorial and Blue Grass Stakes winners have scored in the Derby. From the Wood came Gallant Fox in 1930, Twenty Grand in 1931, Johnstown in 1939, Count Fleet in 1943, Hoop, Jr., in 1945, and Assault in 1946; and from the Blue Grass came Bubbling Over in 1926, Shut Out in 1942, Tomy Lee in 1959, Chateaugay in 1963, Northern Dancer in 1964, and Lucky Debonair in 1965. Last year, it was Dancer's Image in the Wood and Forward Pass in the Blue Grass, but let's not go into *that* one again.

Though the Wood will have a purse running into six figures—the first of its size on Long Island this season—I don't expect a big field. Dike, the winner of the Gotham Stakes, will no doubt be the favorite; he'll have a running mate—Blade, a colt by Bold Ruler who showed high speed in a race the same afternoon that Dike won. Eddie Neloy plans to start two for Ogden Phipps—Reviewer and King of the Castle. Hirsch Jacobs may run Rule of Reason, and, if he goes well, send him to Kentucky. Al Hattab, a colt who has been running with the best of them in Florida, is having a go at the jackpot, and Rooney's Shield and Kanumera are also probable starters, but it's hard to look for the winner beyond Dike, who ran a really fine race in the Gotham.

AS this is written, it's my long-distance guess that the Rokeby Stable's Arts and Letters, who is in Louisville, will pop over to Keeneland for the Blue Grass. The Cain Hoy Stable's Ack Ack, who is training at Keeneland, may be a starter, too. I wonder if he will be ridden by Ycaza, whose long contract with Cain Hoy has run out, and who has decided to ride free-lance. Johnny Longden isn't telling his plans for Majestic Prince. He says he may run the colt in the Blue Grass Stakes or in the Stepping Stone Purse—he'll wait and see.

THE main attraction at Aqueduct last weekend was the Excelsior Handicap, at a mile and a furlong—a race inherited from the old Jamaica. They say it was the first important race there. Nine ran on Saturday in what appeared in advance to be the best, most open event of its kind so far this season, and it was. Dagger Counter looked as though he'd steal it all until he ran out of speed; then San Roque came out of the pack in the stretch to win by three lengths from Tropic King II, on whom there was the hottest of tips (he looked good, too). He was followed by Juvenile John, winner of the Campbell at Bowie last month, Sky Count, and Blasting Charge, and the four of them made a great show as they came down the stretch abreast to finish two heads and a neck apart. The Big A had another big afternoon; the 51,086 customers bet $5,589,946 in the tote. Early in the week, as had been expected, Buddy Hirsch took over the King Ranch horses, and the first winner he saddled for the Texas establishment was Heartland, in the Distaff Handicap. She, by the way, was the last racer sent to the post by his late father. After Heartland wore Amerigo Lady down in the stretch, Ycaza, who rode the latter, lodged an objection, charging Heartland had crowded his mount at the start. It was dismissed.

HIBERNIAN, who was a stablemate of Sir Ivor in Ireland last year, and ran in a claiming race at Hialeah in January with a price tag of $50,000 on him, won the Pan American Handicap on the grass at Gulfstream Park last weekend, incidentally picking up a purse of $42,600 for his owner, James Cox Brady. It was a near thing, though, for he beat Irish Rebellion just by a nose.

—AUDAX MINOR

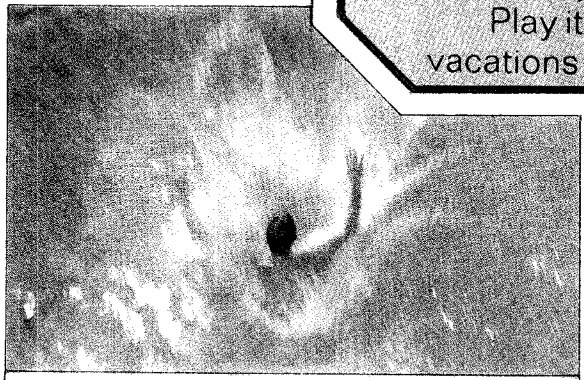
•

Tangled in the mossy horns of northern deer . . . a new elevator springs up in the New York store—large enough for a few men or a bevy of ladies. . . .—*Adv. for Design Research in the Times.*

We'll use the stairs, thanks.

THE ESCAPE GAME

as played only on Italian Line.
Play it on our
vacations to Europe.

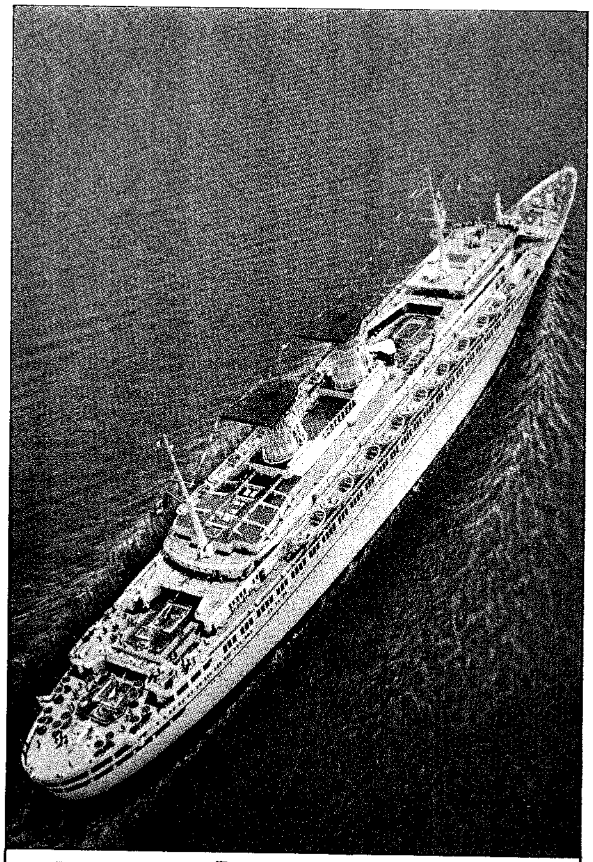


Ahhh! Take the plunge and find life is worth living. You owe it to yourself to enjoy a change of pace, a change of scene.

Whoopee! Enjoy yourself and the sun, salt air, sky. You're traveling to Europe without a care in the world.

Play! Night and day the fun goes on. It's a pleasure to run away to sea on the Gala Resort Fleet. The world and its worries are far, far away.

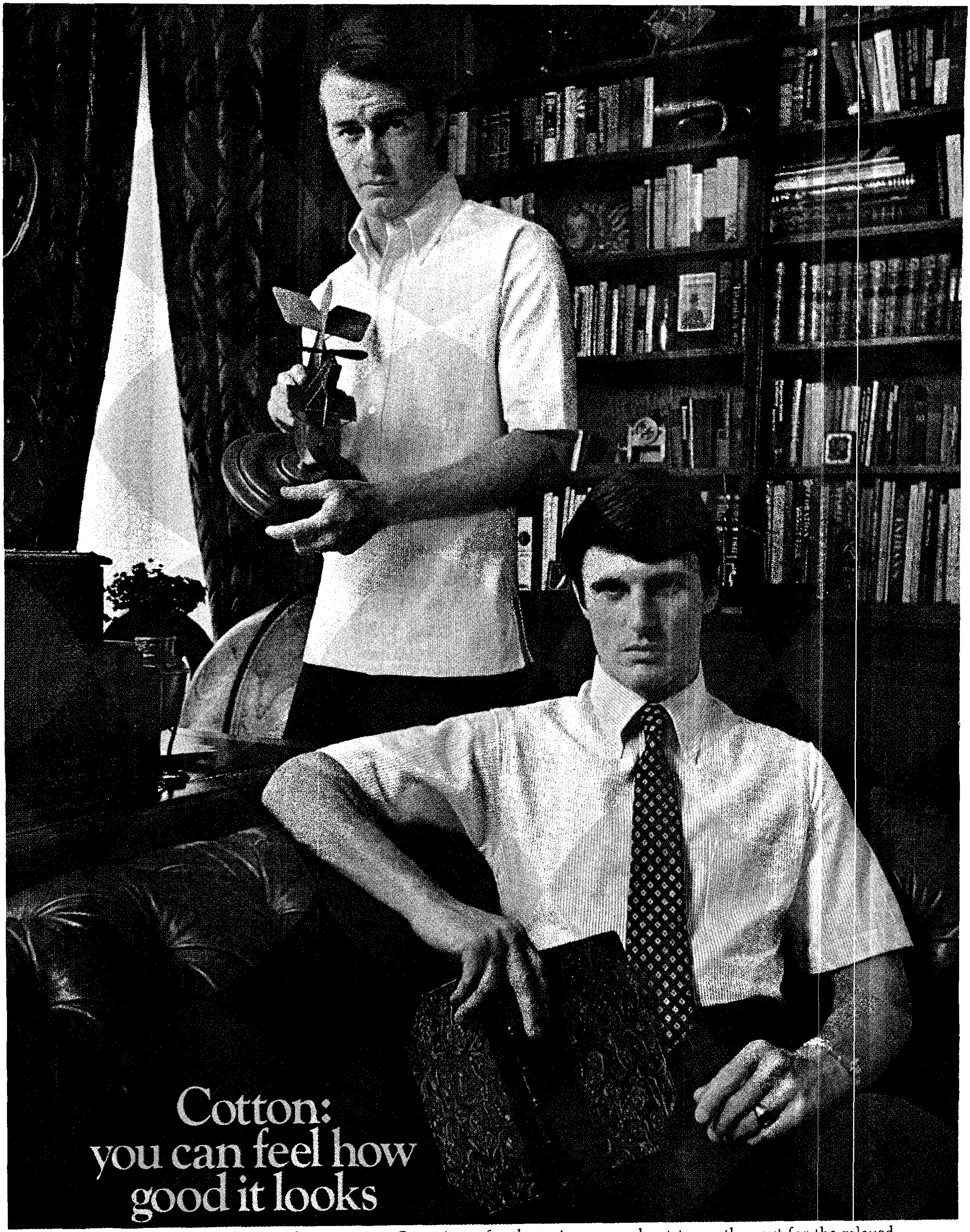
Glow! There are faster ways to travel but no better way to live. Relax and unwind. Enjoy the dawn of a new day after you've danced the night away.



Escape! Tell your travel agent to plan your getaway on the newest fleet in the world. Italian Line, One Whitehall St., New York 10004.

Italian Line
more fun per ton than any other line

SAFETY INFORMATION. The ss MICHELANGELO*, ss RAFFAELLO*, ss LEONARDO DA VINCI** and ss CRISTOFORO COLOMBO**, ships of Italian registry, meet International Safety Standards for new ships developed in 1948** and 1960* and meet 1966 Fire Safety Requirements.



SERO does the double duty shirt in cotton. One minute for the serious man-about-town, the next for the relaxed man of leisure, depending on how it's worn. The personality changes. The comfort remains the same. Cotton seersucker comfort. Cool, fresh, light, interestingly textured. Blue (shown), gold, brown, green, red—all with white; 14 to 17; about $10.00 at these and other stores across the country.

COMFORTABLE · CAREFREE
COTTON

COTTON PRODUCERS INSTITUTE, BOX 12253, MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE 38112.

Arthur M. Rosenberg, New York & New Haven; Jas. K. Wilson, Dallas; Robert Kirk, Ltd., San Francisco; Levy's, Nashville; Claymore Shop, Birmingham, Mich., Phelps-Wilger, Los Angeles; Muse's, Atlanta; MacNeil & Moore, Milwaukee & Madison.

VISUAL WELFARE STATE

THE American Optometric Association has, as is to be expected, an eagle gaze. From its aerie on Chippewa Street, St. Louis, it has spied out a poor hack lurking in a pocket of the Somerset hills in southwest England and offered him the chance of an award of five hundred dollars and "an appropriately inscribed bronze medallion plaque." Both of these items I should like. The American Optometric Association Public Service Awards for Distinguished Service in Journalism to the Visual Welfare of the American People (their capitals) have a threefold purpose; viz:

1. To recognize outstanding articles and broadcasts on the subject of vision as contributing to a better understanding of the importance of vision and its care.
2. To honor writers of articles and radio and television scripts that focus public attention upon the significance and need for proper vision care.
3. To create increased public and professional interest in programs for the care, improvement, and preservation of vision.

The Awards are divided into Categories, of which only one is of immediate concern; viz:

PRESS (Magazines)—For a distinguished example of public service rendered editorially by a single magazine article, editorial, or column, or by a continuous series of magazine articles on the subject of vision and its related aspects.

A continuous series I shall not attempt. But here are some preliminary notes for a single article, to which I shall give the straightforward title

PROLEGOMENA TO A STUDY OF VISION AND ITS RELATED ASPECTS FOR THE AMERICAN OPTOMETRIC ASSOCIATION PUBLIC SERVICE AWARDS FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE IN JOURNALISM TO THE VISUAL WELFARE OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE, PRESS (MAGAZINES) CATEGORY, WITH PARTICULAR RELATION TO THE ASPECT OF MANAGING VISUAL AIDS AT PUBLIC SPECTACLES

Preamble. Stress, in a distinguished way, the importance of vision when looking at things. Stout Cortez. And Keats, for that matter. He would never have made a sonnet out of Chapman's "Homer" if all the lines were blurred. Useless, equally, to attend public spectacles—Olympic Games, military parades, etc.—if unable to make out what is going on. Hence need for visual aids. Offer "Private Spectacles for Public Spectacles" as slogan to promote visual welfare of American People.

Apparatus. Keep it general. Remember that entries are to be judged by "a distinguished panel" unlikely to be impressed by mean refractive indices, membranes, blepharitis, etc. Appeal to the masses. Case history of spectacle-wearer represented as typical ("not untypical" perhaps more distinguished?) of millions of Americans in the prime of life. Initial reluctance to accept aids described with touch of wry humor. Point out that maturity brings wisdom and determination to see things as they are, at any distance, even if it means keeping the eyes almost totally shut to prevent one's contact lenses from falling out. List minimum requirements for accurate spectacle-watching in one's late fifties:

1. Binoculars, blued, in leather case, with strap.
2. Reading glasses, for programs, scorecards, and correct identification of
3. Distance glasses, to observe fellow-spectators and other mid-foreground objects, where use of binoculars inexpedient or rude.
4. Sunglasses.

Dismiss bifocals as tending to promote attorneylike peerings, gauche up-and-down movements of the head, reduction in over-all sales, etc.

Management and Control. Nub of the matter. Pocket-patting betrays visual immaturity. A place for everything and everything in its place. Importance to American people of having only one pair on nose at the same time. Can *you* find your bit of impregnated cloth for lens-wiping in the time it takes a pitcher to wind up? Dos and don'ts for the well adjusted; e.g.:

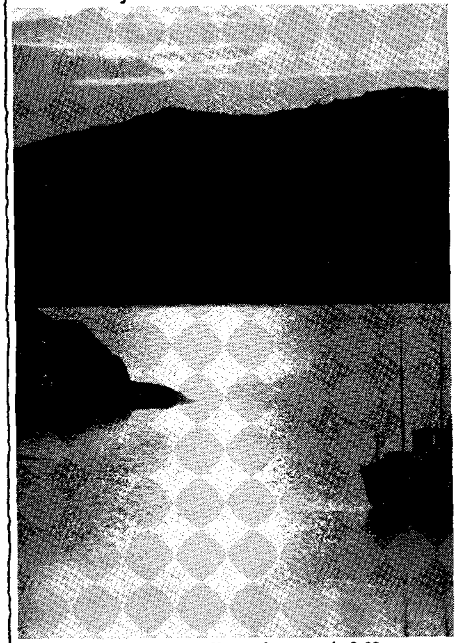
Don't despise mnemonics. *R*eading glasses in *right* pocket; *l*ong distance in *left*.

Do remember when practicing drill for changing rapidly from reading to distance, or vice versa, to allow for cigar in mouth, if smoked, and possibility of hot dog in left hand.

Render distinguished public service by emphasizing disastrous consequences of failure to think out correct moves in advance.

Introduce contrasting ocular somatotypes. A is deft, controlled, sure of himself and his environment. B is not. B is the sort of man who can't blow his nose without whisking his car keys halfway across the room. He would be capable, if he were wearing contact lenses, of putting them both in

In the Raymond & Whitcomb manner



Norwegian sunset, 2:00 a.m.

SCANDINAVIAN SOJOURN
summer of 1969

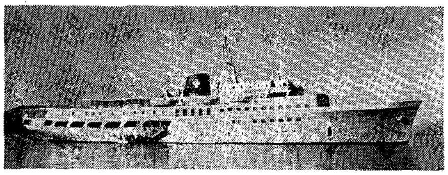
You are invited to join select parties of 150 discerning travellers flying via Pan American and SAS jet to Copenhagen and boarding the 4500-ton M.T.S. Argonaut, built as the world's largest private yacht, for a relaxed three-week voyage to the sparkling capital cities of Scandinavia, the grandeur of Leningrad, the Baltic Islands of Visby and Bornholm, and the magnificent fjords of Norway.

The weather will be brilliant, the sun's disc uniquely visible twenty hours each humidity-free warm summer day. During this private yachting experience you will meet friendly people filled with the gaiety of release from long, dark winters. You will travel in comfort, avoiding constant packing and unpacking, over-crowded hotels and busy transportation terminals.

July 12th to August 2nd
August 2nd to August 23rd

New York to New York rates are from $1,575 to $2,075 per person, double, with rooms alone at higher rates. For reservations and additional information, call, visit or write:

RAYMOND & WHITCOMB CO.
400 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017 • 212 PLaza 9-3960
"First in Travel Since 1879"

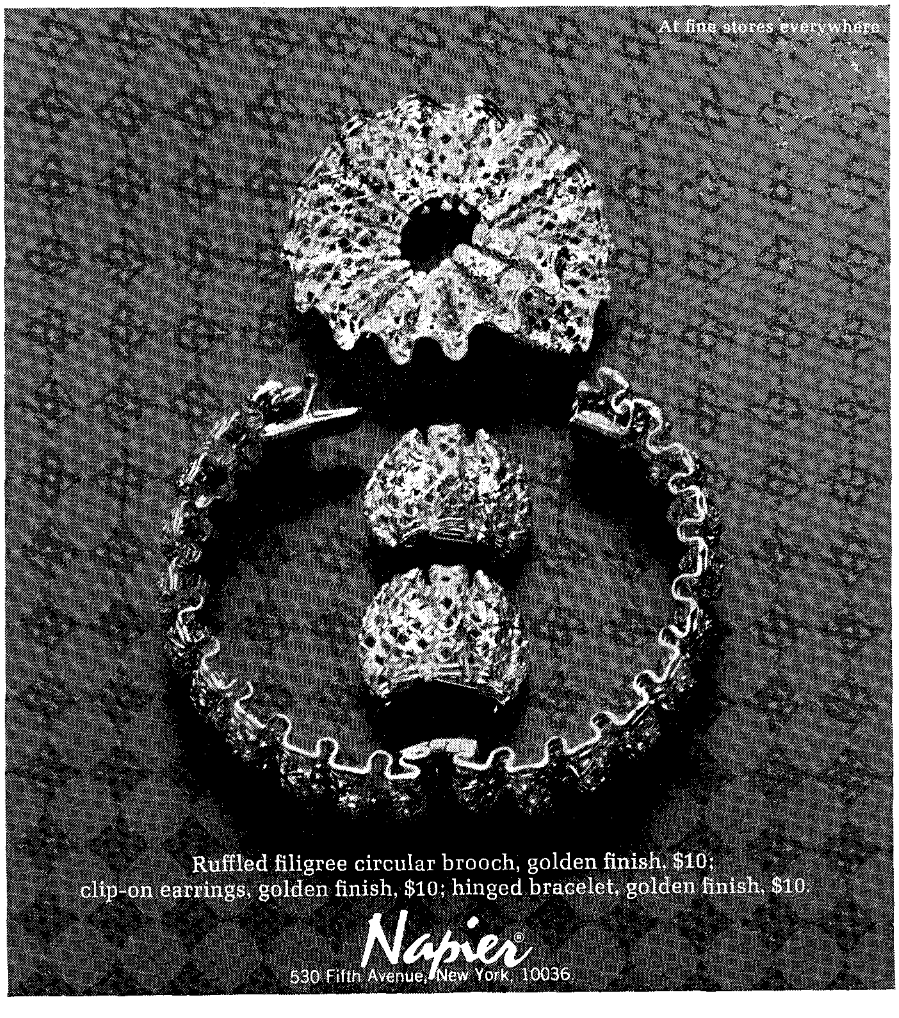


SAFETY INFORMATION: M.T.S. Argonaut, registered in Greece, meets international Safety Standards for new ships developed in 1948 and the 1966 fire safety requirements. The Argonaut holds a 1960 Safety of Life at Sea Certificate.

IRISH LINEN BY MOYGASHEL®
24 West 40 Street, New York 10018

By Sloat

Available at Bergdorf Goodman; J. L. Hudson Co.; I. Magnin.



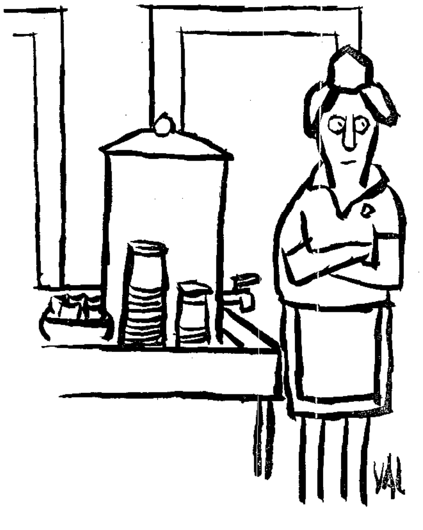
Ruffled filigree circular brooch, golden finish, $10;
clip-on earrings, golden finish, $10; hinged bracelet, golden finish, $10.

Napier®
530 Fifth Avenue, New York, 10036

the same eye or handing them over as carfare.

Regard A at a public gathering. A wishes to check the name of a performer (pitcher, senator, etc.) whom he has been observing through his distance glasses. He transfers his hot dog from his left to his right hand, takes his distance-glasses case from his left-hand jacket pocket and lays it opened upon his knee, and then, still with his left hand, removes the spectacles from his nose, bestows them *folded* in the case, and drops it quietly back *into the pocket from which he took it.* Now he slips the hot dog back into his left hand, thus freeing his right to extract his reading-glasses case from his *right-hand* pocket and, by reversing the previous procedure, equips himself to study the program, which he has had the forethought to keep in his left-hand inner breast pocket. All is done with swift economy of movement and an air of unhurried distinction. Women's glances are turned in A's direction. Who, they wonder, can he be?

But look at B! B has taken his distance glasses off *before* finding their container and is now, with his hot dog balanced uneasily on his knee, trying to get his left hand into his right-hand trouser pocket. *His binoculars are slung too low about his neck.* A wears his comfortably high on his chest, and could never get his left arm threaded through the strap, as has happened to B. B is in serious difficulties. So far he has got nothing out of his trouser pocket except a handkerchief and about a dollar in small change, and in doing so he has dislodged his program, which should never have been tucked insecurely under his chin. He has no option but to replace his distance glasses on his nose and use his right hand to extract the case, which turns out to be the wrong one and empty at that. Where, then, are his reading



If you think one hotel is like another why stay in a hotel? Montreal has a château.

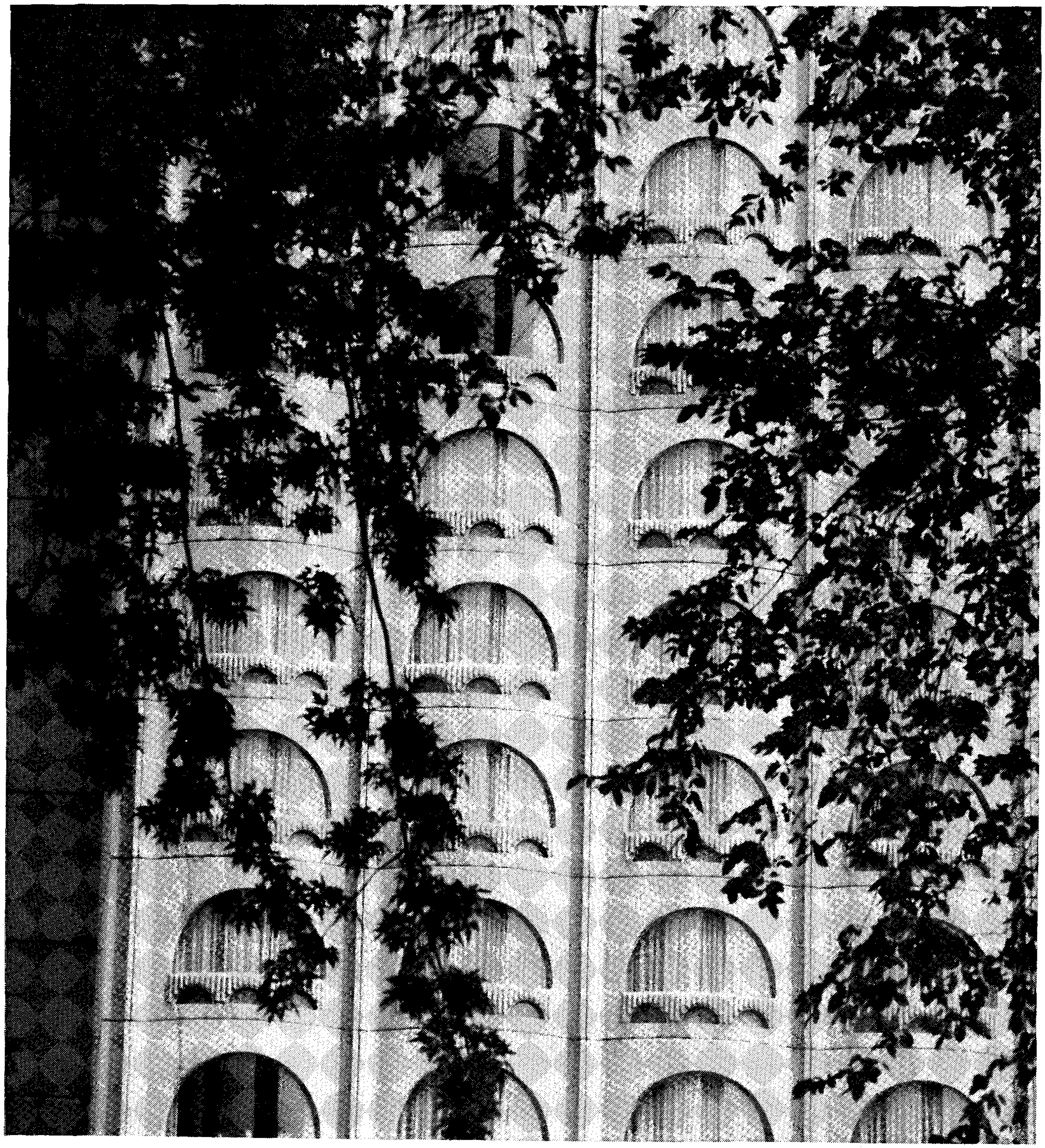
If you just order a hotel room by habit, you're missing out on something very Montreal.

Le Château Champlain is more than a hotel. It doesn't even look like one. (Did you ever see windows like these in a hotel?)

Only a château would have the kind of Parisienne floor show you'll see in the Caf' Conc' Supper Club. Or five such exquisite French restaurants, from an 18th Century pavilion to a little inn, fragrant with home-baked bread.

You can always stay in a hotel. But since you're coming to Montreal, would you miss a real French château on purpose?

LE CHÂTEAU CHAMPLAIN

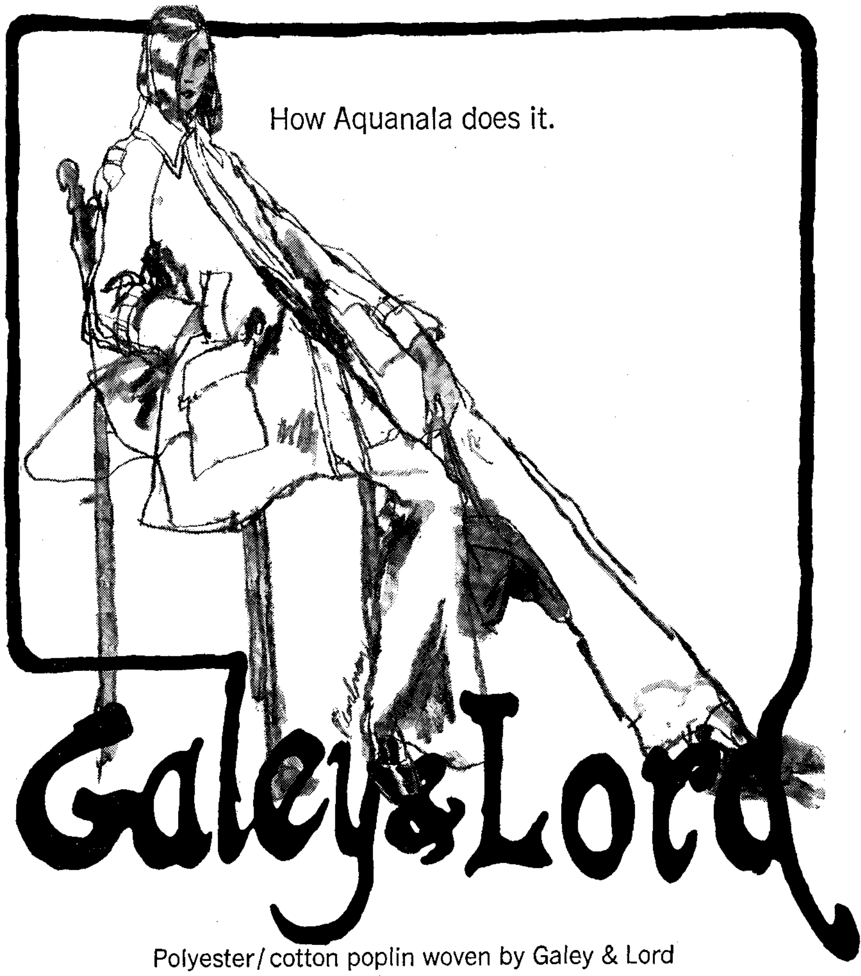


Call your Travel Agent

CP Hotels

Public opinion favors MM's own textured straw. Popular for town or country. Handled in brass and trimmed in patent. White, bone, black, navy and brown. $30. Carry off elegance from Lord & Taylor, John Wanamaker, Stix, Baer & Fuller and all their branches.

MM
Morris Moskowitz



Polyester/cotton poplin woven by Galey & Lord
a division of Burlington Industries at Burlington House, New York, N.Y. 10019.

glasses? Is it possible that, at his last bungled switch-round, he put them away in his hot dog?

Anything is possible. B lacks method. He is back where he started, and breathing hard. Too easily flustered at finding his unwanted sunglasses in his cigar case, he affects an air of composure by wiping them with his handkerchief and projects a shower of undistinguished coins around his feet. Now he is upside down under the seat in a welter of dropped programs, wiener, cigar ash, and assorted visual aids, and is missing the climax of the ceremony. The man is a disgrace to American optometry. It is true that he has focussed public attention upon the significance of and need for proper vision care, but he'll get no award for that.

Peroration. Rise to the theme. Strike some note that lifts the importance of visual aids on to an altogether higher plane; e.g., "Mine eyes have *missed* the glory of the coming of the Lord":

Mine eyes have missed the glory of
  the coming of the Lord;
I was hunting through the pockets
  where my visual aids are stored;
So I lost the Optometric Bronze
  Medallion Award;
His truth, etc.

These are only rough notes, of course. What they need now, if I can find that impregnated cloth, is polishing. —H. F. ELLIS

•

WASHINGTON (UPI)—The Army told congressmen Tuesday it has enough of a single nerve gas in its chemical-biological warfare arsenal to kill the world's population many times over....

One estimate coming out of the briefing indicated that the United States has enough "GB" on hand to kill 100 billion people, McCarthy told newsmen.

Rep. Robert L. F. Sikes, D-Fla., another of several dozen members attending the briefing, said he thinks the U.S. is not doing enough in the field.—*Palm Beach Post.*

For one thing, the world's population is increasing. Let's not forget that!

•

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From an adv. in Time*]

Dewar's "White Label" always receives a hearty welcome, because it's "the Scotch that never varies." Give Dewar's in the handsome, embossed gold gift package.

Dewar's never varies!
$7.25 ⅘ Qt.
(PRICE MAY VARY ACCORDING TO STATE AND LOCAL TAXES)

Merrill Lynch reminds investors with taxable incomes of $24,000 and up:

Municipal bonds can increase your investment income by 60 percent—or more

Your Federal Tax Saving

Check how much money couples with investment incomes of $1,000, filing joint returns, can now save with municipal bonds:

If your *total* taxable income is from	$24,000	$36,000	$52,000	$88,000
to	28,000	40,000	64,000	100,000
And you have investment income of $1,000 from savings and other taxable securities, your Federal tax bite is	$396	$495	$583	$660
If you have investment income of $1,000 from *municipal bonds*, your Federal tax bite is	$000	$000	$000	$000
Your saving	$396	$495	$583	$660

Most salaried and professional people regard their investment income as icing on the cake.

In this sense, income from stock dividends, savings accounts and most bonds is taxable at the highest rate applicable to *total* taxable income.

But interest from good-quality municipal bonds (yields of 5½% or better are common today—higher than they have been for 30 years) is *entirely exempt* from Federal Income Taxes, including the new surcharge—and is often exempt from state and city taxes, too.

So, if you are liable for taxes, a municipal bond is *bound* to give you more after-tax income than a stock, savings account or other bond with the same yield.

Increases of 60% and more

Take, for example, two couples, each with a total taxable income of $35,000. Each couple has an investment income of $3,000.

The Carsons have savings and other taxable investments yielding a healthy average of 5½%. Federal tax bite on their $3,000: $1,386.

The Parkers have municipal bonds, also yielding 5½%. Federal tax bite on their $3,000: *nothing.*

The Parkers' extra net investment income: $1,386—85% more.

The larger your income, the larger your *additional* net investment income from municipals. It can run to 60 percent extra—or, as in the foregoing example, even more.

For people in the 55% tax bracket, the retained income on a municipal bond yielding 5½% is the same as the retained income from a taxable investment yielding over 11%.

This helps explain why investors are buying new municipal issues at a rate of more than a *billion* dollars a month.

Scan the table above to see what municipals could save you.

100% safe? *Almost*

Among investment media, only the securities of the United States Government have a better safety record than municipal bonds.

Even during the 1930's, over 98 percent of municipals paid interest and repaid capital *on time.*

In the whole history of these bonds, less than half of one percent of all issues have not eventually paid their creditors *in full.*

Although the high degree of safety of municipals is one of the principal attractions of these securities, some are considered safer than others. Practically every bond issued is given a rating—which can go all the way up to triple A—by Moody's or Standard & Poor's.

For the current rating of any bond that interests you, just call Merrill Lynch.

Not all wine and roses

After all the praise we've lavished on municipals, Merrill Lynch feels obliged to remind investors that these bonds do have a couple of drawbacks.

First, municipal bonds offer little prospect of capital appreciation. It is true that, in our judgment, many municipals may increase in value, if interest rates descend from their present historic highs. But the primary attractions of municipals are income and security—and emphatically not growth.

Second, any *capital* gains you make on municipals may be subject to tax—just as capital losses may be deductible.

Suggestions for your portfolio

For a probing discussion of this and other aspects of municipals, and our concrete suggestions of bonds that might suit your portfolio, stop by your nearest Merrill Lynch office. There's no charge or obligation, of course.

Meanwhile, clip the coupon for our helpful 32-page booklet, "Investing for Tax-Exempt Income." It's good investment information, yours for the asking.

Investigate—then invest.

MERRILL LYNCH,
PIERCE,
FENNER & SMITH INC
70 PINE STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10005

504DA

FREE 32-PAGE BOOKLET

To: Merrill Lynch, P.O. Box 333, Wall Street Station, New York, N.Y. 10005

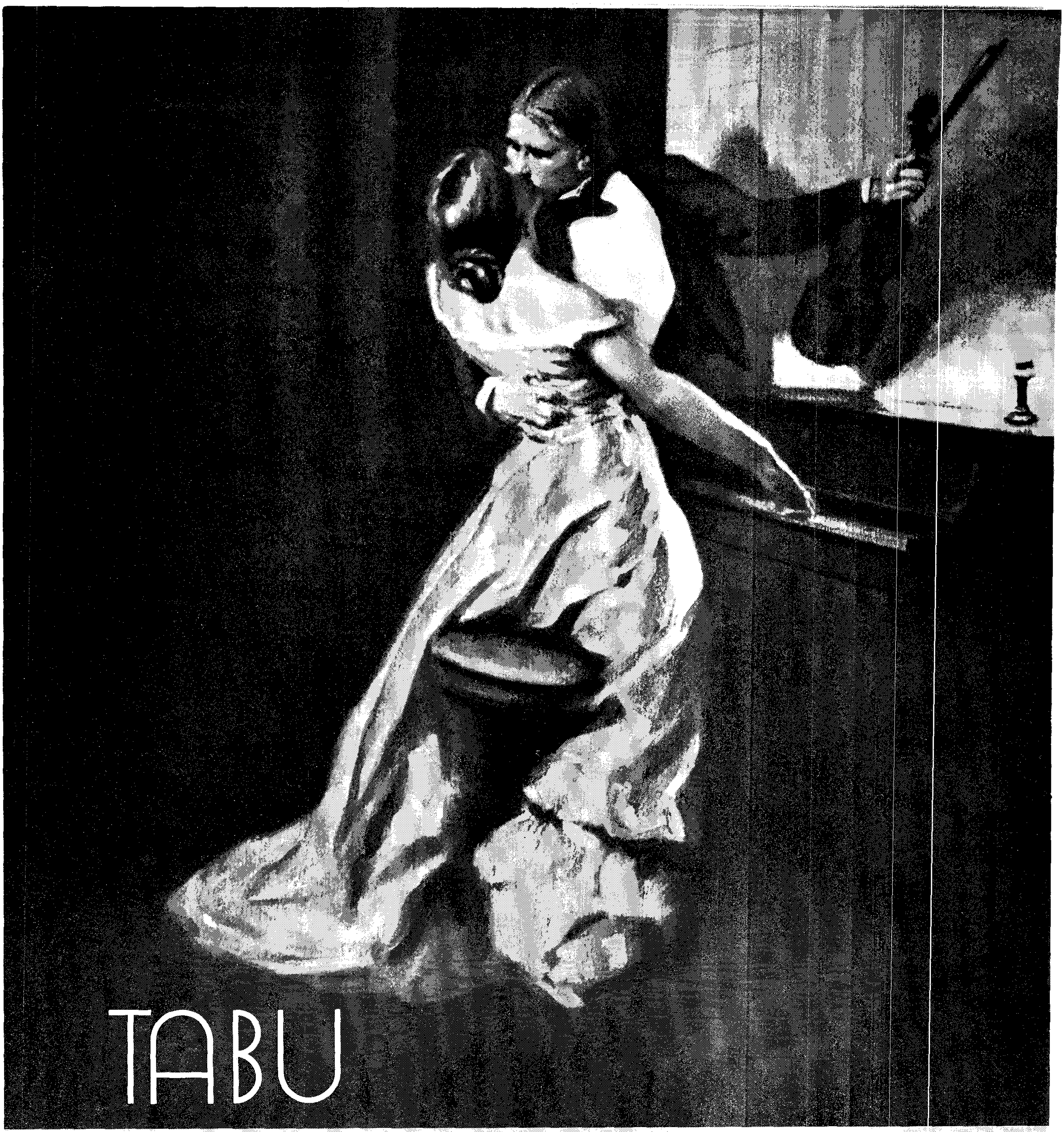
I am interested in the possibility of saving tax-dollars through the ownership of municipal bonds. Please send me, without charge or obligation, your 32-page booklet, "Investing for Tax-Exempt Income."

MR.
MRS.
MISS ____________________
(Please Print)

ADDRESS ____________________ PHONE ____________________

CITY ____________________ STATE ____________ ZIP ____________

MB



the 'forbidden' fragrance

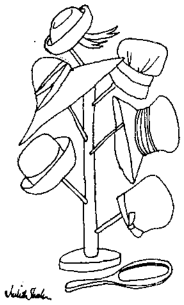
TABU
Dana
TABU
Dana

Dana

PERFUME • COLOGNE • SPRAY COLOGNE • LIPSTICK • DUSTING POWDER • SOAP

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

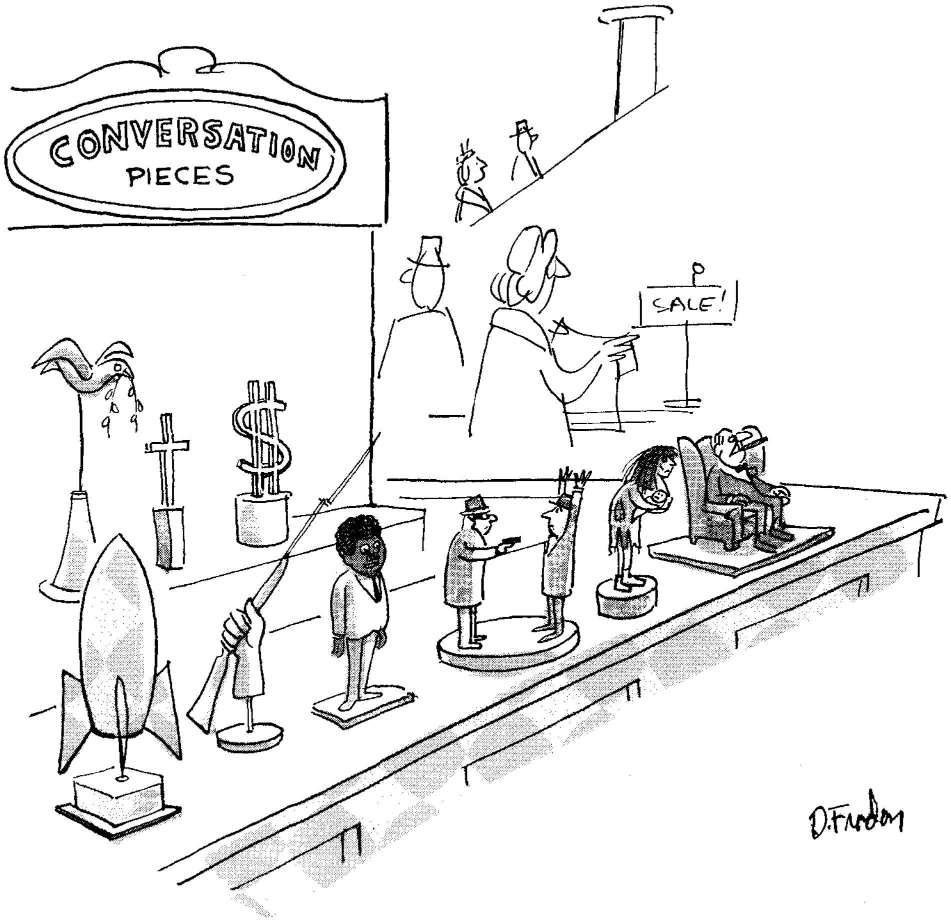


A WHILE back, I was murmuring, even being mildly strident, about the fact that there are no seasons in fashions anymore, and this spring has only borne me out. The costume—that is, a dress and long coat or a dress and jacket—appears to have become a permanent party, and a party of one, at that, for it is the most practical street and travel outfit in existence, almost regardless of temperature, but there is no need to discard the one you already have, because the new season has brought about no fundamental change in its outline. The pants suit, once considered with a dubious eye, likewise verges toward permanence, and it can look great, particularly on a gay young matron doing chores around town, and not just for walking the dog on Sunday. Observe the work of Originala and other tailored-goods progressives in our city if you will, but promise me that you'll require expert fittings, even if you are skinny and lithe around the hips to begin with. There are many outgoing Donald Brooks pants suits about, too. My favorite begins with straight pants of black jersey and proceeds to a jacket of red jersey and a blouse of emphatic black-and-white Paisley surah. The surah adorns the revers and the cuffs and makes the lining as well. I saw this in both Bloomingdale's Green Room and Lord & Taylor, and I know it's elsewhere. These two shops also favor Brooks' sort of karate collarless jacket. This has the kimono closing that is ubiquitous these days; the "wrapped look," it is called, though to me it is still the surplice or kimono look. Brooks' new two-inch contrasting binding appears on it, and sometimes makes a stripe down the sides of the pants to proclaim their affinity with the jacket. A similar Brooks inhabits Saks Fifth Avenue's Park Avenue Room—a coat of white wool with the banding in black, a dress of black jersey, a wide and contrasting belt. (Bloomingdale reverses the color scheme of the coat.) All well and all good, but this wrapped look must be considered with caution. The standard American woman, who tends to be narrow at the top and wide belowstairs, should get herself to a rearview mirror to make sure that she doesn't assume a pear-shaped silhouette.

The conventional tailored suit is acquiring quite a rival in the blazer types, which are also prevalent—none more prevalent than the Bill Blass job that is paired off with slacks or a box-pleated skirt, or both. This appears at Saks Fifth Avenue with the collarless jacket in that wrapped style. Navy Anglo worsted does this trick. A one-inch band in white surrounds the jacket, which has six double-breasted buttons, and the skirt is box-pleated. A red cowboy scarf is part of the $575 this casualness comes to. Varied versions of this operation appear at Bonwit, Evelyn Byrnes, and other emporiums.

Another prevalence is—inescapably, it appears—the jumper line, which shows up with sleeveless coats and in jackets of the vest sort. With a lot of them go white silk blouses whose sleeves are long and full and end in big cuffs. This may not be a difficulty for girls who can get home in twenty minutes to change for the evening, but, as for me, even by lunchtime mine gather dustballs while they may. Some of these blouses are attached, if sketchily, to their skirts. So what do you do? Send blouse and skirt to the cleaners after half a wearing? Carry around an extra blouse and baste it to the skirt in the withdrawing room? A practical non-smudge reply to this trauma is on hand at Bergdorf—Trigère's jumper of navy wool with inverted pleats in the skirt and a red foulard blouse with a bow at the throat.

As for fabrics, the cotton-pickin' hands in the industry have decided that cotton is a year-round thing. Sometimes it's piqué, sometimes it's mixed with synthetics, and sometimes it's heavily textured, as in cloqué and brocade, but it is cotton, nonetheless. Karshan, at 24 East 64th Street, bought almost no wools this year, even when the snow was flying, and his small shop is full of pleasures. (*If* the ones I liked best have already Walked Out, as the buyers put it, there are similar ones to take their place.) One is Leonard Arkin's bold navy-and-white plaid deal—a sleeveless dress with a chain belt (oh, well) and a long coat; $185 for the lot. Another is a coat and dress of black-and-white print (formal daisies with black centers); the coat has a panel front and two flap pockets. Taupe-and-white is a variant on this hue and cry. A Kiki Hart venture (we're still in Karshan's) into cloqué cotton produces a long-sleeved dress with a gathered skirt, and a white belt further nips in the waist. The print is lime and white swirls. Chester Wein-



Norman Hilton isn't everywhere. Just at stores that are accustomed to catering to the clothing needs of a select clientele:

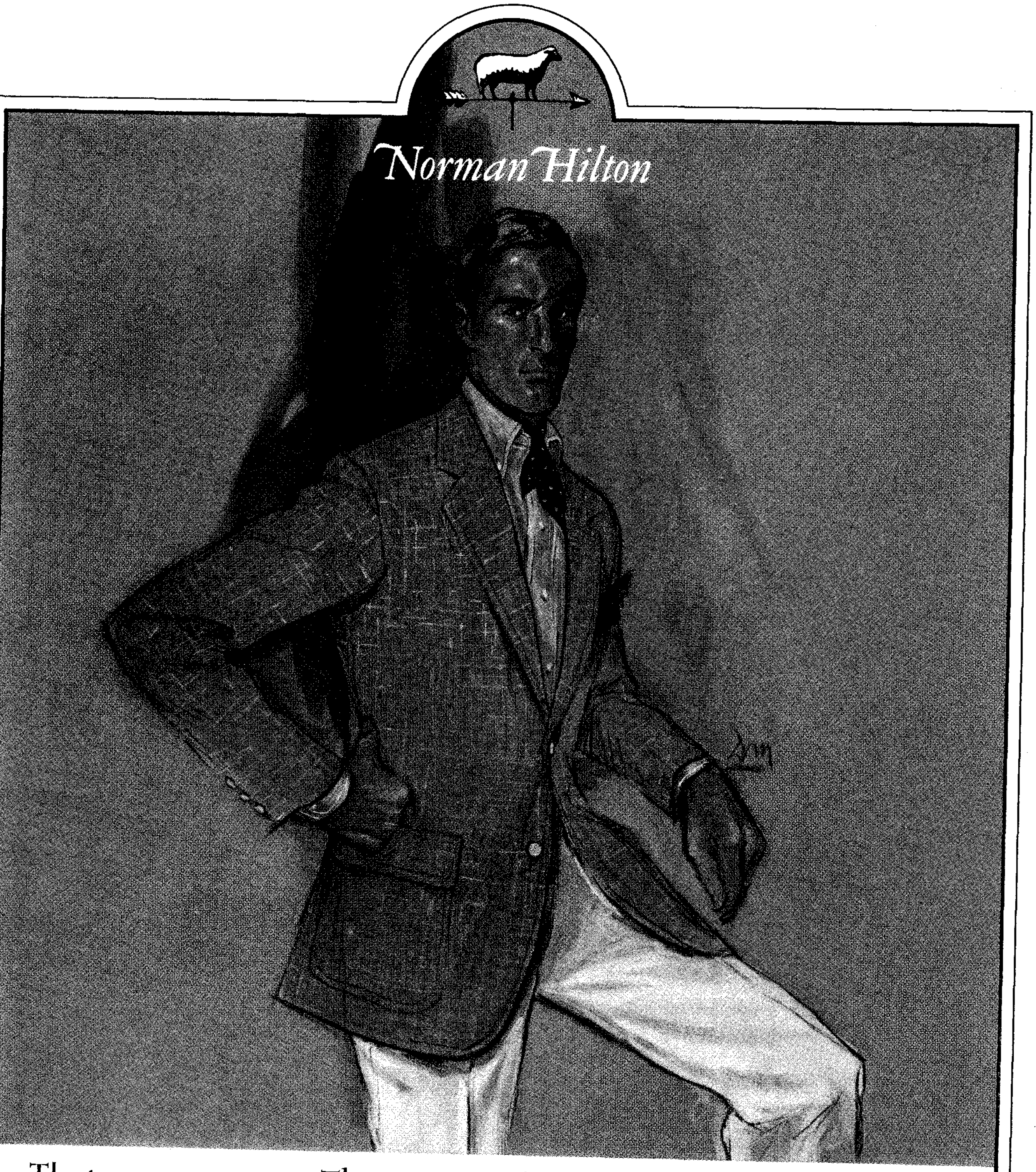
Atlanta, Georgia	Muse's
Bedford Village, N.Y.	Richard Oliver
Bellevue & Tacoma, Wash.	Nordstrom Best
Binghamton, N. Y.	Haggerty & Forbes
Birmingham, Alabama	Richard's of Mountain Brook
Bloomington, Indiana	Oxford Shop
Boston, Mass.	Martini Carl
Boulder & Englewood, Colo.	The Regiment Ltd.
Buffalo, N. Y.	Peller & Mure
Cedar Rapids, Iowa	Clancy's, Ltd.
Charleston, S. C.	Max's Men's Store
Chicago, Illinois	Abercrombie & Fitch
Chicago, Ill.	Higgins, Frank & Hill
Clayton, Mo. & Providence, R. I.	Harvey Ltd.
Cleveland, Ohio	Bunce Brothers
Columbia, S. C.	Brittons
Columbus, Ga.	Tillman's
Columbus, Ohio	The Village Store
Davenport, Iowa	Whitlow's Ltd.
Greenville, S. C.	Rush Wilson Ltd.
Hartford, Conn.	Henry Miller, Inc.
Hattiesburg, Miss.	Waldoff's
High Point, N. C.	Collier Ellis & Company
Hinsdale, Ill.	The Squire Shop of Hinsdale
Houston & Post Oak, Tex.	Norton Ditto
Huntington, W. Va.	Geo. H. Wright Co.
Iowa City, Iowa	Bremers
Jamestown, N. Y.	Mathews & Miller
Kalamazoo, Mich.	Steven Maloney
Lexington, Ky.	Meyers, Inc.
Little Rock, Ark.	Mr. Wicks
Manchester, N. H.	Jim's Oxford Shop
Mansfield, Ohio	Don Nash
Memphis, Tenn.	James Davis Store for Men
Millburn, N. J.	Mr. E
Milwaukee, Wis.	MacNeil and Moore
Minneapolis, Minn.	Dayton's
Mobile, Ala.	Steven Burns Ltd.
Mt. Kisco, N. Y.	Harry Ketchel
Nashville, Tenn.	The Oxford Shop
Naugatuck, Conn.	Breen's
New Haven, Conn.	White, Inc.
New London, Conn.	Benoit's
New York, New York	Abercrombie & Fitch
New York, New York	The Rosenthal-Maretz Co.
Oklahoma City & Tulsa, Okla.	Connolly's
Pasadena, Cal.	Atkinson's
Philadelphia, Penn.	Miller White
Phoenix & Tucson, Ariz.	Mills-Touché
Pittsburgh, Penn.	Joseph Horne Company
Pittsburgh, Penn.	Larrimor's
Richardson, Tex.	The Kent Shop
Richmond, Va.	Eljo's
Roanoke, Va.	John Norman
Rochester, N. Y.	Harry Forman Clothing Co.
San Diego, Cal.	Toggery Shops
San Francisco, Cal.	Abercrombie & Fitch
San Francisco, Cal.	Bullock & Jones
Savannah, Ga.	John B. Rourke
Schenectady, N. Y.	Dall's
Seattle, Washington	Littler
Springfield, Mass.	A. O. White, Inc.
Spring Lake, N. J.	Paul's Men's Wear
Stamford, Conn.	John Zemo
St. Louis & Clayton	Boyd's
Swampscott, Mass.	Judd, Inc.
Tampa, Fla.	Phil Fairchild Custom Clothiers
Tarrytown-on-Hudson, N. Y.	John Charles, Ltd.
Washington, D. C.	Lewis & Thos. Saltz, Inc.
Wellesley, Mass.	Ara's
Wichita, Kan.	Wm. Dodson Ltd.
Wilmington, Del.	Wright & Simon

berg also uses a cloqué cotton, this striped horizontally in coral and navy on a white ground. The result is a short-sleeved dress and a skirt with big box pleats. Mollie Parnis is represented here by cotton in a trapunto sort of raised design with a print that mingles red, navy, yellow, and pale blue. And Joan Leslie weighs in with a dress and jacket of cotton gabardine decorated with big pink and white checks whose centers are bright-green blobs; just $145 for this number. It's King Cotton at Rosette Pennington's, too. One of the ensuing fascinators is Adele Simpson's cotton-and-viscose outfit (it looks like wool) in navy with a pattern of small white crossbars. A patent-leather belt goes through the Norfolk loops of the long (and long-lapelled) jacket, which wears a white scarf in the V of the neck. Another Pennington is Kiki Hart's effort (except that everything Hart does looks so effortless) in cotton-and-silk—the dress white with brown polka dots and the coat reversing the idea; $200.

MY alphabet for the Grand Tour of the Twelve-Month Uniseason begins with "B," for Bergdorf. There I found a most pleasing navy wool dress by Originala (as you can see, there are still some dresses in our town, even separate ones). This has a roll collar, short sleeves, and a shoulder capelet with four white buttons down the front. Like everyone else, Bergdorf dearly loves Geoffrey Beene's dresses with black braid trim, the Ford among them being a Little Women *numero* in gray flannel. In this case, the braid is a double band around the hem and the modestly oval décolletage.

BLOOMINGDALE'S Green Room is just one drop for Chester Weinberg's double-breasted jacket of white worsted with navy-and-red crossbarring. The belt is wide and stitched; the matching pants are wide and straight; the attendant blouse and scarf are of paper taffeta, no less. Tiffeau's fondness for the blouson style finds a home here (as it does at Lord & Taylor)—a dress of wool crêpe with a broad hipband, a gathered skirt, a straight-in-front-and-bloused-in-back top, and a big male necktie.

BONWIT'S chef-d'œuvre may be Originala's smashing slacks outfit in a vague green-celery-and-white plaid. The coat is full-length, as length goes these days, and it bears eight widely spaced double-breasted buttons. The shirt, which has a rolled collar, and the



The temperature soars. The occasion calls for cool elegance. The solution: Irish Ice, a rare blend of Irish linen and worsted. The linen for lightness and luxury, the worsted for discipline. In crisp water colors with a frost of white. Flawlessly tailored into a sports jacket that fulfills its role magnificently, weather or not. About $120. With its companion, odd trousers of rich Italian silk and polyester, you just may notice a nip in the air. About $60. Both by Norman Hilton, who rises to every occasion.

See opposite page for stores. Hilton Clothes, Inc., 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N. Y. 10019. LT 1-1370

Carte Blanche the credit

The way we look at it, we practically invented the travel and entertainment credit card in the first place. So why shouldn't we *re*-invent it? We've been in this business a long time. And so have a couple of our competitors. But, we think it's time for some changes.

Your credit needs today are a lot different from what they used to be. We think you deserve more when you pay good money for a credit card.

Relief for credit card headaches.

"We're sorry about the mix-up . . . but it's our computer, you know."

We won't give you an answer like that. Because at Carte Blanche, the emphasis is on man, not the machine. Sure, we have the very latest new computers to help with our accounts. And that's just what they do: help.

Someone to talk to.

They help the Member Service Representative who's assigned to your account. We even tell you her name. So if you ever have a question on your account, you know exactly who to write or call. And when you do, she'll use our computers and microfilm records to get you an almost instant recap of your account's status.

Our new service: Cartan Travel.

When things are running smoothly inside, then there's really no limit to the variety of service you can offer. And we've just added a new one we think our members will appreciate. We've just acquired Cartan Travel, one of the nation's largest travel firms.

You may have heard of the famous Cartan Tours. Well, starting May 1, Carte Blanche members can charge any of them on their Carte Blanche Card. They can charge them at thousands of travel agencies throughout the United States that handle Cartan Tours. And they can even arrange for convenient extended payment.

Jet away from it all.

Speaking of travel, we're honored on virtually every domestic and international airline that goes anywhere worth going. (You can take up to 24 months to pay for your ticket, too, depending on the amount.)

Which brings to mind our many other Carte Blanche services. A superb list of fine restaurants. (We're the only credit card endorsed by the National Restaurant Association.) An impressive list of hotels, motels, and inns. All the major rent-a-cars. More gas stations and brands of gas than any other multi-purpose credit card offers. A wonderful selection of specialty shops and liquor merchants.

Little things mean a lot.

Of course, not everyone is a would-be world traveler. So we have plenty to keep you happy at home, too. One thing is our special arrangement with the florists of FTD and Teleflora. You can charge flowers for any occasion.

Carte
AFFILIATE
CB

re-invents card.

Then there's our exclusive Hers Card. It's pink, and it gives her credit for being a woman.

We're the only travel and entertainment card that guarantees your good credit at 1,300 hospitals throughout the country. And, we're also the only card of our kind that offers you a $250,000 accidental death insurance policy. (Not very entertaining ideas, but reassuring ones.)

On the lighter side, there's our unique executive gift guide in every issue of Carte Blanche Magazine—a very handy way to window shop, since all you have to do is charge everything to your Carte Blanche Account.

A look to the future.

Now, you might say it sounds like we have a lot going for us. We do, But, like we said, when things are running smoothly, the sky's the limit. And we have a lot of plans for the future—some of them pretty revolutionary. You'll be hearing about them very soon.

For now, let's just say they'll be bringing Carte Blanche Credit to more people than ever before.

You shouldn't be without us.

It all boils down to this: You should make room for us in your wallet—if only for the fact that we promise you the service you pay for. But we've given you all the other reasons. Just pick your own. Or, invent one.

Take one.

At any rate, send us an application now. They're a very recognizable blue and white. And naturally you'll find them at all the best places. **Or you can write us at 3460 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90054.**

See what it's like to say "Carte Blanche!" (kart' blonsh') instead of "Charge it."

Blanche®
AVCO
F AVCO CORPORATION
non Adams
AUTHORIZED SIGNATURE
318 569 3
ERNON ADAMS
MEMBER 66 SINCE
EXPIRES END OF MONTH 9 YEAR 69

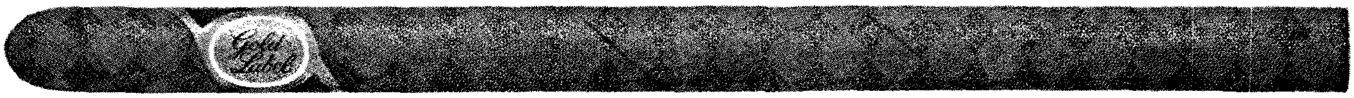
We give you more than credit.

MARLIN STRIKE OFF CABO BLANCO

At challenging moments like this, men of action the world over find pleasure and satisfaction in Gold Label—the internationally acclaimed cigar of superb flavor, aroma and masculine mildness.

Interested in the lore and legend of fine cigars? Send 25¢ for informative illustrated handbook to Gradiaz Annis, Factory No. 1, Tampa, Fla.

ROMANO Slender, elegant, delightfully flavorful ·30¢ Trio/90¢



CELEBRATE WITH A GOLD LABEL

CEDAROMA 35¢ · CORONA DE VILLE 35¢ · CASANOVA 35¢ · PALMA CANDELA 26¢ · JAGUAR 70 25¢ · PANETELA GRANDE 3/50¢ · SWAGGER 5/60¢

© 1968 Gradiaz Annis, Tampa, Fla.

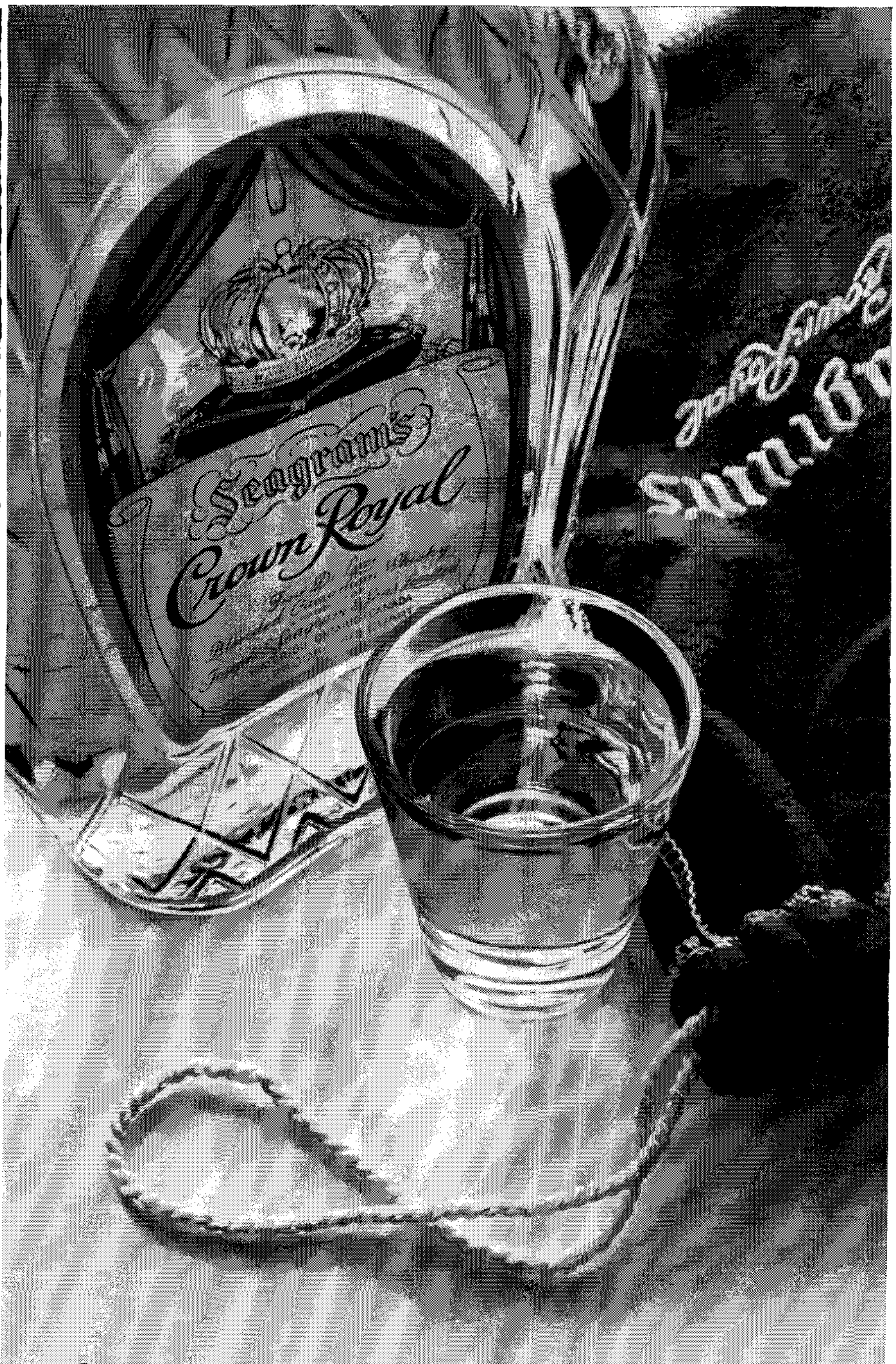
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

slacks are of white gabardine. Another Originala concerns a coat of red wool with big red crossbarring and a four-inch-wide belt; this, too, goes over a topper and slacks. And George Halley's semi-dressy outfit begins with a coat of brown wool with a vast white crossbar and a real outward swing. The dress beneath is a day-and-evening job with an oval neck, no sleeves, and a high-rise jewelled belt.

EVELYN BYRNES showed me one of the best coat costumes of the year, by one of the best artists in this line—Trigère. The coat is of double-faced wool (bright royal on one side and royal with big white crossbars on the other). Wide crossed lapels in royal occur on this one. The blue dress with it is one of her little skimp jerseys. Monte-Sano contributes a shirtwaist dress with a tremendous circular flare at the sides. Its wool bears a small black-gray-and-white plaid. The wildest thing at Byrnes' shop, though, is Tassell's travel combo. Its wraparound skirt, of navy-and-white checked wool, goes over knee-length pants of navy crêpe wool; the sleeveless white blouse, of crêpe, wears an ascot and the plaid jacket wears silver buttons. What else could one need before nightfall?

I SPOKE about Karshan a few paragraphs ago, but without mentioning his pseudo-custom operations. He has a set of basic, ultra-simple designs and a set of fabrics, all from abroad. What you do is pick the cloth, a collar from one design, a sleeve from another, and meld them into your own dress, made to size, at from $100 to $300, which gets you custom detail in the workmanship. Karshan was for years a buyer for Hattie Carnegie's ready-to-wear, and he and his fitters know all about the Carnegie underplayed look.

I SPOKE, too, about Lord & Taylor and the blouson look, particularly when it's done by Tiffeau, as in a short white cotton jacket with a split band collar and short sleeves, this worn over a black silk dress with a blouson top. The artful Donald Brooks manages the look with a surplice top (crossed to the waist in front) that has a wide contour belt to make sure that it blouses at the top in back. I was shown it in a stone-gray wool. All Brooks' prints this year are great, no matter what the fabric. L. & T. has his sheer mauve something in a bamboo print, which achieves a dress with horizontal tucks at the top, gathers on the hips, long, full sleeves, bamboo buttons down the back,



Seagram's Crown Royal is the finest Canadian whisky in the world. If it weren't, it wouldn't cost you what it does.

About nine dollars!
That's a lot to put out for a fifth of whisky.
But Seagram has put a lot into Crown Royal.
Smoothness you find hard to believe. And good taste that will spoil you for anything else.
In a way what you're paying for is inspiration.
And that doesn't grow on trees.

Seagram's Crown Royal. *The legendary Canadian. In the purple sack.* About $9 a fifth.
Blended Canadian Whisky. 80 Proof. Seagram Distillers Co., N.Y.C.

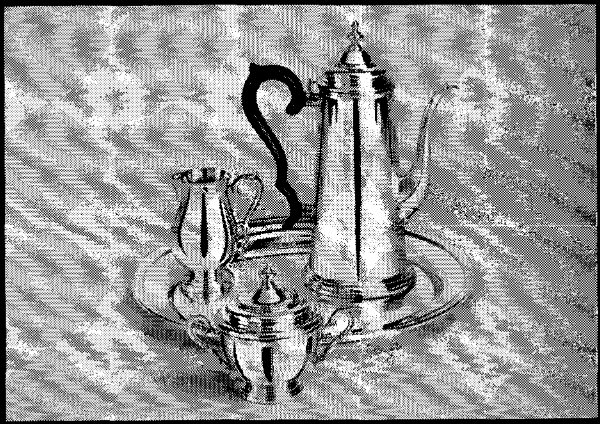
celebrity
"Furniture that cares for itself"
Made of Alumaloy®, it's strong, lightweight, and won't rust—*ever!* Through fine stores or your interior designer.

Showrooms: New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Miami, Chicago, Grand Rapids, Dallas, Los Angeles and San Francisco.

alumaloy molla FURNITURE

Write for illustrated brochure. Molla, Inc., D&D Bldg., 979 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

Great excuses for giving yourself a present:
APR. 18: THE MIDNIGHT RIDE OF PAUL REVERE



Listen my children, and you shall hear of our Coffee Set à la Paul Revere. The nine-cup pot, tray, cream, sugar, authentically reproduced in fine silverplate, $115.

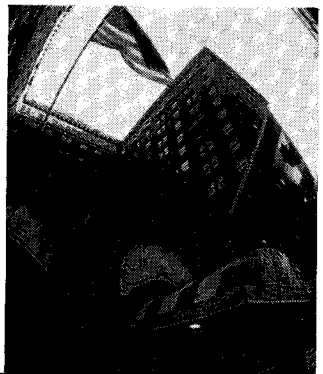
Webster-Wilcox
Made by the International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn. Prices subject to change.

and bamboo cufflinks. I *hate* mauve, but I *love* this.

Rosette Pennington affords an enormous range of handsome clothes at from $40 all the way up to Seymour Fox's magnificent wool costume at around $450. Henry Frederick contributes a splendid costume of navy wool at $185—a dress that flares in front (because of two pleats) and has a fitted top, and a jacket that is straight and has three pairs of buttons, cufflink style. Adele Simpson is present with a three-piece deal of a synthetic called Fibranne. The navy jacket sports a back belt; the sinuous overblouse sports very wide horizontal stripes in mauve, citron, and navy. The Simpson wool-and-silk minglings include a big swirled black-and-white design for a sleeveless dress with a U neck and a big black patent-leather belt. For a best-seller, Pennington unveils D'amselle's Courrèges-type sleeveless dress with a hipbone jacket. The dress has a roll collar, and the color scheme has almost everything—gray, pastels, turquoise, coral; $145. Most of the coats we women own are parts of costumes or are snobbish about going with any old other thing, and an all-purpose neutral town-or-country, winter-or-summer individual is getting hard to find. What Seymour Fox has given Pennington—a wool coat in a big beige-gray-and-white waffle design—should be a solvent.

And Originala has given Saks Fifth Avenue two all-purpose knockouts of coats in Melton cloth. One is camel hue, with a square of pearl buttons and a definitely nipped-in waist. A belt starts at the sides and droops a bit over the shaped back; $275. The other is in a fine tan-and-white shadow-check plaid, with four buttons forming a square up top, two more on the belt, and two more below the waist.

With that, I'll call it a day, and turn toward what happens after night begins to fall—a time when the fashion scene becomes *sheer* heaven. And I mean what I say; solid fabrics give way to the most transparent of stuff, and even to bare midriffs. Mollie Parnis is reasonably demure in a work of art (Bergdorf owns it) that is high-necked and constructed largely out of black silk crêpe—very proper, except that all that occurs between the high-waisted top and the upward scallops of the short A skirt is a layer of nude suntan marquisette. The equally eminent Trigère has provided Saks



Have you seen the 1969 look at Realty Hotels?

New York's famous Barclay, Biltmore, Roosevelt and Commodore... Realty Hotels all... have an exciting new look.

A brand new $22,000,000 worth!

You'll find a lot of exciting changes at Realty Hotels in New York—The New Barclay, New Biltmore, New Roosevelt and New Commodore. A brand new $22,000,000 look. You'll love the luxurious new accommodations, new decor, new restaurants and cocktail lounges. And still the same warm friendly service that is traditional. Fabulous new meeting and convention facilities that are second to none. Not to mention our unsurpassed location, on New York's fashionable East Side.

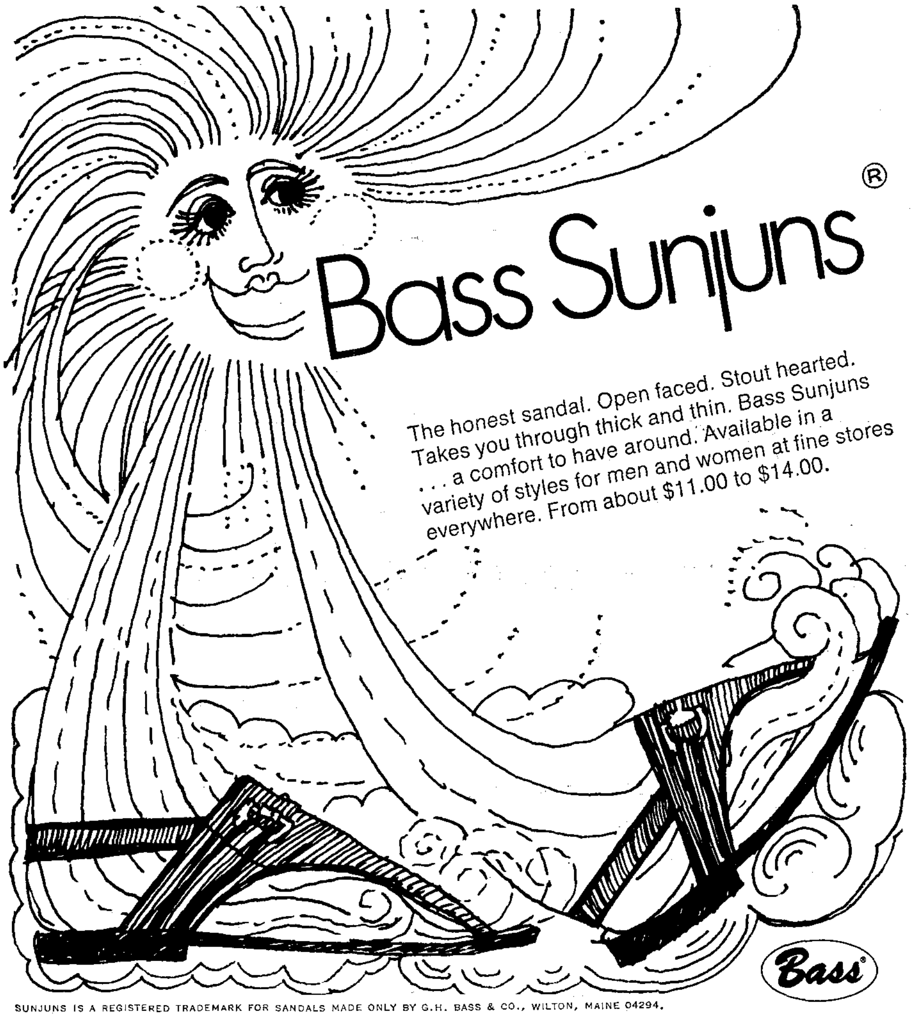
It's only a ten minute *walk* to the corporate headquarters of 63 of the country's top 100 companies. Fifth Avenue shopping. Jewelry District. Banking Center. Theatre District. 70% of the largest ad agencies. And we're sitting right on top of the largest transportation complex in New York.

Next visit to New York, plan to stay with us. You'll see what a difference tradition can make.

Realty-Dial-Direct-Reservation Service lets you make direct reservations *free* from anywhere in the U.S.A.: 800-221-2690. New York State: 800-522-6449. New York City: *Local* 340-2776.

Famous Hotels with Great Tradition

THE BARCLAY
PARK AVENUE AT 48TH STREET
THE BILTMORE
MADISON AVENUE AT 43RD STREET
THE ROOSEVELT
MADISON AVENUE AT 45TH STREET
THE COMMODORE
PARK AVENUE AT
42ND STREET


Bass Sunjuns®
The honest sandal. Open faced. Stout hearted. Takes you through thick and thin. Bass Sunjuns . . . a comfort to have around. Available in a variety of styles for men and women at fine stores everywhere. From about $11.00 to $14.00.
Bass®

SUNJUNS IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK FOR SANDALS MADE ONLY BY G.H. BASS & CO., WILTON, MAINE 04294.

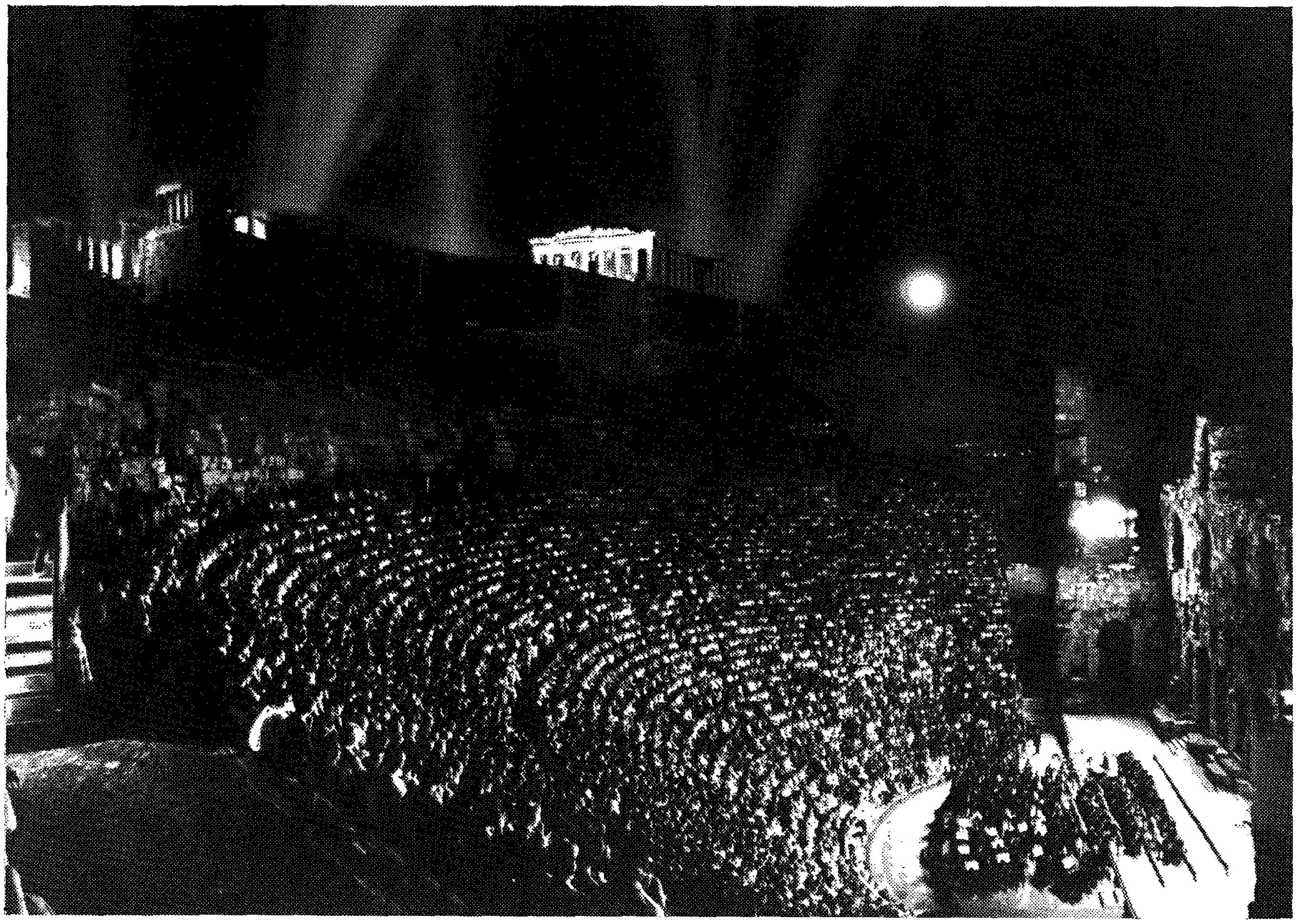
Precious
Play Things
White Stag®
THE WARNACO GROUP

Gussie Dress, $24.00

with a brief two-piece thing of gold-embossed white lace on net; beneath the straight-hanging bolero top exists a bra of the same stuff, lined with nude marquisette, and there are skinny shorts (with the same lining) under the skirt. This bra is a current phase of Trigère; at Evelyn Byrnes' I was shown a Trigère dress of white lace with a wide, accordion-pleated turtleneck, the same bra, and a trimming of raffia at the waist. And Norell checks in at Bonwit with an outfit of Shocking chiffon. The nautch-dancer bolero top is sleeveless and has a deep oval neck; not until well below do we notice that full pants, gathered on a waistband, begin.

Bare skin is not everywhere, but the see-through dress is. I don't like many of its manifestations, but I see my duty as well as see them. For the purpose, a sort of sari silk, called gazar, and light as chiffon, is all about, usually with gold-metal spots on it and usually accompanied by Oriental belts. Lord & Taylor has taken a great shine to the idea, as in a formal Dior dress with a high, rolled neckline and long, full sleeves that end in five-button tight cuffs; the belt is beaded (turquoise, gold, and pastel) and the full skirt is gathered. (Big-hipped women will be happy to know that dirndl and other broad skirts are hereabouts again.) And Parnis chips in with a harem-pants do of the same goods, in green and gold. Back to Evelyn Byrnes' for the yellow chiffon silk, bearing beads of several dimensions, by Jean Louis. This dress is boat-necked, sleeveless, and short. Byrnes also has George Halley's chartreuse-green organza embroidered in a number of hues. The Empire bodice of this dress is all beads. Complete delight, as it should be at $2,700. Jean Louis makes an appearance at Bergdorf with a long dress of gazar silk with medallions of coral raffia upon turquoise raffia all over it. An apron front, a deep oval neck, and quantities of embroidery are the other salient features. A Récamier touch in see-through dresses is the consequence of using French satin ribbon, generally embroidered, and organza in stripes an inch and a half wide. Consider the combining of blue grosgrain ribbon and white and print organza by Andrew Woods for Saks—long, straight sleeves, a blue satin sash, and satin buttons (these up the bodice).

If all this is not enough for the big charity balls, there is the jump suit. (So that you can bail out, parachute or no, if you get into difficulties?) I was most impressed (if I *had* to be impressed in the category) by Tassell's



night and day, the beauty of Greece dazzles the senses!

By day, golden beaches and charming whitewashed island villages . . . sculpture and architecture reaching towards a perfection that gods and men have envied for 2,000 years . . . graceful windmills spinning dreams in their sails.

And when the sun sets, Greece renews herself for an evening of romance and joyous pleasure to match the splendor of the day. Bouzoukis fill the air with gay, sparkling music. Fishermen tip their ouzo glasses and dance like modern Zorbas. In Athens, thousands watch raptly as ancient dramas unfold in the hillside Theater of Herodes Atticus, presided over by the Parthenon in all its timeless majesty.

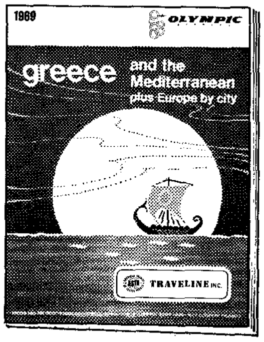
Traveline's new *1969 Cruise & Tour Guide* can take you half-way there! This mini-cyclopedia is up-to-date, comprehensive and fully attuned to the preferences of today's American vacationers. The *Guide* offers all the information you need to plan the perfect trip to Greece, the Eastern Mediterranean and the nations of Western Europe . . . and it's free for the asking!

CRUISES! The *Guide* makes it easy for you to choose a cruise, from 3 days to 18 days. Deck plans, departure dates, itineraries and rates for 25 ships sailing to Greece, the Greek Isles, Israel, Turkey and other colorful regions.

TOURS! The *Guide* has tours for every taste, including 30 outstanding CHAT tours of Greece, tours in other Mediteranean countries, and "Europe by City" packages for the major cities of Western Europe. You'll also find up-to-the-minute facts and travel tips about Greece, Israel, Yugoslavia, Turkey, Egypt, Lebanon and Cyprus.

TRAVELINE'S PACKAGE TOURS TO EUROPE!

All-inclusive tour packages from the U.S.A., with rates based on the lowest possible air fares of the major transatlantic air lines. Write for free folders for these tours: (1) 21 Days in Greece for $499 (2) Italy—14 or 21 Days (3) Spain & Portugal (4) Madeira & Portugal (5) Morocco, Spain & Portugal (6) 21-Day Air/Sea Cruises—Italy & the Mediterranean; France & the Mediterranean (7) Israel & Europe Air Tours—14 to 21 Days (8) Europe on the Town—21 Days (9) Shrines of Europe—14 Days (10) The Holy Land—14 Days.



For further information, see

TRAVELINE, INC.
680 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y: 10019 (212) PL 7-0909

☐ Send me 1969 Cruise & Tour Guide

☐ Send me folders on these package tours (circle tours that interest you):

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

Name ______

Street ______

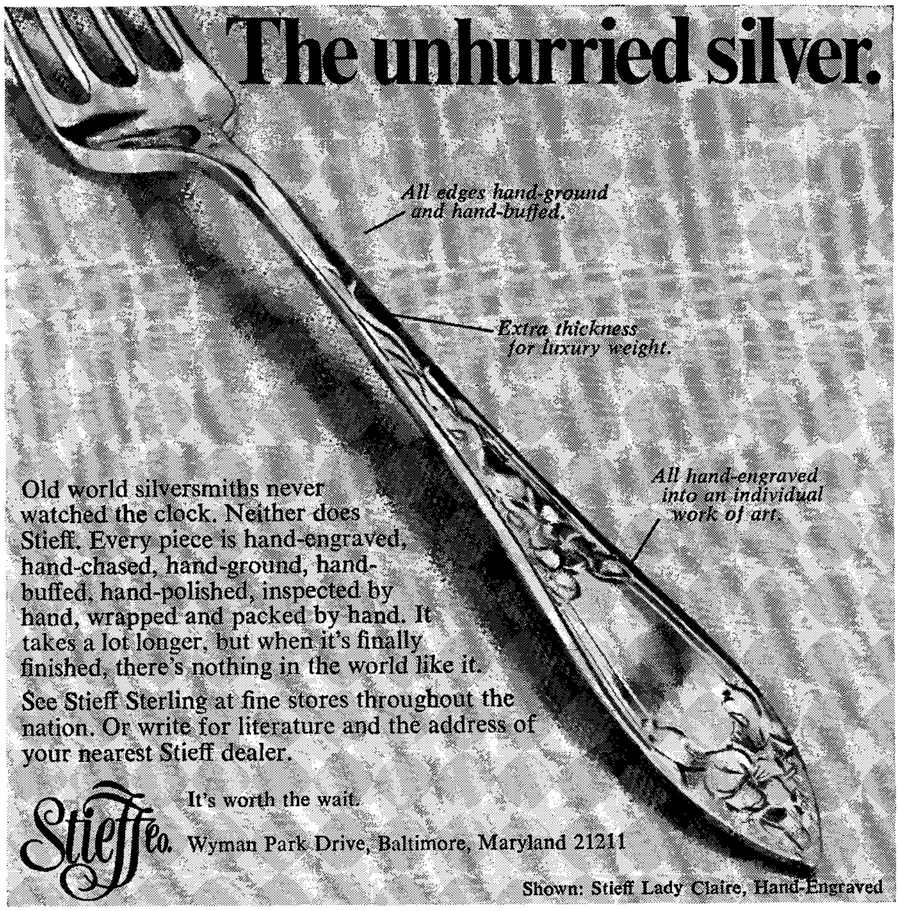
City ______ State ______ Zip ______

the workbench bed

You can have it as you like it, in any length or width you desire. We hand-produce it to your specifications in our workshop under the guidance of skilled craftsmen. Our own creation, The Workbench Bed is made exclusively by us and sold only in our stores. Six-inch, extra-firm foam rubber mattress. Solid platform base. L. 76"—W. 54". In hand-rubbed oiled walnut, $236.50. In oiled teak, $261.50. Other sizes at comparable prices. Send $1.00 for 84-page catalog.

the workbench

Manhattan: In the Village, 46 Greenwich Avenue; Midtown, 241 East 51st Street
Brooklyn Heights: 60 Clinton Street • Manhasset: 1457 Northern Blvd., Miracle Mile
Philadelphia, Pa.: 1709 Walnut Street • Cambridge, Mass.: 36 Brattle Street
Princeton, N.J.: 55 State Road (Rte. 206)



The unhurried silver.
All edges hand-ground and hand-buffed.
Extra thickness for luxury weight.
All hand-engraved into an individual work of art.

Old world silversmiths never watched the clock. Neither does Stieff. Every piece is hand-engraved, hand-chased, hand-ground, hand-buffed, hand-polished, inspected by hand, wrapped and packed by hand. It takes a lot longer, but when it's finally finished, there's nothing in the world like it.

See Stieff Sterling at fine stores throughout the nation. Or write for literature and the address of your nearest Stieff dealer.

It's worth the wait.
Stieff Co. Wyman Park Drive, Baltimore, Maryland 21211

Shown: Stieff Lady Claire, Hand-Engraved

SAVE-BY-THE-SET. From April 14 to June 14, 1969 you can save up to $135.00 on Stieff Sterling. Ask your Stieff dealer for details.

stunt at Bonwit's—a vast pink overskirt of cellophane lace, divided in front, attempts to disguise the fundamental cut of the rig but doesn't.

Still, tradition doesn't give up all that easily. One can turn to Winston's long dress of white wool crêpe (Byrnes) with big rhinestone and crystal butterflies (two front, two back), and a shapely thing it is, too. Byrnes also gathered in Tam's dress of dark-brown silk organza in a blue-white-and-gold print—high neck, no sleeves, and a full, gathered skirt. The huge matching stole looks like a coat with a cape back. Another Byrnes is the white cloqué cotton produced by Bill Blass; the cotton is a mass of orange and pink flowers, the skirt is pleated, and the jacket wears a kimono closing and a karate sort of sash. The sleeves of Tam's silk linen, also at Byrnes', are kimono, and the print is formal flowers (tulips, I *think*) on white. Pants finish this one off. . . . Bloomingdale's Green Room is pleased with a couple of evening stars by Malcolm Starr. One is a seemingly two-piece job of yellow matte jersey with a dirndl skirt and an X of rhinestones at the front of the halter top. The skirt is down to the floor. The other is silk-and-wool in a Paisley print (navy, beige, and gold)—the dress sleeveless, the bolero top beaded, and the long, long skirt flaring. . . . Wilson Folmar's stately column of shiny white cotton brocade, nicely puckered and with a bead belt, is at Lord & Taylor. . . . At Rosette Pennington's hangs a beauty of a chiffon by Modern Couture, in a splashy but subdued print ranging from dark-red to orange and mauve tones. It is long, sleeveless, and boat-necked. Here, too, is Talmack's dress with deep flounces at the base (a hallmark of hers this year). It's of off-white organza with traces of embroidery all over it. . . . Saks' liking for party-pants suits extends to the Parnis versions in vivid prints. The sleeveless ones are likely to sport a V that plunges headlong all the way to a wide amidships sash, and the pants are all wide and straight.

THAT covers the scene, both day and night, as fully as it can be covered, and it is my hope that it will cover you, too. So go and have yourselves a charity ball. —Lois Long

•

Grove Press distributes most of the hard-cover Olympia volumes, and it is but a cop, skip and jump to the bookstands.—*The Times.*

With, of course, the usual brutality.

Enjoy the vintage service of Japan.
All the way to Paris.

JAL takes you to Paris in the nicest way from Honolulu, San Francisco or New York.

The champagne is elegant and French. The hostesses are delightful and Japanese. It's a unique combination. And one of the reasons Japan Air Lines is the finest airline to fly—anywhere.

To Paris, for example. On the way to Europe, you'll enjoy the pleasures of the Orient as a charming hostess cares for you in the gracious Japanese way.

Sample the delicious delicacies of the East as you try your hand at chopsticks. Then select prime roast beef, rare and juicy, from the cart wheeled to your seat. It's all part of Japan Air Lines' First Class service across the Atlantic.

To Paris, London, Frankfurt—or around the world—Japan Air Lines is a unique experience. Combining fine French wines with warm Japanese hospitality is just one way we go about proving it.

JAPAN AIR LINES
official airline for EXPO '70

mini-luggage

From Samsonite. And maxi-choice to go with everything you own.

Swing free with these marvelous little Samsonite Fashion Totes. They'll never hold you back, but they'll hold what you want.

Exciting solids. A splash of patterns. Living colors. One to suit every occasion and every mood. Even if you change like the weather.

Outside pockets. Inside pockets. Zippers. Latches. Stylish loop handles. Beautiful. All made to match regular Samsonite Luggage.

Choose yours today. And make it several. For mini-size, they're maxi-pleasure.

Samsonite® Fashion Totes

More people depend on Samsonite than any other luggage on earth.

Shown: Silhouette® Petite-Tote in Venetian Red $22.95. Silhouette Handi-Totes in Dover White and Biscayne Blue $24.95 each. Fashionaire® "Exotic" Petite-Tote in Wild Gardenia $30.00. Fashionaire "Exotic" Petite-Tote in Aspen Green Tapestry $30.00. "Exotic" Handi-Tote® in Venice Gold $33.00. Samsonite Corporation, Denver, Colorado 80217.

OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

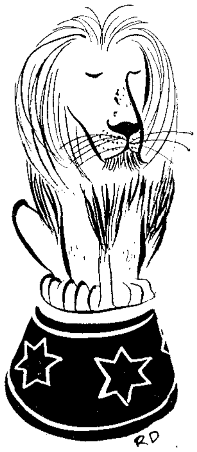
CASALS AT NINETY-TWO

WHEN I was in San Juan recently, I took a taxi out to the Santurce district, where Pablo Casals lives in a house by the sea, to talk with him and see how he is getting on. He is now ninety-two years old. It had been seven years since I last visited him, but I found him little altered. His bearing was as sturdy as ever, and his skin still unwrinkled. His movements, as he walked or gestured, seemed to me a bit more cautious than I remembered, and there may not have been quite as much of a constant charge of energy in his voice, but these were the only changes I could perceive. Casals, a stubborn being from his earliest days, seems just as obdurate in his resistance to the ordinary erosions of time as he has been in his conception of music or in matters of the conscience.

I told him I thought he was looking very well.

He nodded assent and said, "I am well." He smiled, his blue eyes gleaming. "The doctor tells me I am well—and I must believe him, mustn't I? I have a good constitution, for which I am thankful. It's all right. I have my music still. What a great privilege it has been to be a musician! If I had my life to do over again, I would do just the same as I have done—*if* I had the same gift. And I have nature here—so wonderful," he said, invoking, with an unfolding movement of his arms, his garden and the sea beyond. "And friends, of all ages. People visit me and write to me. It's very agreeable. On my birthday last December, I had letters from Europe, from India, from China—from everywhere. I was very moved."

His pipe had gone out. He relit it with a wooden match, drawing in the smoke with satisfaction. When he is asked how much he smokes, he usually replies enthusiastically, "As much as possible."



Our conversation took place in Casals' living room, a pleasant, airy place with white walls and a black-and-white tile floor. Through the open windows drifted the scent of tropical blossoms from the garden, mingled with the pungent tang of the sea. Casals, dressed in slacks and a shirt, open at the throat, was seated on a green sofa, facing the sea. On the wall behind him hung a photograph of the orchestra that had assembled for the first Casals Festival in Puerto Rico, in 1957. It was signed by each of the players. No conductor was to be seen. That season, the orchestra played all its concerts without a conductor, for Casals had suffered a heart attack at its very first rehearsal. The work being rehearsed was the Schubert "Unfinished" Symphony, and for a number of years after Casals had recovered and resumed a busy schedule of performing and conducting, he was leery of that symphony and avoided conducting it. Finally, however, he decided he had to face up to it, like a rider remounting a horse that has thrown him, and in recent years he has conducted it a number of times. He has not suffered another heart attack.

Commenting on that photograph, Casals now told me something I had not heard before—what he thinks brought on his seizure. "It was the emotion I was feeling then," he said. "The emotion, and the memories. Here was an orchestra of *wonderful* musicians, from all over the United States, who had come to me so that we could make music together. And as I went up to the podium I was thinking of my own old orchestra in Barcelona—the Orquestra Pau Casals—whose members had been like my children; we were so close for so many years. I was remembering the last time we had been together. It had been a rehearsal also—for the Beethoven Ninth. We had just finished the third movement when word came from the government that civil war had broken out in Spain and that Barcelona might be attacked at any moment. There would be no concert. I told the men this news. I said I did not know when we would meet again, so I proposed that before we dispersed we do the last movement as our farewell. In one voice, the orchestra cried 'Yes!'" Casals flung up his arms, shouting the word. "And so we did it, while in Spain the nightmare was beginning. Then we parted. Those were the memories in my mind as I went before my new orchestra—and you may imagine how I was feeling. I am sure that was what brought on my attack."

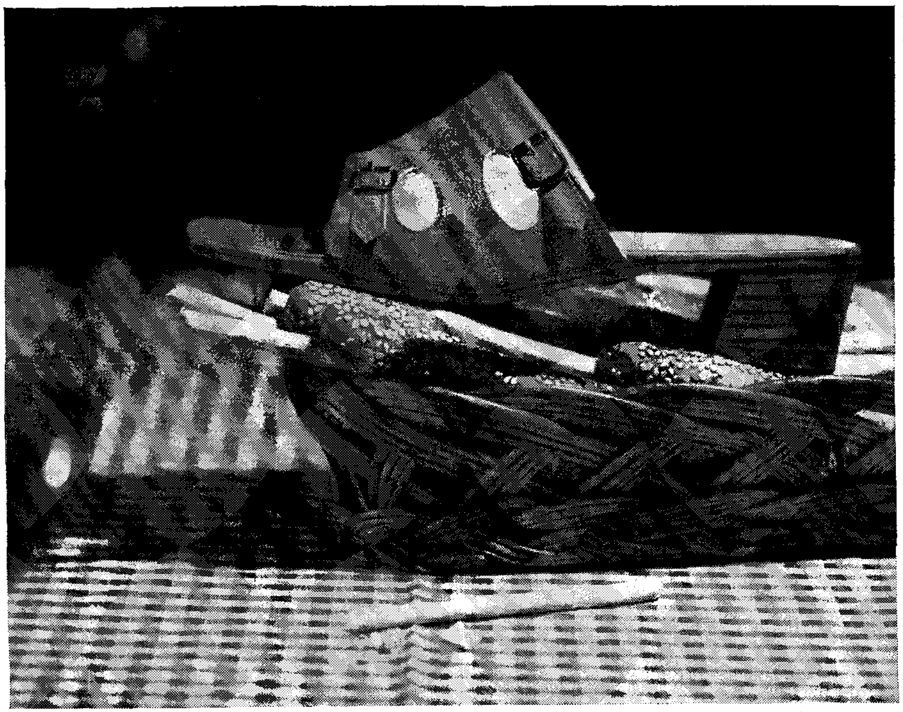
Casals took out a match and lit his pipe again. Drawing on it, he pursued

HURRY
SEND FOR

The "Passport Coat", 'cause the rain in Spain, sun in Scotland can't faze it. By Lawrence of London of double knit worsted jersey in white or navy with red trim, camel with white. Sizes 6 to 14, $110.00. Slightly higher on West Coast.

Elizabeth Arden
691 Fifth Avenue
New York, New York 10022

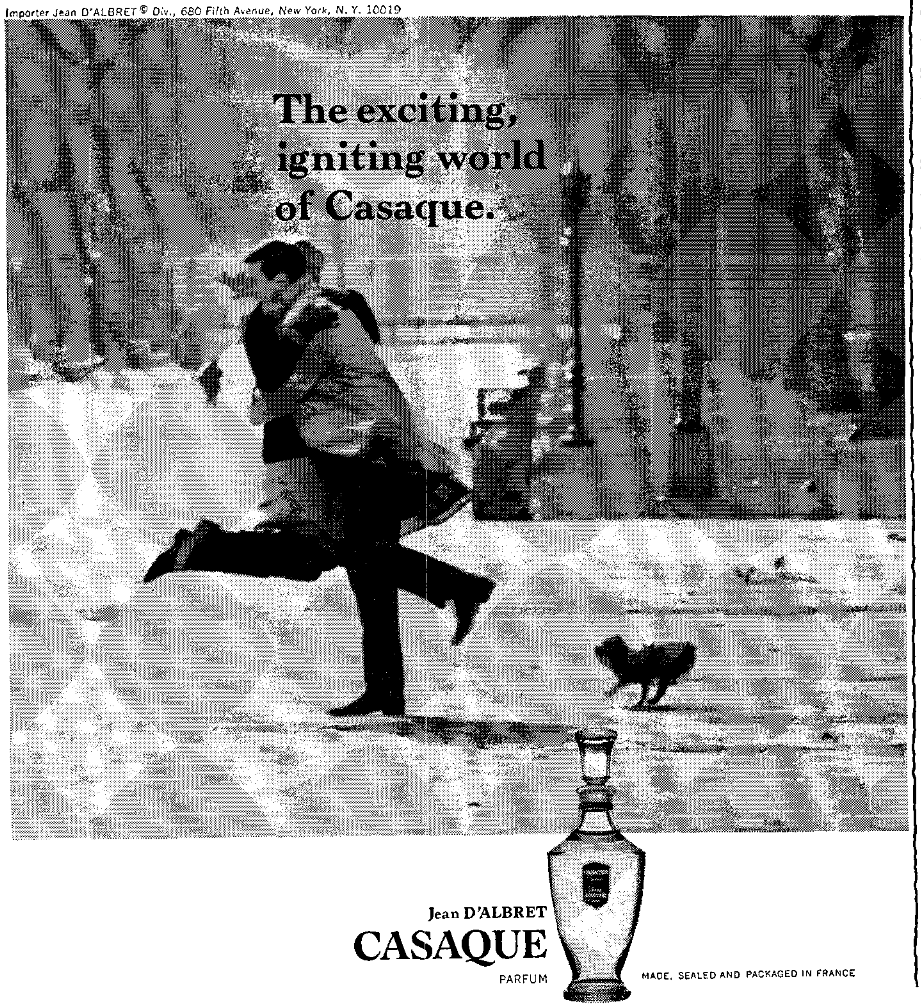
DON'T LOOK FOR Battani® IN THE USUAL PLACES



They spend their time in special shops and boutiques where total greatness is the thing. Where this needs that, and often one special something can start a whole look. Like Battani's "No-Trump," for instance. A cocky, casual, trend-setting sandal in white, pink, blue, yellow, palomino, green leather and black, red, navy, brown patent, about $18. Or, in silver or gold leather, about $20. For the special stores and boutiques near you, write BATTANI, 1407 Broadway, New York City 10018.

You'll find them wherever the nicest clothes hang out.

Importer Jean D'ALBRET © Div., 680 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10019


The exciting, igniting world of Casaque.

Jean D'ALBRET
CASAQUE
PARFUM

MADE, SEALED AND PACKAGED IN FRANCE

his thoughts in silence for a few moments. I looked about the room. A piano was there, with music on a stand beside it, but no cello was to be seen. Casals' cello, a Goffriller made in 1733 in the workshop of Bergonzi, is kept, when he is not using it, in an air-conditioned room—the only such room in the house. Casals, a lover of the natural, does not favor air-conditioning for people, but he concedes the necessity of it for musical instruments, especially stringed ones; his cello would otherwise suffer greatly from the warm, humid seashore atmosphere.

It has been nearly seventy years since Casals made his début, with the Lamoureux Orchestra in Paris—a sensational event that brought him to the attention of the entire world. (The date was November 12, 1899.) He still plays in a masterly way. His next scheduled public performance is to take place sometime next month, when he will join with Yehudi Menuhin, Alexander Schneider, Milton Thomas, and Jesús María Sanromá in the performance of the Brahms Piano Quintet at this year's Casals Festival in San Juan. Musicians who have recently heard him play speak with incredulity of his persistent powers—the accuracy of his intonation and the authority with which he shapes a passage. No other string player has ever enjoyed such professional longevity. Of the strings, the cello is especially demanding, because of its size; to play it well requires great strength as well as musicianship, dexterity, and exquisite precision of ear. As conscientiously as an aspiring beginner, Casals still applies himself to the regular routines of practice.

"Oh, yes, I have to practice still," he told me. "Of course! I do my scales, my arpeggios, my double-stops. And then I do a Bach suite."

"How often do you do this?" I asked.

"Every day," he replied firmly. "Every day."

He may go on to practice some other composition as well, but for him playing one of Bach's suites is both a daily devotion and a necessity. These works have had a special significance for Casals ever since, as a boy, he stopped in front of a music-shop window in Barcelona and saw therein a volume entitled "Six Suites for Violoncello Solo," by Johann Sebastian Bach. The suites were then little known and not highly regarded. Casals was the first cellist to play an entire suite at a concert, rather than just a movement. He has been exploring the suites for al-

Bed Voyage. The dreamy way to see Europe.

While you sleep on our great European trains, they're taking you right to the heart of town. Steps away from business or pleasure.

Our sleeping cars combine old world charm with new world efficiency. After a day or so of sightseeing, check into a spacious single, double or triple (tourist class) compartment. Kick off your shoes. Relax. Relive today. Dream of tomorrow.

No distractions. Except from the scenery outside your great glass windows. Dine on continental cuisine in our luxurious dining cars. Then snuggle into the bed already made up by your steward, who'll pamper you, from the minute he stows your luggage out of sight in your room. 'Til he wishes you bon voyage.

Read a bit. Or turn off the world and let the stars twinkling over a mountain or reflected in a silver sea lull you to sleep.

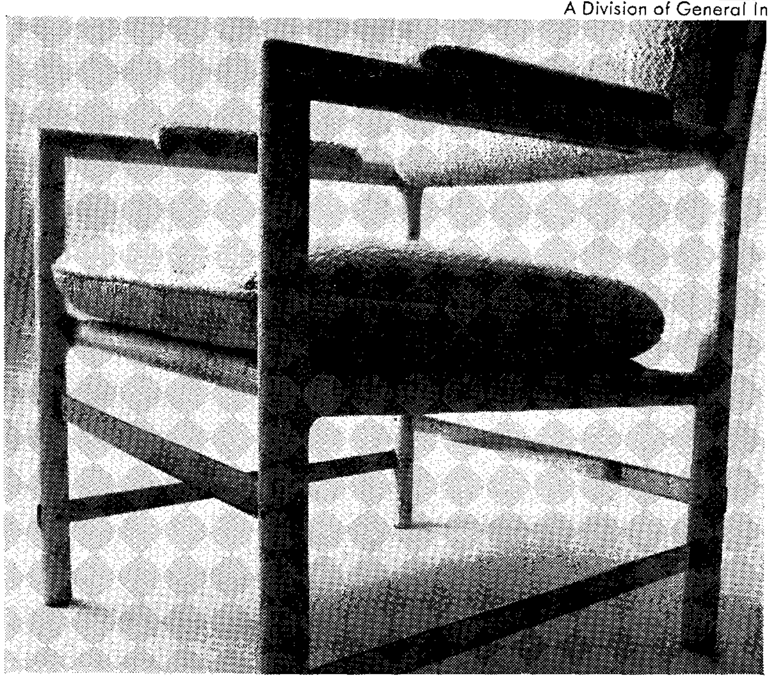
While you dream your way to your next city… your steward will take care of passport checks at border stops. And while you're sleeping—your car can sleep too. On the special car transport attached to your train. The next morning you're there. Because our trains travel fast, (over 100 mph) you arrive on time.

Weather or not.

It's no wonder the right way to see Europe is by railway. On any one of the hundreds of European trains that are just a good night's sleep away from anywhere in Europe.

Your travel agent has all the information on Bed and Bon Voyage on European trains. And ask him about the money saving travel plans offered to Americans by European railroads—including Eurailpass, Eurailtariff, Eurailgroup, BritRail Pass and British ThriftRail Coupons. For further information, write: European Railroads. Dept.S10, Box 65, Madison Square Station, New York, N. Y. 10010

DUNBAR®
A Division of General Interiors



EDWARD'S CHAIR
A DESIGN EXPERIENCE,
IN STEEL, WOOD AND WOOL.

For a copy of the DUNBAR BOOK OF DESIGNS, send $3 to Dunbar Furniture Corp., Berne, Indiana.
Showrooms: New York, Atlanta, Berne, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver,
Kansas City, Miami, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle.

Altogether, now...the bra and slip combined into one lacy nylon figure-shaper. Olga gives it fit with hidden shell cups, adds light security with **Lycra*** spandex to hug the back. In white and un-pale pastels, Sizes 32 to 36, A-B...13.00. At stores with fashion spirit.

*DuPont's Reg. T.M.

behind every
OLGA®
there really is an Olga

most eighty years. He says he never expects to plumb their depths.

CASALS’ daily routine in Puerto Rico, I learned, is much what it was when I saw him last. He rises at seven and takes a walk with his wife and their two Great Danes in the garden or along the shore. After that, the morning is given over to working at the cello and to composing. A nap follows lunch. The rest of the afternoon is devoted to answering letters and receiving visitors. In the evening, he reads or looks at television. Occasionally, he dines out. On the day I was there, Casals and his wife were going to dine with Boris Kroyt, the violist of the Budapest Quartet, who was in Puerto Rico convalescing from an operation. Casals spoke to me appreciatively of what the Budapest has meant to music. Time has taken its toll of the quartet. Kroyt is seventy-one. The cellist, Mischa Schneider, is sixty-five, and for the last few years has been handicapped by a severe sciatic condition. Joseph Roisman, the first violinist, is sixty-eight, and has retired from professional life. The most active member of the group is the second violinist, Alexander (Sasha) Schneider, who was sixty a few months ago. A man of enormous vitality, he continues to pursue careers enough for four ordinary men. The Budapest actually played its last concert three years ago, and last year it officially took the decision to disband rather than replenish itself with replacements—with new, young talented Jews from Eastern Europe, as the pattern had been. “It is sad to think that the Budapest will be heard no more,” Casals said, shaking his head.

In the past few years, there have been some alterations in the general pattern of Casals’ life. The Prades Festival, in which he used to be the dominant figure every summer, no longer exists. In 1950, when that festival was inaugurated, Prades, a village in the French Pyrenees, not far from the Spanish border, had long been his home, the place of his exile from Franco’s Spain. The festival served the purpose of permitting Casals, who had abjured the concert stage in protest against the world’s acceptance of the Franco regime, to return to making music, and in a context that somehow dramatized anew his moral position. As time went on, the festival’s character of symbolic protest could not help diminishing. The world obviously had no intention of unseating Franco, no matter how much it applauded Casals. It

© Clairol Inc. 1969 *TM

If you can't beat'em, join'em.

Any girl so darn sure of herself, she'd wrap her hair about her throat the way she would jewels or furs, you have to hate. Unless, of course, you're that sure of yourself, too.

If you're not, we can give you a little inside dope which you may be able to use to your advantage.

That's not her own hair color. It's ours.

That's Clairol® Creme Toner* No. 9A Towhead® she's used on her pre-lightened hair. (And that's Clairol lip color and make-up just for blondes on her lips and skin.)

Only Clairol Creme Toner gives a girl 32 pale delicate shades to choose from. Which is the reason a Creme Toner shade always seems to belong to the girl wearing it.

Hate is just a big fat waste of time. You, too, can be obnoxiously secure. Join the Clairol Creme Toner blondes.

The 32 Clairol Creme Toner Blondes

CLUB 92

At last they're here. Gallant young clothes up to the Aquascutum standard. All styled for right now. If you're young—or if you just feel young—come join the club. At 100 Regent Street, London and fine stores throughout America. Enquiries, 2 East 37 St., New York. MU5-9570.

CLUB 92 CLOTHES
BY AQUASCUTUM OF LONDON

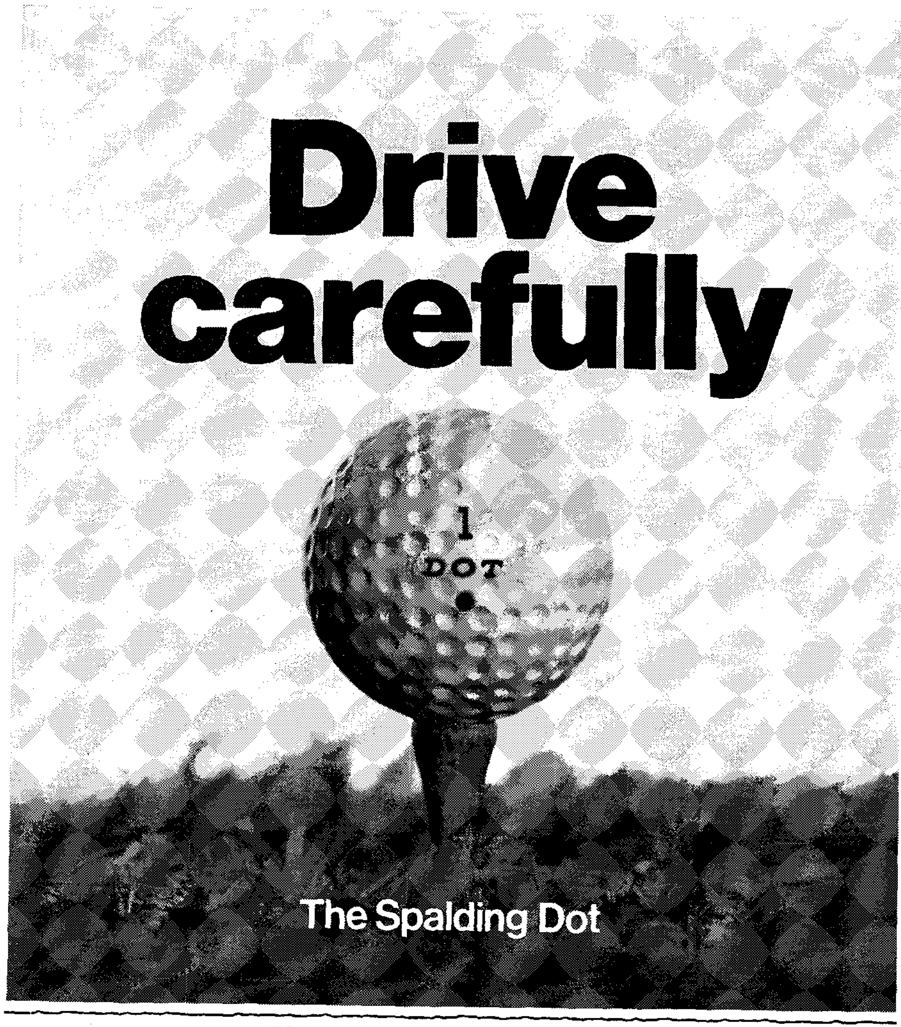
was disheartening. Meanwhile, Prades had ceased to be Casals' home; in 1956 he took up residence in Puerto Rico, his mother's birthplace. Moreover, as he grew older he began to find the demands of the Prades Festival increasingly taxing, despite his formidable constitution, for the audience expected him to perform at nearly every one of the concerts. So two years ago, at the age of ninety, he decided to call a halt to the Prades Festival. Now he participates in Puerto Rico's Casals Festival in the late spring, and he likes to spend the summer conducting and teaching at the Marlboro Music Festival, in the hills of Vermont. He finds the atmosphere of the Marlboro festival, which is under the direction of his close friend Rudolf Serkin, extremely congenial. There, he associates both with splendid young performers and with distinguished older ones, who have come together to make music pretty much for the sheer joy of doing so. There is no place in the world quite like Marlboro, Casals feels. He calls it "a temple of music." Another demand on Casals' time in recent years has come in the form of increasingly frequent requests from all over the world to conduct his oratorio "El Pessebre." Casals composed "El Pessebre" ("The Crèche") in 1943-44, to a Catalan text. It was first performed in Acapulco in 1960, with Casals conducting. Since then, he has conducted it forty-five times—in Europe, the United States, and South America. This August, he will conduct it in Israel. He believes that the work carries a message of peace to mankind.

The oratorio is composed in the traditional language of nineteenth-century music, with no trace of avant-garde experimentation. "I compose the way I feel—with the heart, not the head," Casals told me. At Marlboro, Casals hears a fair amount of contemporary music. Leon Kirchner, the composer who won a Pulitzer Prize in 1967 for a work combining electronic effects with a live string quartet, has been in residence there for several summers, doing his best to encourage the exploration of new music. Casals attends the concerts and listens to the modern compositions, but remains unconvinced. He is unlikely to change his views at this late date. "These composers are without doubt fine musicians, but what they compose is, alas, not music," he said during my visit. "It is some other form of sound. I don't know what one should call it—anti-music, perhaps." He shrugged and made a wry face. "Yes, Stravinsky is a splendid musi-

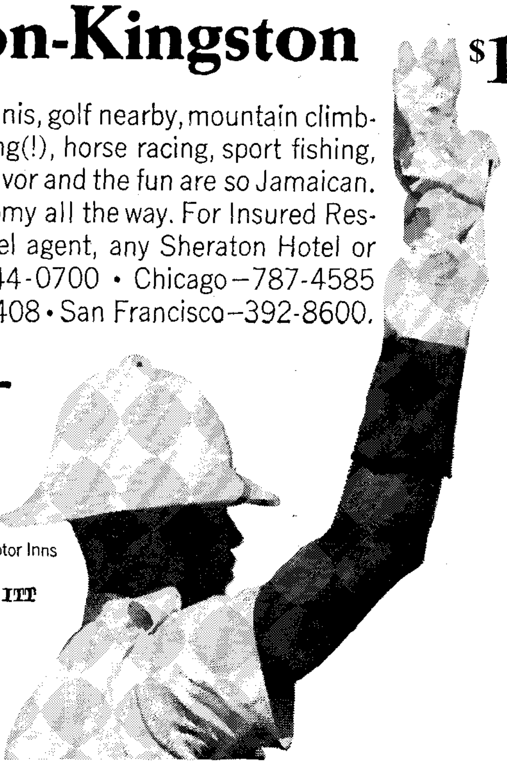
Plan your Spring vacation at The Homestead where you're challenged by three 18-hole championship golf courses . . . and rewarded by all the pleasures of one of the world's great resorts. Ride our 200 miles of trails, fish a private trout stream, shoot skeet, play tennis, top off your swim with a rubdown at the spa. And the evening's delights are still to come: cosmopolitan cuisine, music, dancing, first-run cinema. Write for full details.

THE
HOMESTEAD
HOT SPRINGS, *Virginia 24445*

Daily flights by Piedmont from New York, Washington, Atlanta and Cincinnati



In Jamaica, Sheraton has a wonderfully fine hotel, the Sheraton-Kingston



$11.50 PER PERSON, PER DAY, TWIN ROOM, THRU DEC. 15

Splashy big pool, tennis, golf nearby, mountain climbing, crocodile hunting(!), horse racing, sport fishing, exotic dining. The flavor and the fun are so Jamaican. But the rate is economy all the way. For Insured Reservations see a travel agent, any Sheraton Hotel or in New York call 244-0700 • Chicago–787-4585 Los Angeles–382-8408 • San Francisco–392-8600.

Sheraton-Kingston Hotel
KINGSTON • JAMAICA

Sheraton Hotels and Motor Inns in Major Cities.
A Worldwide Service of ITT

cian," he went on. "Schoenberg—he was a *wonderful* musician. But, you see, Schoenberg— I put it this way—Schoenberg wanted to see if there was something on the other side of the medal. So he went in the direction he did. But what he did wasn't right—I mean, morally. He had pupils who believed in him, and he led them astray—he led them away from music. I saw him very close to his death—only months before. He was an unhappy man. And I am sure that it was on account of that—of what he had done."

WE were joined at this point by Casals' wife, Marta, a handsome, dark-haired woman, who is exactly sixty years younger than her husband. The three of us chatted awhile. I asked whether Casals, after such a long and full life, was left with any unfulfilled ambitions.

"Yes," said Marta Casals.

"No," said Casals. "I am happy just doing what I am doing."

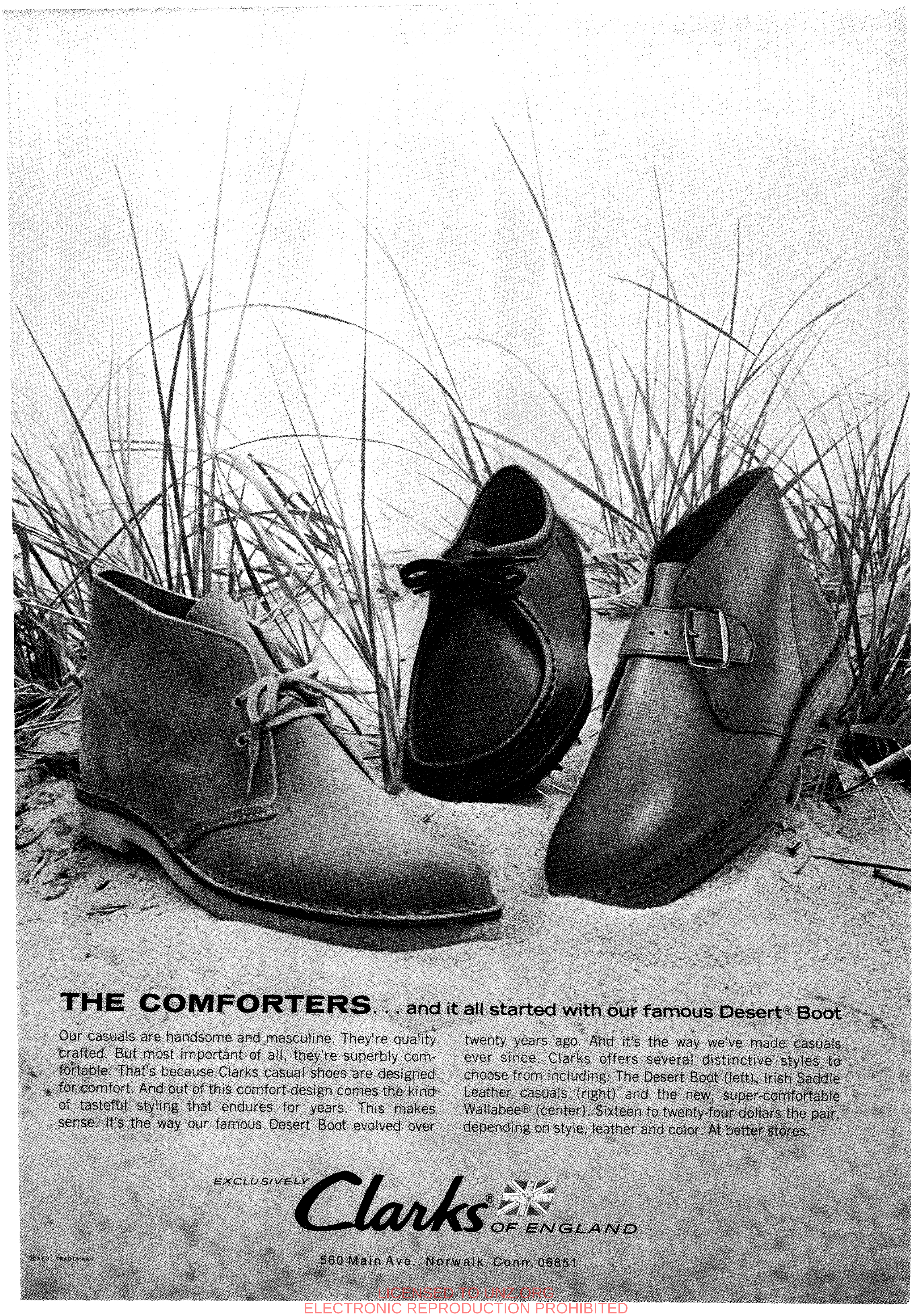
Mrs. Casals laughed. "Oh, *that's* not so at all," she told him. She is forthright and cheerful, and, for all her admiration of the great man to whom she has now been married for twelve years, does not seem at all awed by him. "Many times you say, 'I wish to see this or that arranged before I am gone.' You say you wish to teach this or that, you wish to continue your crusade for peace, you wish to conduct such and such a work."

"No," Casals said stubbornly. "I have conducted all the big things—the two Passions, Beethoven, Schubert, Brahms." Turning to me, he went on, "I used to give every year with my orchestra in Barcelona all the Beethoven symphonies, all the Brahms symphonies, and, when circumstances permitted, the two Passions. *This* is music—for all, and forever."

Mrs. Casals said, "Yes, *but*—"

At that moment, the doorbell rang and she went to answer it. When she returned, she spoke in Catalan to Casals. He replied, in English, "All right—why not?" With that, he got up and went out of the room, walking slowly, with rather stiff, small steps. Though he is of sturdy build, he is not a large man. It always comes as something of a surprise, after one has been talking with him, to see him from a distance and be reminded that he is less than a giant.

As he went, Mrs. Casals explained to me, "It's a visitor—a young man from Argentina, who asks to have a word



THE COMFORTERS. . . and it all started with our famous Desert® Boot

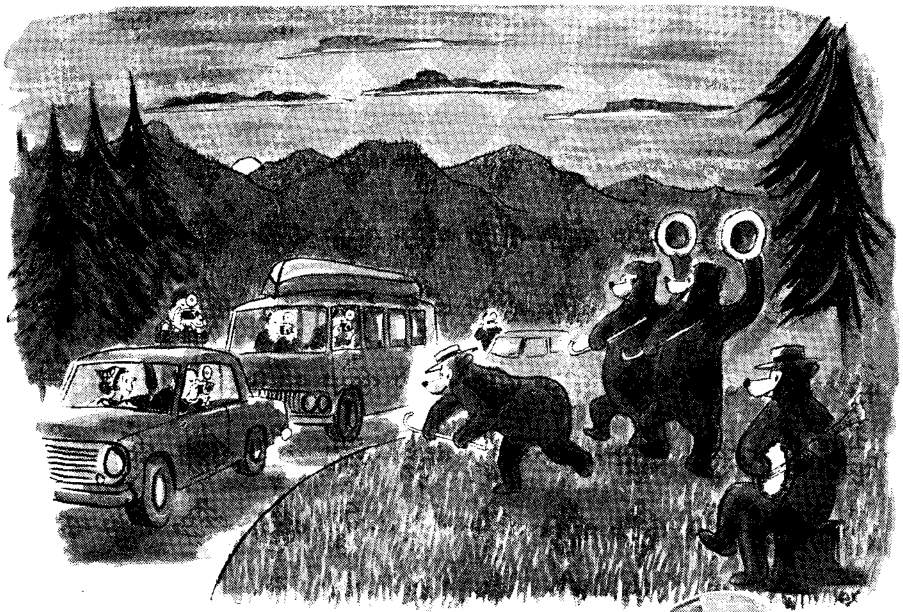
Our casuals are handsome and masculine. They're quality crafted. But most important of all, they're superbly comfortable. That's because Clarks casual shoes are designed for comfort. And out of this comfort-design comes the kind of tasteful styling that endures for years. This makes sense. It's the way our famous Desert Boot evolved over twenty years ago. And it's the way we've made casuals ever since. Clarks offers several distinctive styles to choose from including: The Desert Boot (left), Irish Saddle Leather casuals (right) and the new, super-comfortable Wallabee® (center). Sixteen to twenty-four dollars the pair, depending on style, leather and color. At better stores.

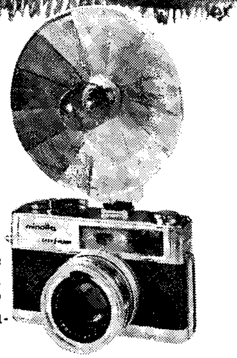
EXCLUSIVELY
Clarks®
OF ENGLAND

®REG. TRADEMARK

560 Main Ave., Norwalk, Conn. 06851

(*Advertisement*)

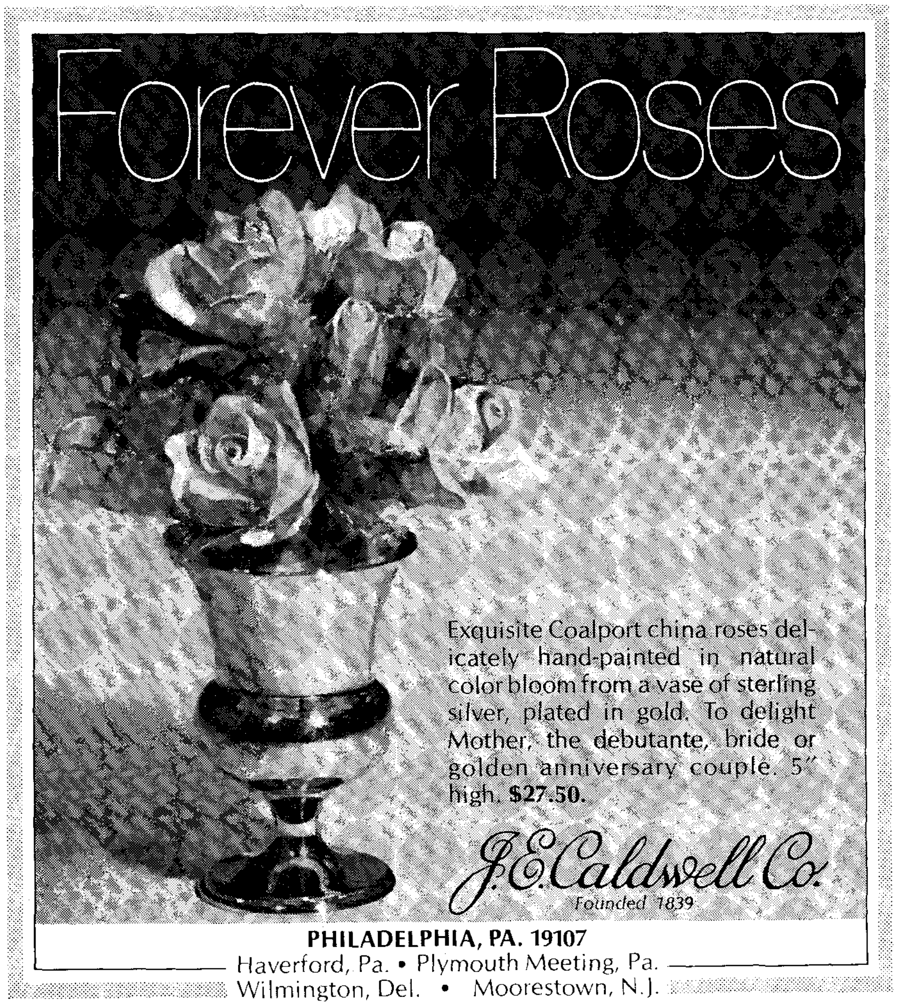




*"We're in luck tonight.
They've all got Minolta Hi-matic 9's
with 'easy flash.'"*

So when the sun goes down and the curtain goes up the cameras won't miss a step. Because "easy flash" tells you when the flash exposure is right. And you can use the Hi-matic 9 35mm rangefinder automatically, semi-automatically, or manually. For under $110 plus case.

MINOLTA—write for brochures to 200 Park Ave. South, N.Y., N.Y. 10003



Forever Roses

Exquisite Coalport china roses delicately hand-painted in natural color bloom from a vase of sterling silver, plated in gold. To delight Mother, the debutante, bride or golden anniversary couple. 5" high. **$27.50.**

J. E. Caldwell Co.
Founded 1839

PHILADELPHIA, PA. 19107
Haverford, Pa. • Plymouth Meeting, Pa.
Wilmington, Del. • Moorestown, N.J.

with him and would like his autograph."

"Does this occur often?" I asked.

"All the time," she replied.

Mrs. Casals is herself a cellist, and has taught the instrument. As a girl, she was a pupil of Casals.

I asked her if she noticed any change in Casals' playing with the passage of time.

"Not really," she said. "Every day, I listen, and I'm always amazed. It's a marvel to me the way he—well, the way he can just *play*. It's fantastic. Such ease, and not the least bit of trembling! And in tune! Sasha Schneider and Kroyt and the others were here on his birthday, and he was playing. Sasha said to him, 'It's not humanly possible to play like this at your age. You're not natural.' And he replied indignantly, 'What do you mean I'm not natural?'" She laughed.

Shortly afterward, Casals returned, resumed his seat on the sofa, and once more relit his pipe. "That was a very nice young man, that Argentine," he remarked.

"Yesterday we had a visitor from Spain," Mrs. Casals told me.

"Things have become very bad in Spain again now," Casals said, looking gloomy.

Mrs. Casals said, "Just when it had seemed that things were getting better and people were beginning to relax and have some hope, then *wham!* Franco cracked down again."

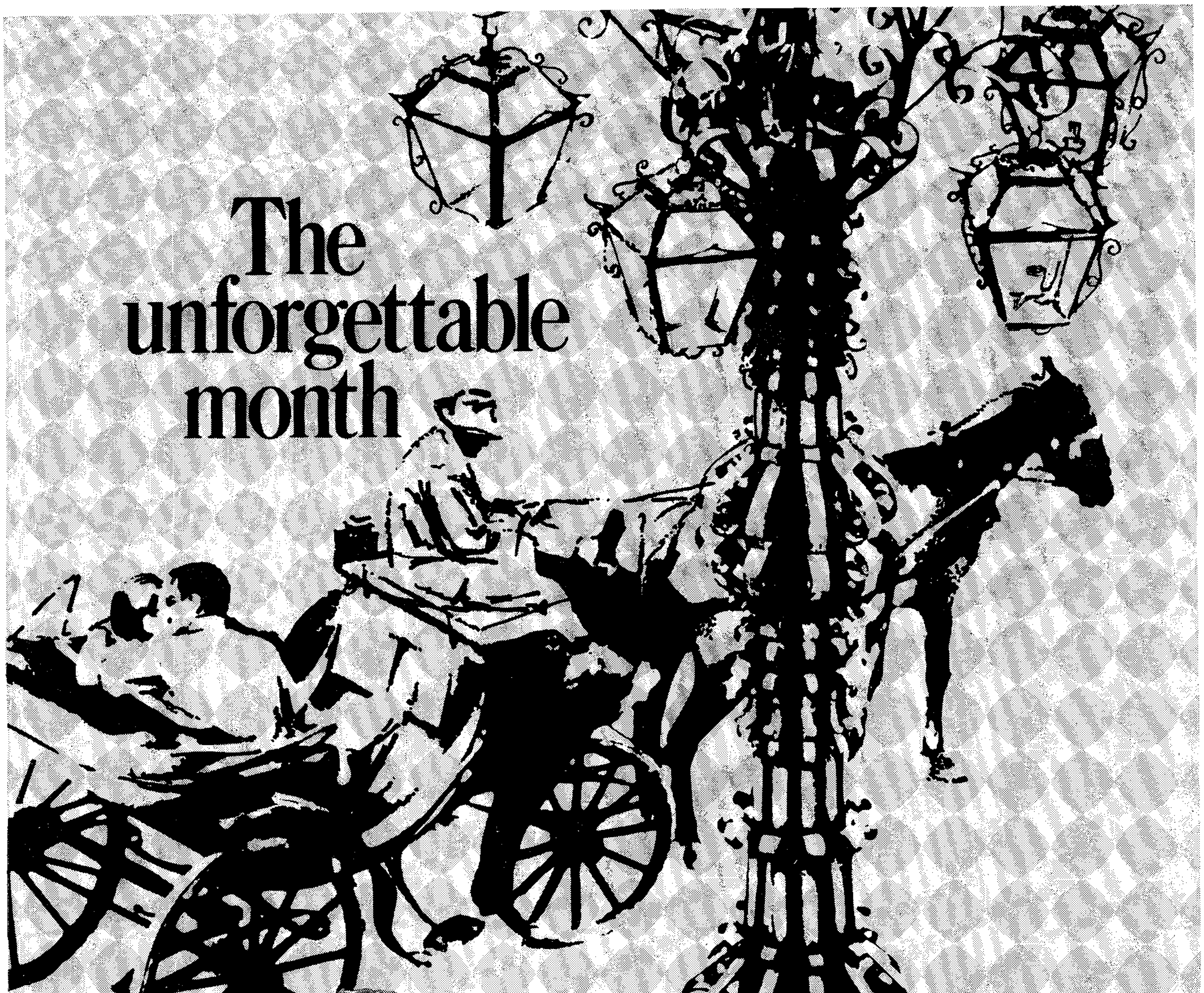
"This man who was here yesterday is pro-Franco," Casals said. "He knows Franco very well, and the situation very well. I was, naturally, extremely interested. He told me many things I didn't know. Of course, as he told it, everything was good on the part of Franco, and everything was bad on the part of the people. But still I wished to hear what he had to say, because I need to know—I love to know. And he said, this man who was here yesterday, that Franco"—Casals paused slightly, taking a barely noticeable but very effective retard—"loves me." He chuckled. "Yes, that he loves me and has great respect for me."

"How do you like that!" said Mrs. Casals.

I said I was very much surprised.

Casals said, "Well, Franco is without doubt an extraordinary man. *Extraordinary!*"

As he went on to talk of Franco, his voice deepened and seemed charged once more with energy, and with intense emotion as well. It is as if he were engaged in a personal contest with Franco. Once, in France, some



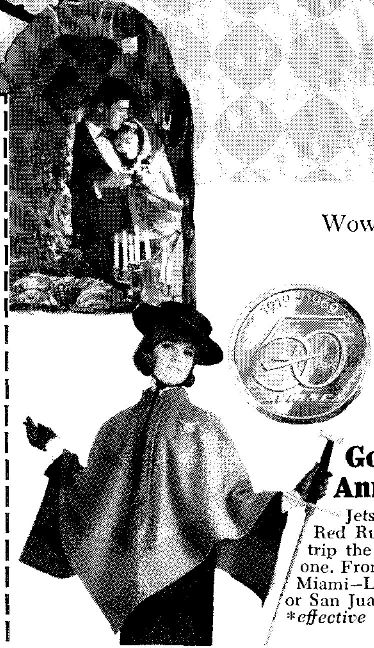
The unforgettable month

MAIL TO AVIANCA
6 W. 49th St., N. Y. 10020
586-6041
Send Jet Tour folders checked:

☐ **13,000 Miles, 11 Worlds** 31 day tour. Colombia, the Amazon, lost Inca cities. $1230.
☐ **South America Adventure** 14 days to Colombia, Ecuador, Perú—up to 29 days to 9 countries. $349 to $849.
☐ **South America Highlights** 10 to 30 days, almost all of South America. $238 to $1018.
☐ **Olé Tour** 22 to 29 days, seven countries, the Inca ruins. $515 to $725.
☐ **Latin America Plus** tours filled with archeology, arts and crafts, city life, colonial idylls. 17 to 47 days, $568 to $1598.
☐ **Photographer's Special** for the camera hobbyist. All South America. 23 or 25 days, $1195 or $1475.

All tours, airfares extra.

name ________
street ________
city ________
state ________
zip ________
NY 4-19



Wow! Start in Bogotá, our lively gateway to all South America. (Where people visit on business and stay on for pleasure.) Two days hitting the high spots, then you're off exploring South America like a conquistador. From Inca Lost City to Sugar Loaf. Lima's Inquisition Palace to incredible Brasilia. Buenos Aires, lake steamers—and Caracas afterdark. The romantic 30 days ($875* plus jetfare).

*Other tours as low as $192 plus airfare.

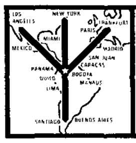
Golden Anniversary

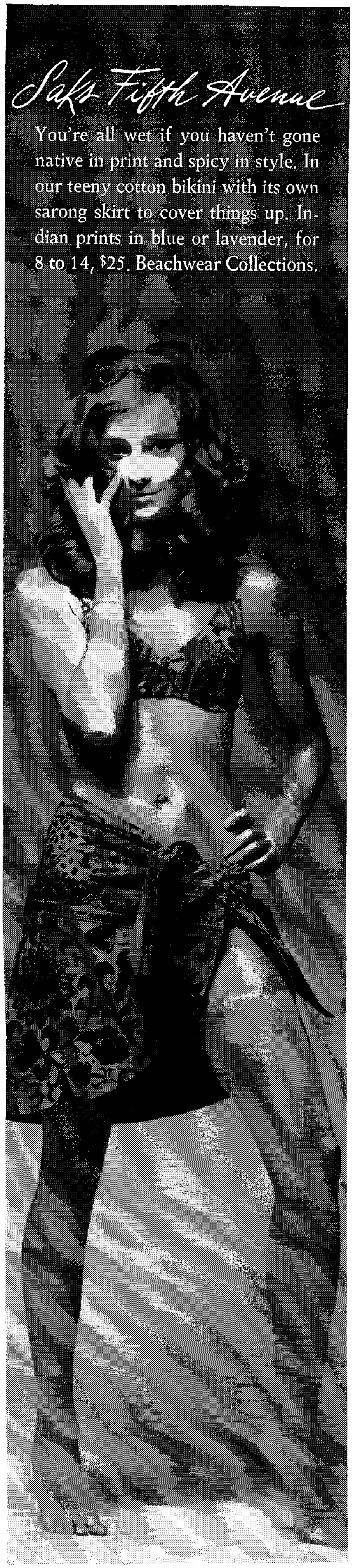
Jets with our girls in the Red Ruana® make your trip the memorable one. From New York or Miami–Los Angeles* or San Juan.
**effective June 1.*

Since 1919
AVIANCA
FIRST AIRLINE IN THE AMERICAS

The airline that makes South America easy.

Call your travel agent or Avianca. New York: 586-6041 • *Miami:* 377-8866 • *Los Angeles:* 626-4306
Boston • Chicago • Detroit • Houston • Philadelphia • San Francisco • Washington, D.C. • Toronto
Credit Cards or Pay Later Plan • Standard Ticketing. For Avianca's full-length book, "Travel Guide to Colombia," send $1 to Interplan Publishing Inc., P.O. Box 921, Port Washington, New York 11050.




Saks Fifth Avenue

You're all wet if you haven't gone native in print and spicy in style. In our teeny cotton bikini with its own sarong skirt to cover things up. Indian prints in blue or lavender, for 8 to 14, $25. Beachwear Collections.

years ago, an official suggested to Casals that he give up his Spanish passport. Casals refused, and asserted that Franco should give up *his* passport. In that haughty assertion was implicit the suggestion that wherever Casals settled in his exile, there would be the true Spain. I sometimes think, when I listen to Casals on this subject, that one explanation of his longevity may be a determination—if nothing else avails—simply to outlive Franco. He was speaking now of Franco's mastery of the art of unscrupulous expediency. "Look at what he has been able to do. First he betrayed the monarchy. Then he betrayed the Republic. Then he asked the help of Hitler and Mussolini, and he had it. Then he was the first to see that Mussolini and Hitler would lose the war—the *first*—and instead of saying, 'Thank you for what you have done for me,' he betrayed them, too. And then, after all that, he managed to end up getting help from the United States. And he is still getting it. That was wrong of the United States—wrong. I said that to President Kennedy. And he answered, 'You are right. You are right, but you know that a President cannot always do what he would like to do.' "

I looked at my watch. It was nearly six, and time for me to leave, so I stood up, preparing to go.

"You'll come again, won't you?" Casals asked.

"Of course," I said. "I'm looking forward to your hundredth birthday celebration. Do you think you might play a recital then?"

"Well, I think I might," he said jauntily. "I think I could do something. Something short, perhaps."

"What I expect you'll do is play all six Bach suites," I said.

He shook a finger at me. "The Bach suites—" he said, his countenance grave. "This is another thing entirely."

—BERNARD TAPER

•

DEAR HELOISE:

For the past many years I've huffed and puffed when struggling with rubbers and overshoes, both for my plum self, and wriggling, spaghetti-legged youngsters.

No more!

I now put the shoes inside of
cream of chicken over certain
vegetables. Mushroom soup is
the rain boots first, then step
is good with peas.
in the shoes. Sure is easier.

H.H.

—*Nyack* (*N.Y.*) *Rockland County Journal-News.*

Well, that's the main thing.

USSR and Eastern Europe

GO MAUPINTOUR AND LEAVE ALL YOUR CARES AT HOME! GET MORE FOR YOUR MONEY ON ESCORTED ADVENTURES! Why go it alone and take potluck? Go Maupintour instead to be sure. Have fun sharing new adventures and being an *expected* guest.

ASK FOR THESE NEW 1969 MAUPINTOUR FOLDERS:

☐ **CAPITALS / RUSSIA / EAST EUROPE.** 21 days. Moscow, Leningrad, Sofia, Budapest, Bucharest, Prague, Warsaw, Berlin. Wkly. $898.

☐ **BALTIC/BLACK SEA CIRCLE.** 21 days. Comprehensive USSR plus Helsinki, Prague, Warsaw, Berlin. Summer, $1048.

☐ **EASTERN EUROPE ADVENTURE.** Ninth annual Grand Life-seeing Tour by motorcoach. 40 days, $1778. 59 days, $2529.

☐ **DALMATIA / BALKANS.** 21 days. Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia. May to Aug., $998.

☐ **SAMARKAND ORIENTAL RUSSIA.** 21 days. Exotic! $1133.

ASK YOUR TRAVEL AGENT for folders or write Maupintour, 270 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017.

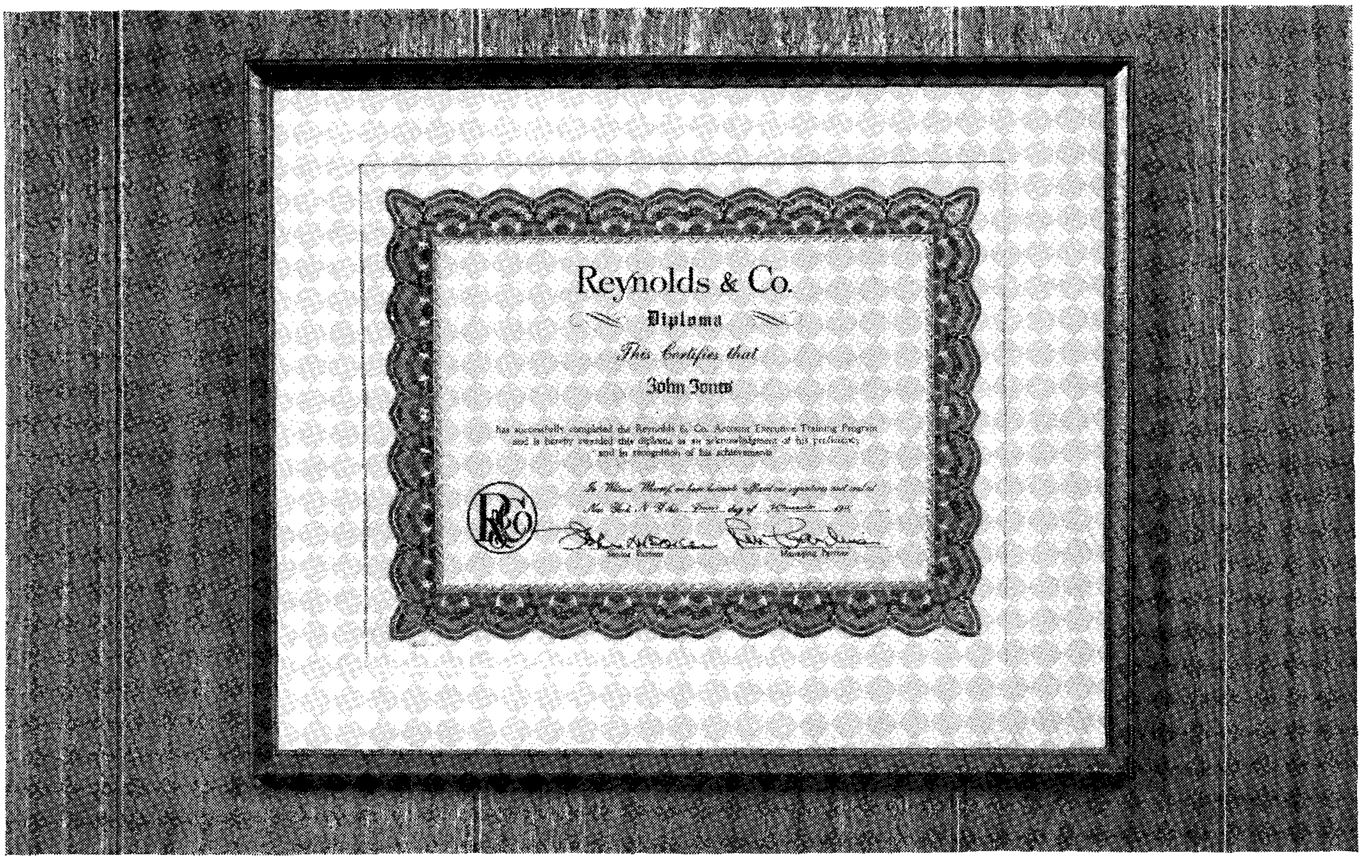
Maupintour

standard of travel excellence

Giambelli
50th
RISTORANTE ULTIMO
GOURMET ITALIAN CUISINE
Banquet Facilities
Luncheon • Cocktails
Dinner
46 EAST 50th STREET
MU 8-2760
Diner's Club
American Express

HOTEL Meurice
145 WEST 58th STREET
NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

Centrally located two blocks off Fifth Ave. Around the corner from Central Park. Unusually large, tastefully furnished accommodations. Singles from $13.00. Doubles from $19.00. Suites from $20.00.
Air Conditioned
212-247-7440



Reynolds & Co.

Diploma

This Certifies that

John Jones

has successfully completed the Reynolds & Co. Account Executive Training Program and is hereby awarded this diploma as an acknowledgment of his proficiency and in recognition of his achievements

Reynolds is a "Bachelor of Stocks" degree!

That's how we think of it—but call it what you will.

All we know is that you have to work like the devil to get one.

More than 29 weeks in one of the toughest, longest, and most demanding training programs for Account Executives that we know about in the securities business.

That's *if* you get in.

We purposely limit all of our classes to a top enrollment of 35—and those 35 are screened down from more than 500 of the most highly qualified candidates we can find.

College grads nearly all.

From ex-colonels and fighter pilots, to engineers, professors, sales executives, bank officers.

And the 35 we finally select come really ready to learn—

> About this business of stocks and bonds . . .
>
> About how Reynolds insists that business be conducted for the benefit of our customers.

And they do learn.

They start out right on the firing line in some Reynolds office—spend their first ten weeks absorbing fundamental principles of Securities Laws and New York Stock Exchange Regulations; seeing just how they dovetail with the firm's facilities, policies, and procedures in the practical handling of everyday business.

Then it's on to New York for 16 weeks of formal classes from 9 to 5—plus plenty of homework each night.

Sixteen weeks covering 30 different subjects from corporate finance and technical market analysis to the money market and taxation—from municipal bonds, underwriting, and commodities, to mutual funds, margin accounts, puts, calls, over-the-counter markets—you name it.

These are the weeks when they really get to know Reynolds—and we really get to know them.

Because outside of just four truly specialized courses, these subjects are all taught by as many as 40 of Reynolds' top partners, department managers—key people in *every* area that can contribute most to that "Bachelor of Stocks" degree from Reynolds.

Finish *those* 16 weeks successfully and they're thoroughly prepared for the stringent examinations required by the New York Stock Exchange, National Association of Security Dealers, and the Chicago Board of Trade.

And after that there's still a final three weeks in the Reynolds office they're assigned to, working out with the manager the fine points of just how they can best do *their* best for Reynolds customers.

Currently, we're spending more than a million dollars a year on this program—and now have graduated just over 450 Reynolds Account Executives who thoroughly believe that—

> **"If it's good for our customers, it's good for Reynolds."**

If you own stocks—or want to—ask to speak with one of those graduates in any Reynolds office.

They won't be wasting your time—or money.

Reynolds & Co.
MEMBERS NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE
AND OTHER LEADING EXCHANGES

120 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10005
TEL: (212) 558-6000
OFFICES COAST TO COAST

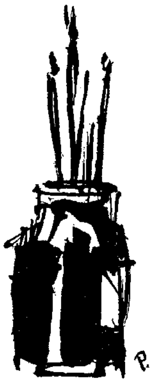
Naturally you belong in Austin Hill

Man tailored—yet faultlessly feminine striped seersucker pants. In marvelous Dacron® polyester and cotton. About $19. Nylon knit turtle neck about $9. Write for the store nearest you: Austin Hill Ltd., 318 N. Front St., Baltimore, Md. 21202.

AUSTIN HILL

THE ART WORLD

Icon Maker



BARNETT NEWMAN, whose "stripe" paintings are on display at Knoedler's through this Saturday, works with emptiness as if it were a substance. He measures it, divides it, shapes it, colors it. He may even be said to have a proprietary interest in it; when Rauschenberg, some years after Newman's first exhibitions, at the outset of the fifties, exhibited four unpainted canvases joined together, Newman, it was reported, commented, "Hmph! Thinks it's easy. The point is to do it with paint." Newman's is the kind of painting currently known as "color field," and much has been written about the responses of the eye to his expanses of red or blue divided by bands of contrasting hue or value. Essentially, however, Newman's art is not concerned with sensual effects. He is after bigger game than providing a stimulus to the spectator's retina. His program is to induce emptiness to exclaim its secret; in short, he wishes to grasp the absolute through painting, and he knows that the absolute is neither red nor blue. The function of a Newman is to exclude nature, not to insert into it a field of color. For him, color effaces itself and becomes the hue of undifferentiated substance. One might say that it is red or yellow because it must be *something*. Thus, Newman's purposes constantly engage him—and have engaged him throughout his career—in war with the interpretations of critics and art historians; three of the paintings in the current show are entitled "Who's Afraid of Red, Yellow, and Blue?"

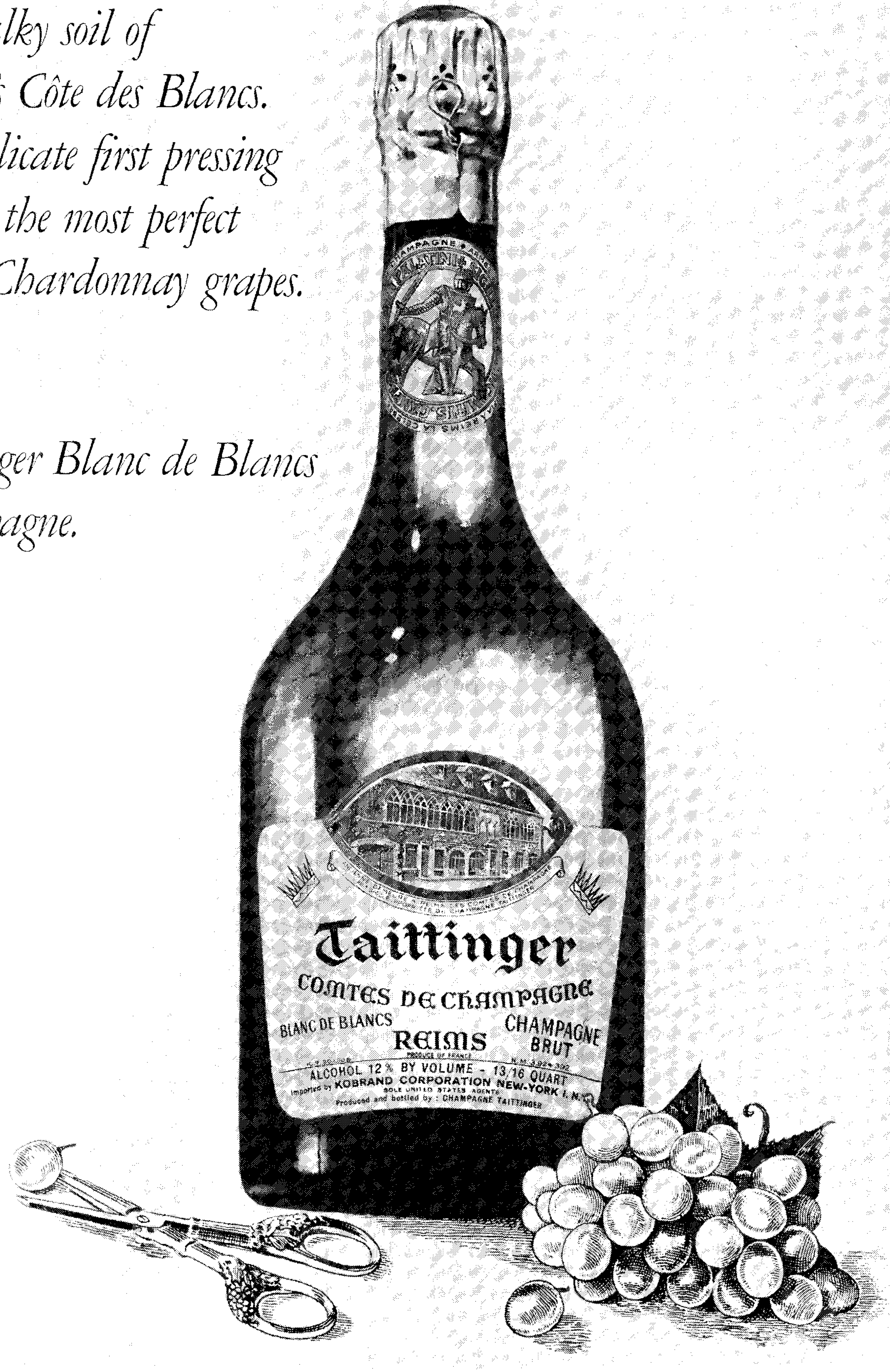
Newman is confident that his metaphysical matter will prevail against his means. For this to happen, the expressiveness of the means must be reduced to a minimum. His handling of his surfaces, edges, and joinings of forms is meticulously simplified to a point approaching crudeness, as in *haute couture* or certain liturgical chants. It was in pursuit of simplification that he arrived, for example, at "The Moment," a painting that consists of two vertical yellow stripes absorbed into the canvas—out of which has emerged so much of what is sometimes designated as "the painting of the sixties." Plainness is essential, since the prime attribute of Newman's absolute is an absence of qualities. His paintings strive toward a vision akin to that of Wallace Stevens in "Notes Toward a Supreme Fiction":

> How clean the sun when seen in its
>   idea,
> Washed in the remotest cleanliness
>   of a heaven
> That has expelled us and our images.

The concept of an art without visual appeal was put forward by Newman in a document written more than twenty years ago and to be published for the first time in "Barnett Newman," by Thomas B. Hess (Walker). Though European art had become abstract, Newman contended, it was still based on "sensual nature;" even Purists like Kandinsky and Mondrian, who had achieved an art of geometrical forms, were committed to equivalents of trees and horizons. By Newman's reasoning, a square painted on a square becomes a figure matching a building outlined against the sky; that is to say, a landscape. Against this naturalism embodied in European sensibility, a new group of American painters, Newman asserted, were creating a "truly abstract world." For these artists (among them, in addition to him, were Gottlieb, Rothko, and Still) he claimed an art entirely liberated from residues of visual experience. These American Abstractionists, he declared, were "at home in the world of pure idea" (as the Europeans were among the objective correlatives of sensibility). Their minds rejected fictional orders built of images and signs. They preferred to begin in the "chaos" of feeling and sensation—Newman might have been thinking of the jumbled American landscape of gas stations, drive-ins, abandoned railroad tracks, billboards—and they struggled to evoke out of this chaos "a memory of the emotion of an experienced moment of total reality." In sum, what the American artist sought was not a better or newer fiction but reality, and this could be attained only through a systematic exclusion of the flimsy presences of what Stevens called "this invented world." Newman was saying, in effect, that for the American painter there was no world, only a world to make—a thought reminiscent of Whitman—and that for the new Abstractionists the universe of things, places, people, events had ceased to be a source of forms, even when it was subjected to the abstracting powers of the intellect. Everything had to be created anew, and out of nothing. Merely nonrepre-

The gentle sun,
the chalky soil of
France's Côte des Blancs.
The delicate first pressing
of only the most perfect
white Chardonnay grapes.

This is
Taittinger Blanc de Blancs
Champagne.


Taittinger
Comtes de Champagne
Blanc de Blancs
Reims
Champagne Brut
Alcohol 12% by volume - 13/16 quart
Imported by Kobrand Corporation New-York, N.Y.
Produced and bottled by: Champagne Taittinger

Epluchage, the old world art of meticulously selecting each grape, assures the perfection of Taittinger Blanc de Blancs Champagne. Imported from Reims, France by Kobrand, New York.

HAND MADE · HAND SEWN ·

It takes more than "hand-made" on a label to make them hand-made shoes.

The only time the term "hand-made" is really accurate is when most—we repeat—most of the work is done by hand. That means the uppers entirely hand-sewn to the finest leather soles. After the shoes are completely lasted by hand.

This is very time consuming and requires enormous skill.

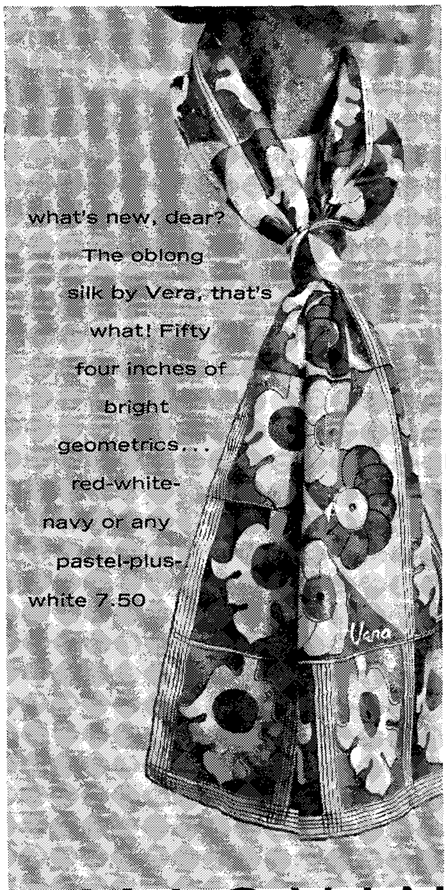
If you want to see an example of that skill, send for our brochures.

Belgian Shoes.

We put the hand-work on our shoes. Not just on our label.

Belgian Shoes
MR. HENRI BENDEL
Owner-President

60 East 56 St., New York 10022
(212) PLaza 5-7372



I. MAGNIN
CALIFORNIA · PORTLAND · SEATTLE · PHOENIX
mail orders (add 55¢ shipping) to 135 Stockton Street, San Francisco or 3240 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles

sentational art was a meaningless disguise for the old naturalism. Art had to achieve the idea that could make new *being* possible. Newman might have repeated the concluding thought of Dostoevski's "Notes from Underground": "Soon we shall contrive to be born somehow from an idea." But he would have repeated it without Dostoevski's depression or his nostalgia for "men with a real individual body and blood." For him, the chaos of modernism was a prelude to revelation, to an act of creation modelled on the Book of Genesis. In this optimistic response to the "Pagan Void"—the title of an early (1946) painting—and to the "Death of Euclid" (1947), Newman calls upon his rabbinical heritage, as he does in his desire to transcend chaos without resort to representations, symbols, or "graven images." Were it not for the inevitability of misunderstanding, one might describe his canvases as the first Jewish religious paintings (his recent sculptures have the aura of an altar in the desert). Purged of imagery (though the triangular "Chartres," with its powerful apex, violates Newman's standard by coming close to symbolism), they proclaim his faith in an act that creates substance—a faith confirmed in his critical writings and by the titles he has given such works as "Genetic Moment," "Genesis," "The Beginning," "Onement," "Abraham," "The Name," the series of paintings called "Now," and the sculpture series called "Here." Once again, Stevens comes to mind:

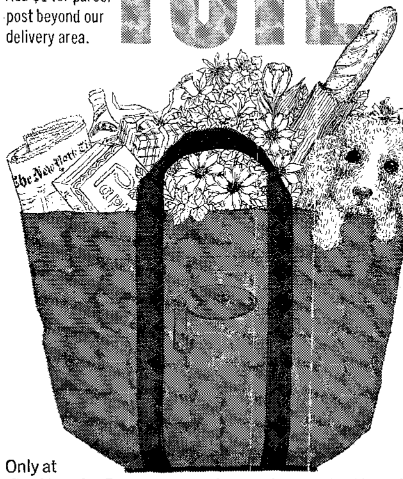
> To find the real,
> To be stripped of every fiction except one,
> The fiction of an absolute.

THE art world today is dominated, as it has been in the past, by the academic principle that the philosophy of an artist is of no account; what matters is his product. Such splitting apart of substance and form distorts the actual process of creation, however convenient it may be to art historians, critics, and the art market. Still, Newman's metaphysical claims would have been meaningless had he not discovered a revolutionary format by which to convert the recent past of art to his visionary ends. Formally, he placed himself in the line of Mondrian's organization of rectangles separated by bands of different widths. Yet it was clear to him that Mondrian represented a direction opposite to his own; for Mondrian, Newman wrote, "the geometry (perfection) swallows up his metaphysics (his exaltation)." Mondrian was the "Euclidean Abyss" (an-

the shop for pappagallo

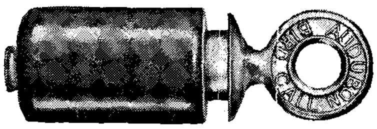
THE MAXI-TOTE

Goes everywhere. A foldable, roomy (14"x 18"), many-purpose dandy, Scotch-Garded* to be problem resistant. Rugged, *natural canvas* with canvas handle trim of tan, yellow, kelly, lilac, orange, navy, red or black. $7.50, plus $1 if you wish 3 initials on the leather Pappagallo "P". Add $1 for parcel post beyond our delivery area.



Only at
The Shop for Pappagallo, 11 East 54 Street, New York 10022

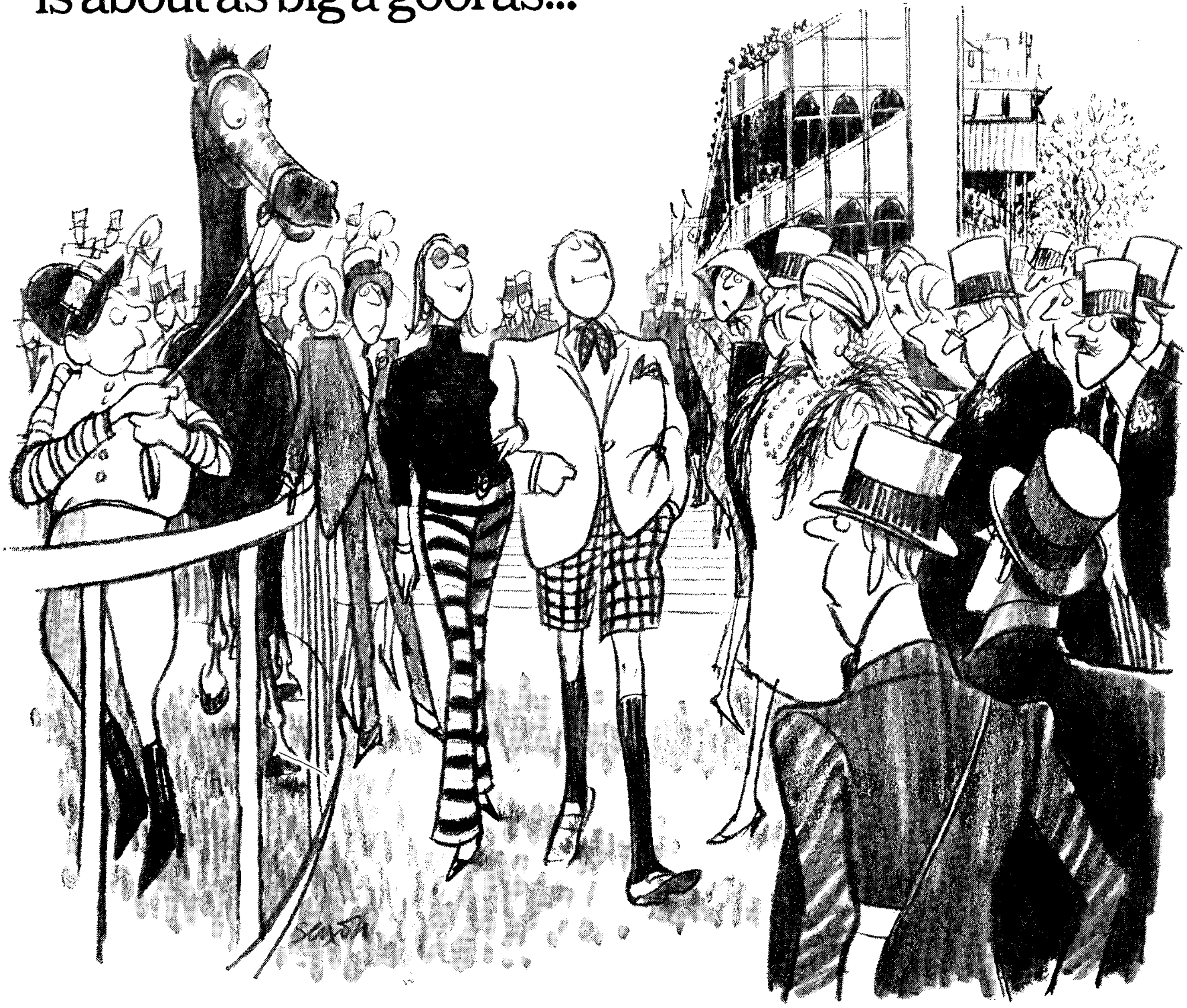
the audubon bird call



twist it... a variety of wild songbirds answer
...an amazing little device that really attracts birds. Handmade of pewter and birch, simple to use, it's a perfect outdoor companion for children and adults. Now the standard songbird call throughout the world. Ask for it at your favorite book, gift, garden shop, or sporting goods store... or send $1.50 to
ROGER EDDY
NEWINGTON, CONN. 06111
Mailed postpaid with instructions

SUEDES CLEANED
LEATHERS RENEWED
COATS • JACKETS • GLOVES • HANDBAGS
Made Like New Again!
MAIL ORDERS OUR SPECIALTY!
Pick-Up Service 50 Mile Radius N.Y.C.
LEATHERCRAFT PROCESS OF AMERICA, INC.
54 West 56th Street, New York City • JUdson 6-3737

Going to England without American Express Travelers Cheques is about as big a goof as...



...wearing sport clothes to opening day at Ascot.

No savvy traveler would do such a thing. Nor would he risk the embarrassment and frustration of trying to use personal checks and letters of credit. Not to mention the *danger* of losing cash.

No problem with American Express Travelers Cheques. You can spend these Travelers Cheques everywhere—at hotels, motels, restaurants, nightclubs, shops, airports, railroads, gas stations—even at places far off the beaten track. (Try doing that with a lesser-known travelers cheque.)

American Express Travelers Cheques are famous as *The Rescue Money*. If your Cheques get lost or stolen, you go to the local American Express office or representative. (They're all over the world.) Get your missing Cheques replaced. And your trip is rescued.

American Express rescues more trips abroad with on-the-spot refunds than all other travelers cheques combined.

They cost just a penny for each dollar's worth of Cheques you buy. Buy them where you bank—in $10, $20, $50, $100 and $500 denominations.

So don't travel abroad—or in the U.S.A.—without American Express Travelers Cheques.

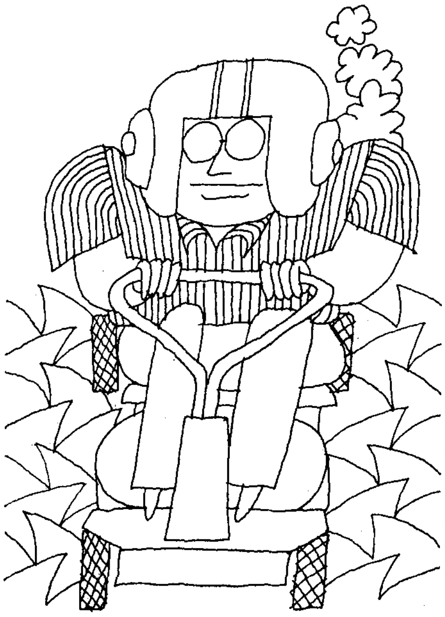
You can't go wrong with American Express Travelers Cheques.

The Rescue Money.

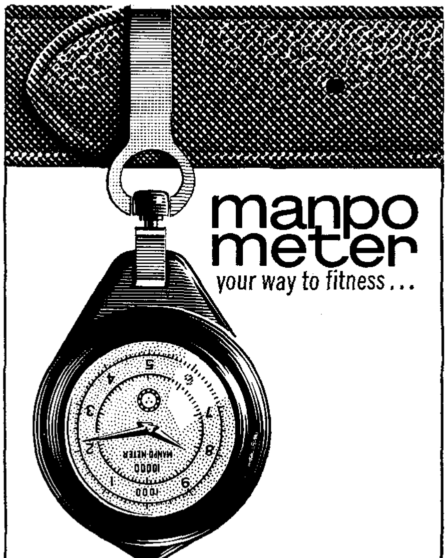
0 73-903-765
American Express Company
Specimen

The Pennsylvania Mini-Sabre. A racy, wide-track rider that cuts grass. Makes short work of long lawns. Cuts a professional 26″ swath. 5-hp under the hood. Padded seat. Short-throw forward and reverse shift. Floating *suspension (so the lawn won't get scalped).* Amazingly low price (so you won't get scalped). Test ride a Mini-Sabre today. Visit your favorite dealer or write for our brochure.

For gardeners who long for the excitement of *Le Mans.*



Pennsylvania LAWN PRODUCTS, INC. SINCE 1877
1010 West Main Street, Waynesboro, Va. 22980



We aren't usually finger-wagging health advisers, but there is agreement that brisk walking is the best (and simplest) way to maintain health, humor and good spirits. manpo/meter, **the reliable pedometer,** is the **sine qua non** to a successful, systematic walking program. Tells you how many steps you've walked—so precise it's used in engineering for measuring long distances. Walk 10,000 steps a day and lick those cobwebs and middle-age spread. manpo won't let you cheat or overdo it either!

☐ Send me manpo/meter. I encl. $9.95 ($8.95 plus $1 post. & ins.) Return in 2 wks. if not delighted. (Cal. res. add 5%.) Guaranteed 1 yr.

NY0419

Name____________________

Address____________________

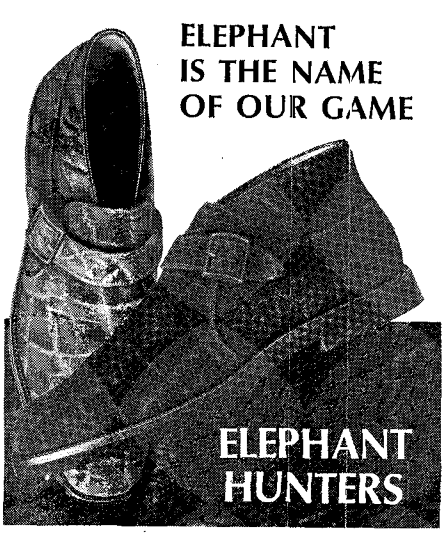
__________Zip__________

584 Washington St., San Francisco, 94111 **haverhill's**

other early Newman title) in which abstract art fell among the debris of the art of the past. Geometrical forms were no longer to be conceived as static elements of design, in the manner of the Neo-Plasticists and the Bauhaus. For Newman, a square or a circle was "a living thing, a vehicle for an abstract thought-complex, a carrier of awesome feelings . . . the abstract shape was therefore real." His conception of the rectangle of the canvas as an active entity to wrestle with has led him to rank himself among the Action painters rather than with the Geometrical Abstractionists or the more recent Minimalists influenced by him. For him, painting is not an organization of shapes, color, and line; it is celebration, an event, an evocation of the unknown. So he avoided imposing squares or rectangles *on* the canvas, as Albers, Mondrian, Rothko, and some of the "color" painters have done; his innovation consisted in transforming the canvas itself into two or more rectangles by means of his "stripe," or band, of color. No figure is represented on the canvas, and it becomes an "object," like a votive monument in a sacrificial grove. The chief characteristic of a Newman is that it is there, an entity that keeps nature at bay. Bare of qualities, it excludes emotional confusion and defines itself through the austere realization of quantity: size, proportion, multiplicity, singularity, mutedness, radiance. Tactically, Newman's aesthetic relies mainly on expanse; a quantity of red or white is present, and it rises and/or spreads, propelled upward and outward by the bands that also restrict it and keep it in place. Because of the major role of quantities of height and width in them, the large Newmans are usually the first to be appreciated.

It is a hardship of the times that before an artist can fashion an icon he must compose the theology that his icon will reinforce. Newman began by speaking in the name of a group of artists, but it soon became evident that in this epoch each individual creates (or assembles) his own culture. Newman's most pressing problem has been to fight his way out of the historical continuum of art forms by laying bare the philosophical substructure of those forms, then to prevent that history from closing in on his work and carrying it off in a direction of its own. For Newman, analysis and polemics logically precede painting and interact with it (the "Who's Afraid" paintings). The machinery of ideas grinds on endlessly, and the act of painting is the artist's way of moving past his ideas to the

ELEPHANT
IS THE NAME
OF OUR GAME



by Johnston & Murphy

THE KING OF CHUKKAS

Hunting World's exclusive Genuine Black Elephant Leather . . . soft, supple, lightweight . . . never requires shining. Styled by Bob Lee of Lee Expeditions, Ltd., with Africa and you in mind. Black cushion crepe heels and soles put spring in your step. "So hard to wear out your Grandchildren may have to give them away!" State Regular Shoe Size.

FOR THE EXTRAORDINARY MAN
OF IMPECCABLE TASTE

$65 add $1.50 Postage

Satisfaction Guaranteed N.Y. Residents Add Tax

Visit Our SAFARILAND™ Showroom
or Write For Free 76-PAGE CATALOG
HUNTING WORLD
Dept. NY 247 E. 50 St., New York 10022

Mid-Manhattan at its Luxurious Best

Regally spacious guest rooms . . . suites *with butler's pantry and* refrigerator. HOTEL DORSET is noted for its quiet elegance; adjacent to Rockefeller Center, theatres, shops, art and business centers. Two excellent restaurants. Banquet and meeting rooms accommodate 10 to 175.

HOTEL Dorset
30 West 54th St.
Just off New York's Fifth Ave. • 212 CI 7-7300

downing square

THE AMERICAN STEAK HOUSE WITH THE ENGLISH ACCENT

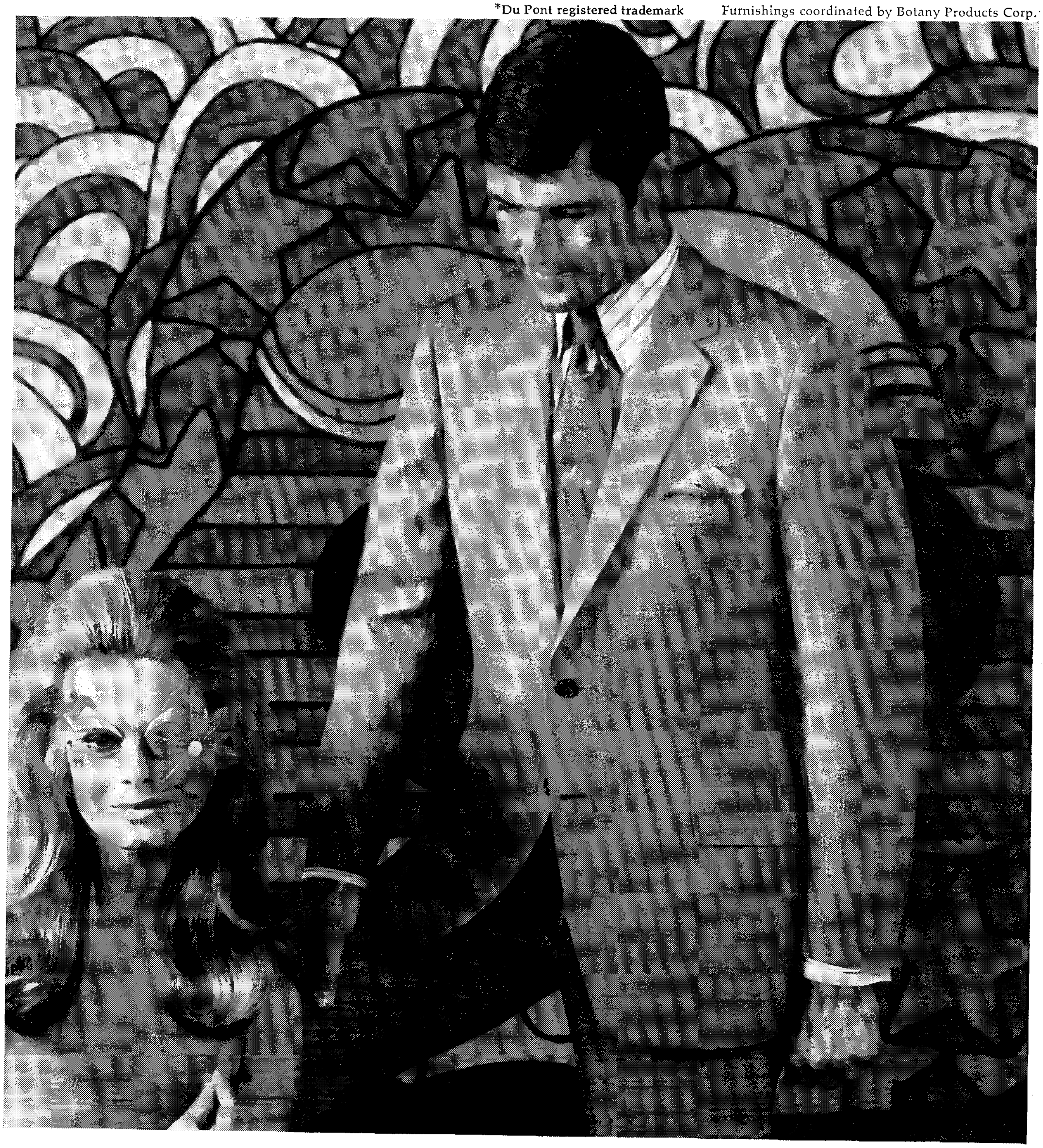
500 Lexington Ave. (48th St.) 826-9730
SUNDAYS TOO FREE PARKING

MUSIC FESTIVALS OF EUROPE

Attend major European music festivals. TOUR A—departing JUNE 1st will include festivals in Zurich, Florence, Vienna, Bath and Glyndebourne. TOUR B—departing AUGUST 13th will include festivals in Lucerne, Bregenz, Salzburg and Edinburgh. Complete price from New York $1,095.00. Also GHOST TOURS and GREAT WRITERS TOURS.

For information contact:
VISION TRAVEL, INC. 29 East 61st Street
New York, N. Y. 10021 (212) PL 1-6780

*Du Pont registered trademark   Furnishings coordinated by Botany Products Corp.



FASHION FLARE-UP

'Botany' 500 turns it on! Shape is the thing in clothes now. And 'Botany' 500 does it for you in soft-tailored Natural Gentleman® suits. Award-winning 'Botany' 500 designers give them body-tracing waists, shoulders a bit more crisp, slightly wider lapels. And they've also come up with handsome colors like this Sun Tanz, for perfect color-coordination... from head to toe. Tailored for quality with the Daroff Personal Touch. In exclusive, summerweight Du Pont Dacron* polyester/worsted blends. Botany makes coordinated furnishings and rainwear, too. Consult The Coordinators at your nearest 'Botany' 500 retailer. Your Fashion Flare-Up starts there! Suits from $79.95 to $105. Sport coats from $50. to $89.50. Compatible® slacks from $18.95 to $34.50.

'BOTANY' 500®
tailored by DAROFF

For dealer and Fashion Guide, write: H. Daroff & Sons, Inc. 2300 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19103 (a subsidiary of Botany Industries.) Prices slightly higher in the West. Also available in Canada and Peru. Linings Sanitized® treated for hygienic freshness.

MINDING OUR OWN BUSINESS
BACKSTAGE AT BUSINESS WEEK

TO BUSINESS WEEK
FROM BUSINESS WEEK

BETTER TO GIVE.

In the past five years alone, BUSINESS WEEK has been on the receiving end of 22 awards.

We've loved to have our cup run over. But we think the time has come to give an award of our own. Because these are times when *business* can help cure the environmental ills of our society. And BUSINESS WEEK feels that companies and individuals who contribute to that cure should be recognized.

That's why we've established the BUSINESS WEEK AWARDS FOR BUSINESS CITIZENSHIP. Our first presentation will be in October, to honor the efforts of private business in solving public problems. Equally important, BUSINESS WEEK will seek to stimulate even greater business involvement of this kind, and to provide an extensive fund of knowledge about what business is doing and *can* do.

John W. Gardner, Chairman of the Urban Coalition, and former Secretary of HEW, will serve as national chairman of the Awards Committee—a panel of distinguished judges representing government, education, business, and labor.

Sure, BUSINESS WEEK can take it. But we can also dish it out.

Business Week

You advertise in
BUSINESS WEEK
to inform
management

A McGraw-Hill Magazine

wordless realization that he calls awe and the sublime.

Compared with other paintings that have sought to capture the "spirit" in geometrical shapes, Newman's rectangles are the simplest, most neutral, and least engaging to the eye; they lack the soft seductiveness of Rothko's floating blocks of color, the emblematic suggestiveness of Gottlieb's cosmic vistas; by contrast, Reinhardt's black squares and crosses reek of an asceticism almost theatrical. Newman goes farthest toward the purely conceptual, and in themselves concepts have no style, any more than magnitude has, or an expanse of color, or a pile of rocks. A field of gray would express itself in sound as a monotonous hum or as static. Painting based on the "pure idea" and rigorously purged of sensibility comes close to not being painting at all. Yet Newman has never been interested in anti-art; indeed, he could logically have conceived his work as an antidote to it, and attributed anti-art to the Europeans as a final stage of sensibility. In pushing painting as near as possible to extinction, Newman has shown it to survive as an act of faith rather than as a normal attribute of modern culture. His search for a reality evoked through the act of painting is a return to the foundations of art in ritual and magic. It is the extreme to which he pursues this metaphysical purpose that makes his work difficult for the spectator. Yet how can the absolute be sought except absolutely? Not anti-art but metaphysics makes Newman's paintings ambiguous. An idol, a sacred object, has a "second self," an immaterial form that invests it but that appears and disappears like the clicking on and off of a pale light. When the wraith is gone, one cannot be sure it has been there. Nor can its presence be demonstrated to those who fail to apprehend it. Something similar is characteristic of masterpieces. Hamlet's "Do you see nothing there?" echoes throughout the history of art. Newman's early defense of the metaphysical element in painting occurred in a letter to a Philistine critic who had denied its relevance; in his reply Newman refused to surrender the conviction that a Cézanne "adds up to more than the apples, that the two-faced heads of Picasso are more than the two heads, or that the strict geometry of Mondrian is more than the sum of its angles." The issue is to see with the whole being a totality partly invisible—that is, to believe.

Standing before a Newman, the spectator may experience exaltation, or sensations akin to those projected by an orgone box; "that black draws you into it." The next moment, the painting will be simply a colored wall with a stripe—"any house painter could do it." This shifting of the effect of his paintings between sublimity, self-hypnosis, and cold, visual fact is evidence that Newman has achieved his ritual purpose. In all belief, the potency of the object is both real and unreal. In "Joseph and His Brothers," Thomas Mann observes of the members of the cult of Adonis that they knew that the figure of the god was a wooden carving but that in the festival it was Adonis. "Some of them have hidden the figure in the shrubbery but they search with the others, they know where it is and know it not."

Newman is said to have become basic to the art of the sixties through pioneering in one-color painting, in paintings of mammoth size, in his manner of dividing and shaping the canvas. My own interpretation is that he attracted so much interest because he indicated the exact position of art today, insofar as it is ambitious for greatness. I mean that it must run the risk, apparently unavoidable, of not seeming art at all.

—HAROLD ROSENBERG

• •

O'RILEY'S LATE-BLOOMED LITTLE SON

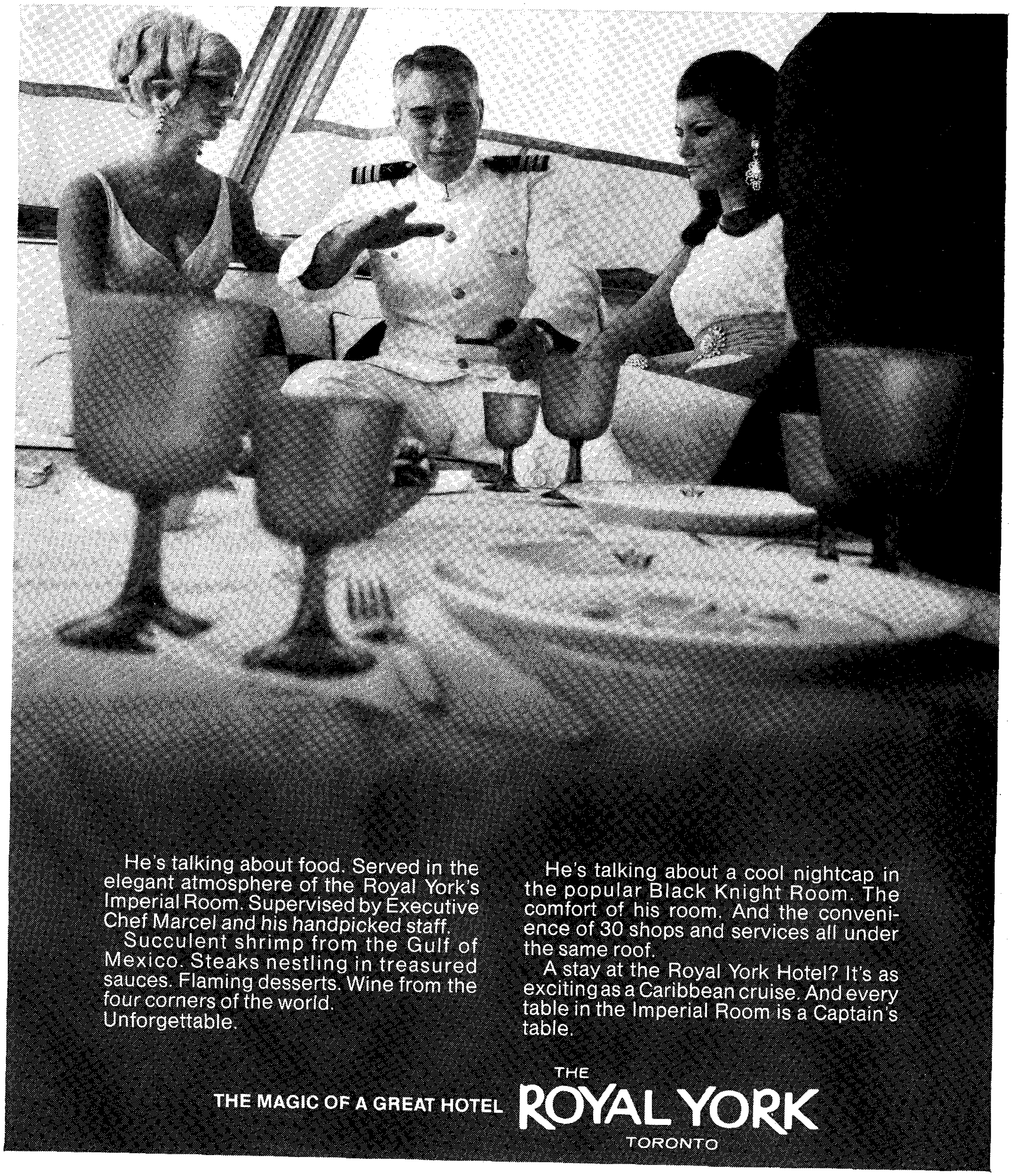
O'Riley's late-bloomed little son,
Shown off for seven weeks,
Frostbitten, shrank back in again.
They'd picked him up to find out if
His croup would stop, them holding him,
But in their arms he just went stiff.

They say she's past her change of life.
You'll see them Saturdays
In the back yard, her breaking ground
For a white birch, him on a mound
No higher than that where their hope lies,
Reaching, cold beer in other hand,
For Lucille and Camille's pop flies.

—X. J. KENNEDY

**You're cruising the Caribbean.
Someone mentions the Royal York in Toronto.**

Do you know what he's talking about?



He's talking about food. Served in the elegant atmosphere of the Royal York's Imperial Room. Supervised by Executive Chef Marcel and his handpicked staff.

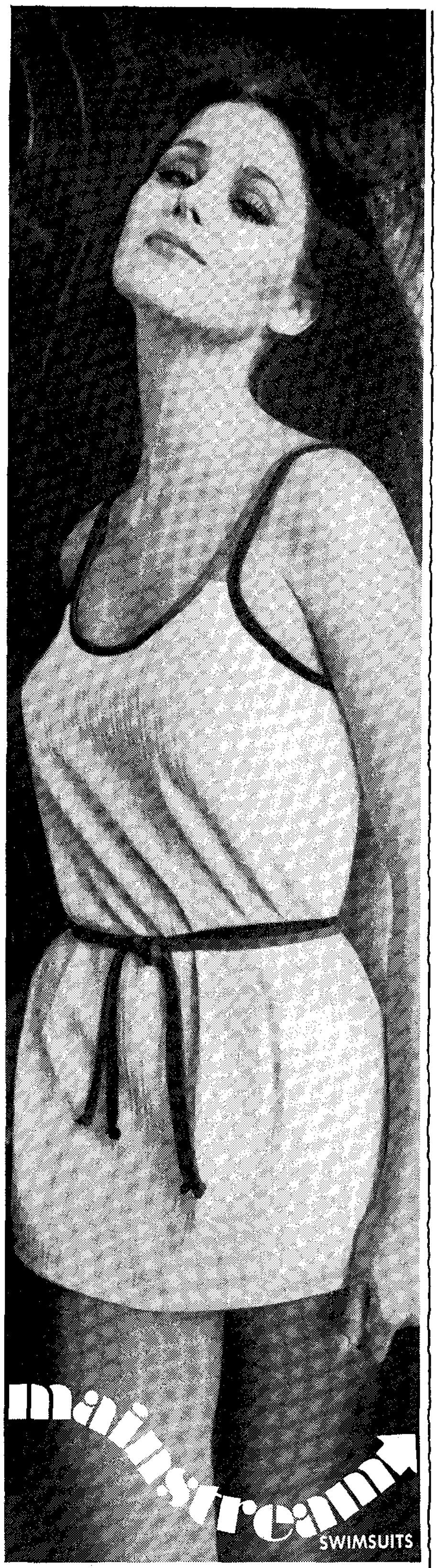
Succulent shrimp from the Gulf of Mexico. Steaks nestling in treasured sauces. Flaming desserts. Wine from the four corners of the world. Unforgettable.

He's talking about a cool nightcap in the popular Black Knight Room. The comfort of his room. And the convenience of 30 shops and services all under the same roof.

A stay at the Royal York Hotel? It's as exciting as a Caribbean cruise. And every table in the Imperial Room is a Captain's table.

THE MAGIC OF A GREAT HOTEL THE ROYAL YORK TORONTO

Call your travel agent. **CP Hotels**



The flowing feeling of Arnel®. So soft in our ultra feminine swimdress of Celanese® Arnel triacetate, it's just like wearing a breeze. White, blue or black with contrasting cord trim. 10-16. About $16. At these fine stores and branches: Bloomingdale's Lexington Shop, New York; Bamberger's, Newark; Foley Bros., Houston; Higbee's, Cleveland; Macy's, San Francisco; and Woodward & Lothrop, Wash. D.C. Or write to Mainstream Swimsuits, 1407 Broadway, New York City 10018. Celanese® Arnel®

LETTER FROM PARIS

APRIL 9

AT the age of eighty-three, François Mauriac is still a phenomenal French writer and national figure. During a two-hour TV interview last week, he said, "On my eightieth birthday, I said to myself, 'Since I seem to be a long way from dying, why not write another novel?' " This new one is his first in fifteen years, the twenty-third in his long literary career. It was published a fortnight ago, is already at the top of the best-seller list, and is accurately titled "Un Adolescent d'Autrefois." Its protagonist is seventeen years old on page 1 and twenty-two on the last page, which means five years recalled out of the life of young Mauriac himself, between 1902 and 1907, so as to give the correct immaturity to the intimidated, intelligent youth whom he calls in print Alain Gajac. The new novel uses all the old familiar Mauriac themes and influences for the twenty-third time—God, the city of Bordeaux, the rigorous tyranny of French bourgeois family life, and the puritanical religiosity and pressure of provincial Catholicism, these elements together breeding among the young their secretive hunger for pleasure and their appreciation of sin. All mingled in with this is the adjacent countryside, where Mauriac passed his youthful summers amid the slightly festering perfume of resin from the family's vast domain of pine forests, which constitute the region's wealth.

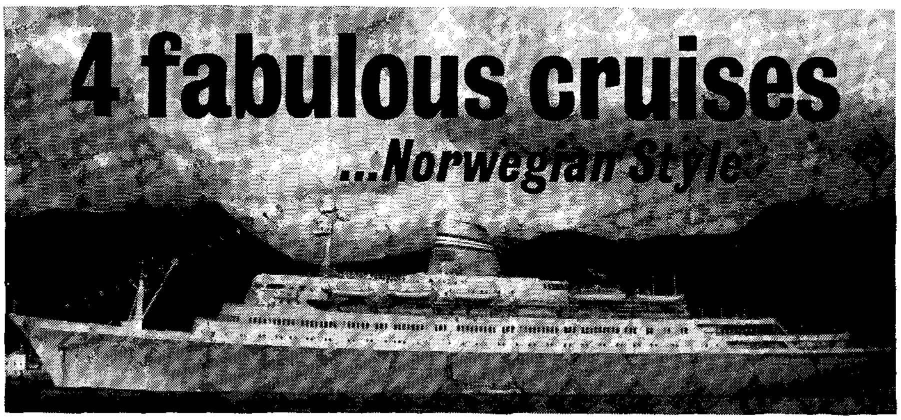
There has always been a disquieting covert, morbid sensualism in Mauriac's fiction. It was finally criticized unfavorably in terms of the more modern psychology that set in before the Second World War. Like a man caught up short in his tracks, Mauriac suddenly stopped writing novels. This did not save him in the winter of 1939 from a blistering excoriation by Jean-Paul Sartre, just coming into full view in the powerful *Nouvelle Revue Française*, in an article called "Mauriac and Liberty," which denounced Mauriac for his unhealthy theocratic relation with the fictional characters he created, over whom he wielded the privilege of omniscience. "What he says about his characters is like Holy Writ," Sartre declared indignantly. "He explains them, he classifies them, he condemns them against any appeal. He has the point of view of God Himself." The French, who like to regard their important writers as one of France's natural glories and enjoy every insult exchanged in their occasional feuds, were highly diverted by this battle royal, so important that it was reported in the press and is still looked back on as a celebrated *scandale littéraire*. After the war, Mauriac followed his new, highly successful careers as playwright and journalist, becoming an editorialist on the important bourgeois morning paper *Le Figaro*. After de Gaulle founded his Fifth Republic and Mauriac had lifted the General to practically a hagiographic height, to judge by the book of praise he later consecrated to him, Mauriac founded his *Table Ronde* review, where he began publishing his own brilliant, frequently malicious "Bloc-Notes," which became, and still are, the most famous, assiduously followed, appreciated, intelligent, and wonderfully written weekly commentaries in all France. (They were transferred first to the weekly *Express* and now to *Figaro Littéraire*, which contained a "Bloc-Notes" last week.) Seventeen years ago, Mauriac was given the Nobel Prize for literature, probably based in part on these "Bloc-Notes," which are mostly in high literary style. In his recent TV interview, he declared that in his opinion he is not more malicious than many other writers but that he writes better than they do, so that his shafts carry farther—"*Ce que j'écris porte mieux*," he explained before the microphone in a burst of extra-witty maliciousness.

On the whole, the critics treated "Un Adolescent d'Autrefois" rather like wine waiters judging a new bottle in comparison with past years' vintages, with the new wine considered potable and good enough to be consumed with curiosity and a certain satisfaction but not in any way comparable to the great years—for instance, the Mauriac year of 1927, when he published "Thérèse Desqueyroux," in his opinion the most successful female character he ever created, who was a poisoner. Then, in 1932, he published "Knot of Vipers," such a terrifying novel of French family life and its cruelties and hypocrisies that it is considered his chef-d'œuvre and, in France, has outsold any other book he has ever written. "An Adolescent from a Time Gone By" is a relatively simple Mauriac melodrama of concupiscence, maternal tyranny, cupidity, and unacknowledged guilt.

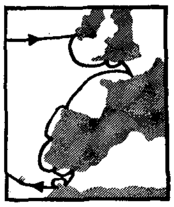
Alain's widowed mother is the tyrant, who, suddenly having lost her eldest son to what Mauriac calls "galloping consumption," concentrates on Alain in her scheme to annex the adjoining forest domain by marrying him to the ugly little neighbor girl who will eventually inherit it, and whom the inexperienced Alain so disdains that he calls her "*le pou*"—"the louse." Insulted, jealous, the girl spies on Alain in his mother's empty country house during the night when he has his first experience of love, with an emancipated young woman who works in a Bordeaux bookshop and so is not of his own class. A few days later, with pleasure, he stares at *le pou* standing naked for a swim beside a forest pool. Within the hour, she is raped and drowned by a sadistic woodsman. It was her flight through the forest that attracted the brute's pursuit, Alain says, in order to avoid his own responsibility in frightening her from the stream. Nothing in the novel is tight enough or harsh enough to give it inescapable strength. It turns out that Alain's mother loved the little girl much more than she loved the idea of more land. In any case, the child was only twelve years old, so any imminent marriage with her was no threat to Alain's dream of going to Paris in liberty to become a writer. As for the young woman in the bookshop, he abandons her without remorse; after all, she has sinned before, with other men she has loved. This novel of adolescence leaves Alain in Paris, where he knows no one and nothing, except his certainty of one day becoming a writer.

Mauriac in his novels represents the end of a literary epoch, of which he is the only working survivor. He has always written the French language with perfection and nuance. This was his literary greatness, as he recently said, now that he is no longer the contemporary of his own books.

THE great spring art exhibition here this year is under the joint patronage of the Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Federal Republic of Germany, Willy Brandt, and the Cultural Wing of Youth and Sports of the City of Paris, which seems an eccentric coupling of art backers. It is being presented in two neighboring museums on the Avenue Wilson—the Musée National d'Art Moderne and the Musée Municipal d'Art Moderne. It is the first enormous ensemble relating to the famous Bauhaus of Weimar (eventually removed to Dessau and then to Berlin) that has ever been seen



Come join us aboard the magnificent *Sagafjord* or famous *Bergensfjord* for a leisurely adventure cruise to some of Earth's greatest attractions. A dazzling choice of itineraries, four weeks to three months. You unpack only once. The ship is your convenient hotel throughout.



September Cruise to Europe | Popular BERGENSFJORD

Sept. 9 from New York · 28 days · 11 ports · from $625*

Grand Tour "greats" in Europe, plus the offbeat excitement of North Africa. Optional nights ashore in London and Paris. Sail from New York to Glengarriff, Plymouth, Southampton, LeHavre, La Coruna, Lisbon, Cadiz, Malaga, Ceuta, Tangier, Madeira, New York.

Mediterranean Fall Cruise | Famous BERGENSFJORD

Oct. 8 from New York · **Oct. 10** from Port Everglades, Fla.

44 days · 15 ports · from $1,100*

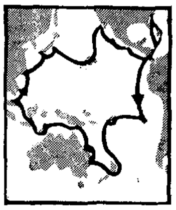
This grand sweep of the Mediterranean covers the whole arena of Biblical history and classical antiquity. From New York to Port Everglades, Madeira, Tangier, Ceuta, Malta, Beirut, Haifa, Istanbul, Piraeus, Messina, Naples, Villefranche, Majorca, Malaga, Cadiz, Lisbon, New York.

Around South America & Easter Island | Flagship SAGAFJORD

Oct. 28 from New York · **Oct. 31** from Port Everglades, Fla.

51 days · 13 ports · from $1,500*

Meet the giant heads of Easter Island face-to-face; see the great sights on both sides of South America by sailing through the Panama Canal and the Strait of Magellan. You cruise from New York to Port Everglades, Cristobal, Balboa, Callao, Easter Island, Valparaiso, Puerto Montt, Punta Arenas, Montevideo, Buenos Aires, Santos, Rio de Janeiro, Bahia, Barbados, St. Thomas, Port Everglades, New York.



South Pacific Orient Cruise 1970 | Flagship SAGAFJORD

Jan. 7 from New York · **Jan. 9** from Port Everglades, Fla.

92 days · 24 ports · from $3,150*

Follow the sun on a golden course away from winter to Polynesia, Australasia, the East Indies and the Orient. You sail from New York to Port Everglades, Cristobal, Balboa, Callao, Easter Island, Pitcairn Island, Papeete, Moorea, Bora Bora, Auckland, Wellington, Sydney, Brisbane, Port Moresby, Thursday Island, Dili, Bali, Singapore, Hong Kong, Kobe, Yokohama, Honolulu, Los Angeles, Guadalupe Island, Acapulco, Balboa, Cristobal, Nassau, New York.

Other Carefree Cruises 1969

DATE	CRUISE	SHIP	DAYS	PORTS	MIN.*
Aug. 16	European Vacation Cruise	Sagafjord	31	11	$950
Oct. 10	Columbus Day West Indies Cruise	Sagafjord	17	8	$450
Dec. 19	Christmas West Indies Cruise	Sagafjord	17	8	$525

**Minimum, subject to availability*

SAFETY INFORMATION: *M.S. Sagafjord* and *M.S. Bergensfjord*, registered in Norway, meet International Safety Standards for new ships developed in 1960 and 1948 respectively. Both meet the 1966 Fire Safety Requirements.

N·A·L Norwegian America Line

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

29 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10006 · Tel.: (212) 944-6900
CHICAGO · SAN FRANCISCO · LOS ANGELES · PORTLAND · SEATTLE · TORONTO

MORE AND MORE PEOPLE ARE SWINGING TO "New York's Biggest Little Hotel"

THE TUSCANY...ONLY HOTEL IN THE WORLD WITH COLOR TV, ADJUSTABLE BED (with vibrator) AND LOUNGER CHAIR IN EVERY ROOM

other Tuscany Innovations:

EVERY ROOM HAS: Air Conditioning, FM Radio, Bathroom Extension Phone, Butler's Pantry, Electric Shoe Polisher, Irish Linen Towels, Electric Wall Clock.

Our restaurants are extraordinary, too! Just around the corner from Grand Central, Heliport, air terminals, most shops and theatres.

May we send you a brochure?

THE Tuscany

39th Street just east of Park Ave.
NEW YORK 10016
Bertram Weal, General Manager
Tel.: (212) 686-1600

FLOCK
$200.00
gold-leafed steel
30"h, 28"w, 5"d.

WILLIAM Bowie THE SCULPTURE STUDIO INC.
202 E. 77th ST., NEW YORK 10021 UN 1-8480
WRITE FOR LITERATURE

in Paris, and it opened here on the fiftieth anniversary of the original Bauhaus's foundation, in the spring of 1919. It is under the blessing of the famous old founder himself, Walter Gropius. From here the exhibition goes to Chicago. The most illuminating, important collection of original Bauhaus art ever shown outside Germany, it clarifies the inception, theories, and pedagogy of the Bauhaus, from which much of modern architecture has developed, principally under the influences and stimulation of Dadaism, Cubism, Abstractionism, Expressionism, and Constructivism, then all being practiced in European painting, since painting served as a kind of handmaiden to modern architecture in the latter's more difficult birth. The exhibition's richly illustrated catalogue contains some three hundred and fifty photographs, plus pages of essays, manifestos, and history, translated from the German. The original fantastic ink drawings and engravings saved from the Bauhaus classrooms give exceptional ocular interest and pleasure to the show. There is a certain miraculous side to it all—the fact that from the Bauhaus school's original simple geometric basis of the cube, the cone, and the circle, and the three primary colors of blue, yellow, and red, the Bauhaus artists and theorists extended their work to the creation of what was new and social and liberated in the first quarter of the twentieth century.

Of the Bauhaus professors, the two who became—posthumously—the most famous painters were Wassily Kandinsky and Paul Klee. The exhibition shows twenty-four original Kandinskys, of enriched, lovely imagination and vitality, most of them unknown to us here because they belong to the private collection of Felix Klee, the painter's son, in Bern. At the outset of the Russian Revolution, Kandinsky was an art professor in the Moscow state studios. Later, he taught mural painting for eleven years at the Bauhaus, and also gave a course in analytical design and a seminar on color. His favorite form in design was the circle, with which he was in love. Among his originals now displayed, one of the finest depicts a dozen or more circles, large and small, rising from the composition like solar blisters. In the mid-thirties, after the dissolution of the Bauhaus, he settled in Neuilly, outside Paris, whose art critics denounced his painting as degenerate. He died near the end of the war, still in his Paris suburb. Klee, born outside Bern, was much slower than his Rus-

IN PALM BEACH, THE IMPORTANT PEOPLE WILL LIVE AT THE SUN AND SURF.

The only luxury apartment residence directly on the beach ☐ Situated at exclusive 100 Sunrise Avenue in the heart of Palm Beach, The Sun and Surf offers a new dimension in elegance, comfort, privacy and unparalleled services ☐ Beautiful cabana areas embrace the three pools and 400 feet of private white sandy beach ☐ Conveniences and luxuries include a concierge, a restaurant in the building, General Electric kitchens and 24-hour doorman service ☐ Maid service and telephone answering service are available ☐ Spacious rental suites for October occupancy ☐ 1-bedroom, 2-bedroom and 3-bedroom suites from $325 monthly ☐ Exquisitely furnished model is now open ☐ Call or write today for a beautiful brochure.

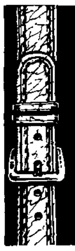
New York Representative:
Pease & Elliman, Inc.
60 East 56th Street, 212-838-6600.
Palm Beach Representative:
Robert E. List Co.
292 South County Road, 305-833-2578.
Rental Exhibit at The Sun and Surf:
100 Sunrise Avenue, 305-833-6616.

Barrie Ltd.® Tassel Moccasin

FREE '69 BROCHURE ON REQUEST

Made of soft grain calfskin • Genuine hand-sewn vamps • Very flexible leather soles and heels • In hand-antiqued golden tan☐ or polished black☐ $24.95 postpaid. *Order by Mail, state shoe size—BARRIE LTD. Dept. N—NEW HAVEN.*

OR at BARRIE LTD. SHOE SHOPS:
260 YORK STREET, NEW HAVEN, CONN.
22 TRUMBULL STREET, HARTFORD, CONN.
152 EAST BROAD STREET, COLUMBUS, OHIO
914 15th STREET NW, WASHINGTON, D.C.



STRAPARAMA®

has the largest collection of fine leather watchstraps in the world—Precious Leathers, soft and supple—made exclusively for us in Switzerland. All sizes and colors—for men and women. Attached in one minute. $3.00 to $15.00.

We KNOW we are doing something right!

425 MADISON AVE., NYC 17—Bet. 48 & 49 Sts.

NORTON'S FINE ART STUDIO
315 N. EUCLID · ST. LOUIS, MO. 63108

Graham

PLACES FOR LOVERS

sian colleague to be accepted by the postwar German state museums—long after his death, of course. For eleven years, he was the director of the Bauhaus stained-glass work. A couple of years before the Bauhaus was closed down, he became an art teacher at the academy in Düsseldorf. Then he was impoverished by the Nazis, and in 1940, already broken by the war, he died in a sanitarium near Locarno. Two dozen original Klees—mostly, of course, from the Felix Klee collection—are in the show here, of which "Windstorm of Roses" and "Variable Weather," the latter containing a large black arrow such as one might see on a signpost, are the most characteristic.

The architect Ludwig Mies van der Rohe is the third world-famous luminary from the Bauhaus faculty, to which he came late. A participant in the celebrated 1927 housing exposition in Stuttgart, in company with architects from five European countries, he contributed to what was called "the first international style." For three years, ending in 1933, he was the Bauhaus director of architecture, the Bauhaus by then being at Dessau. One of the projects he set for his class was the construction of a garden habitation built around an atrium with movable walls. He was the first of the European architects to envision skyscrapers of glass. The exhibition here features a magnificent blown-up photograph of his and Philip Johnson's Seagram Building viewed in its entirety, from the two small fountains on its Park Avenue plaza to the top of its thirty-ninth story—a construction regarded by Europeans as the supreme example of the American skyscraper.

By 1924, a Berlin campaign against the Bauhaus had begun to be waged by the new nationalist political elements in Germany. In 1928, Gropius announced his retirement from it. In 1930, the Bauhaus finances were greatly aided by the sale of wallpapers made in the Bauhaus studios. But the end was in sight, and handsome wallpaper could not stave it off. On the advice of Gropius, Mies van der Rohe was named director of the entire Bauhaus. In 1931, the Nazis obtained a majority in the local government elections. In 1932, the Dessau Municipal Council decided that the Bauhaus should be suppressed. In April, 1933, the Bauhaus building was searched and its thirty-two students were questioned by the Gestapo. In July, Mies van der Rohe, with the consent of his colleagues, voluntarily dissolved the Bauhaus, the demands of the Gestapo being unac-

ROMANY
BY BRONZINI

A handsome sport shirt in Durene mercerized Supima cotton, meticulously tailored by Bronzini, for the man who wants the finest in wearing apparel. Ideal for leisure activities. Available in light blue, white, navy, maize, rhubarb. At select stores only.

BRONZINI

Bronzini Ltd., 720 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019
Ties, robes, shirts and toiletries for the man.

ceptable to them all. In August, a circular letter informed the students that the Bauhaus no longer existed. It was founded on freedom in art. Now, thirty-six years and a world war later, it has just provided Paris with one of the most interesting, informative, and historic modern-art exhibitions ever given here in our time.

ON Thursday evening, President de Gaulle participated in a question-and-answer program with Michel Droit, who has appeared with him in such dialogues before, on the coming referendum. This one was carried only on TV, which cut off many modest French who own only radios and are more accustomed to listening than to looking, especially when de Gaulle is on. According to opinion polls taken in advance, fewer than fifty per cent of the French are interested in voting in the referendum at all, and of them about forty-eight per cent have decided in advance to vote no. The Communist Party has made a big thing of telling its members to vote against the General, who wants a yes vote. It might have been more logical if the referendum had been fixed so that citizens could give half a vote to each of its questions—(1) Do you favor the regionalization program? (2) Do you favor the transformation of the Senate into a purely consultative assembly?—which are two entirely different kettles of fish. It is this double-headed inquiry that may well push the French into not answering at all. —GENÊT

•

Trenton does not sell tickets to Newark.

Newark does not sell tickets to Trenton.—*Timetable for the Penn Central's Metroliners.*

And the brakeman speaks only to God.

•

Irene Wachtel presented the program reviewing the book "The Aspirin Papers" by Henry James. James is one of America's most esteemed authors of the 19th century.—*Wooster (Ohio) Daily Record.*

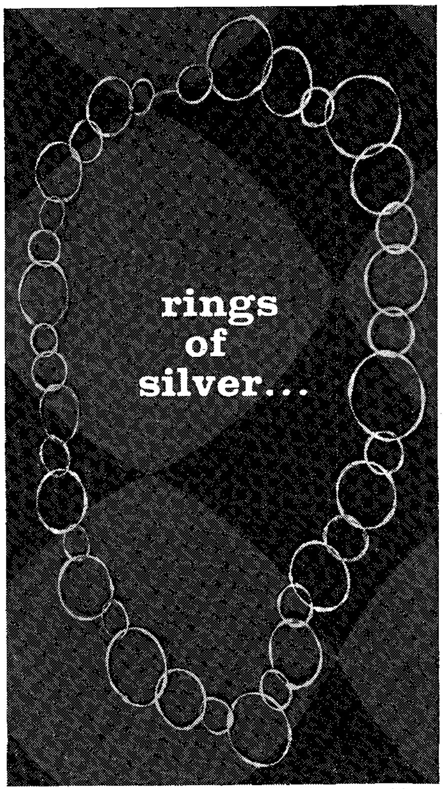
Sure, but he was in pain a good deal of the time.

•

OUR OWN BUSINESS DIRECTORY

Attaboy Exterminators, Oklahoma City, Okla.
Featherweight Corp., Montreal, Canada.
E.S.P. Heating and Plumbing Co., St. Paul, Minn.
Sacred Auto Guards, Inc., San Mateo, Calif.
Sag Construction Co., Walden, N.Y.

The West Indies Chaise
You've seen it at Caneel Bay, The Buccaneer, El Conquistador, Paradise Island and a hundred other vacation resorts throughout the Caribbean. Now you can have Tropitone's famous West Indies Chaise for your own patio or yard. It's made of heavy-gauge aluminum tubing, carefully welded together, and covered with a tough, baked enamel finish. Vinyl straps are comfortable, yet unbreakable. Write us for brochure and name of nearest dealer. Available in 15 colors through Abercrombie & Fitch and great stores everywhere.
tropitone
Furniture Co., Incorporated, P.O. Box 3197
Commerce Blvd.—N. Hwy. 301 • Sarasota, Florida 33578



. . . linked to form a hand-crafted necklace that makes a soft and merry jingle when you move. Or wear it around your mini-waist.
In sterling silver, $22.50; in 14K gold, $110. Matching bracelet, $10. in sterling; $55. in 14K gold. Earrings, $12. in sterling; $25. in 14K gold.
america house
THE FINEST IN AMERICAN CRAFTS
44 W. 53rd St., N.Y. 10019 • PL 7-9494

THE ENTIRE GAME OF TENNIS HAS JUST BEEN IMPROVED . . .
NEW ASHAWAY Vantage II® RACKET STRING IS RESPONSIBLE
Restring your racket now with VANTAGE II and watch what it does for your game.
Write for free VASSS Rules Digest
ASHAWAY LINE & TWINE MFG. CO.
Ashaway, R. I. 02804

TAURUS . . . LEO . . . ARIES . . .
a dashing 24" silk scarf with your very own sun sign. Specify date of birth. By Additive Originals. $6.50 ppd.
sandpiper I
Job's Lane, Southampton, L. I., N. Y.

Bonnie Oaks Resort
FAIRLEE, VERMONT
Beautiful Lodge and Cottages On Lake Morey's Shores
Your Hosts, The Avery Family
Write Box 14 for Folder

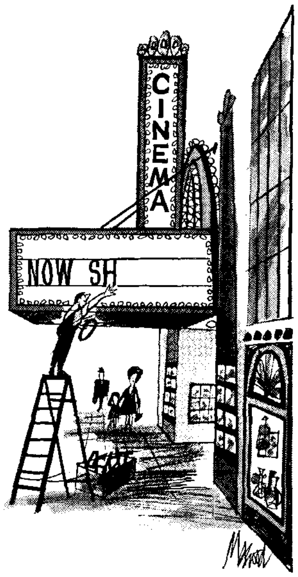
We keep San Francisco Beautiful

Hubert Braun Manfred Pohl
les coiffures *internationales*
445 sutter st., san francisco

THE CURRENT CINEMA

About Thy Father's Door-to-Door Business

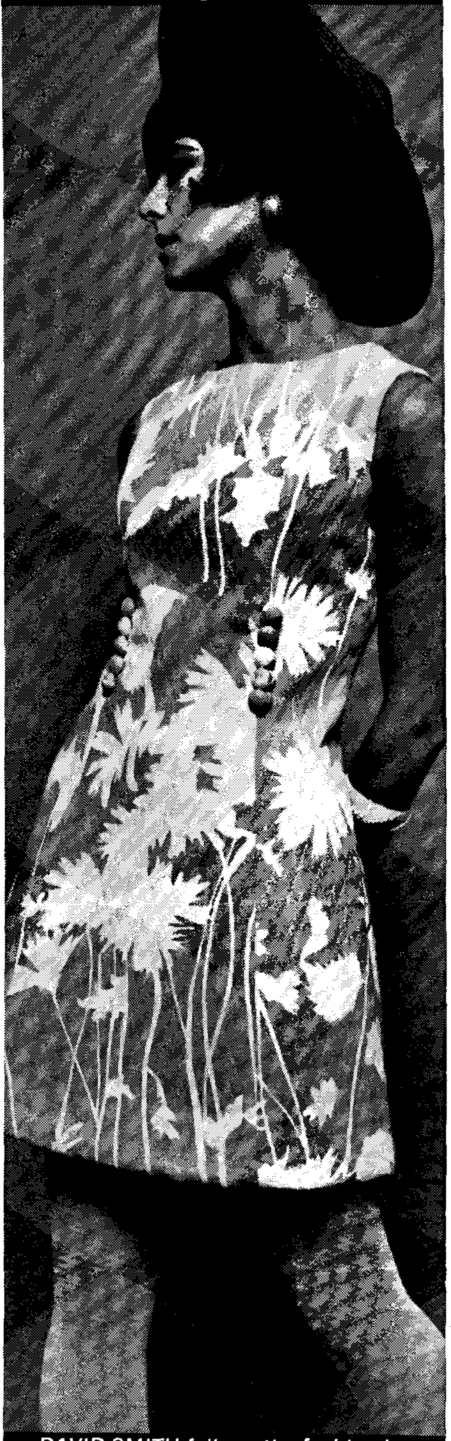
$49.95 for a salesman's Bible. It sounds a mint of loot, even for a Bible covered in gilt-edged, washable fabricoid, whatever that is; they say it outwears leather by four to one. The wretched hawkers of Holy Writ in "Salesman," the new direct-cinema feature by the Maysles Brothers and Charlotte Zwerin about a group of actual Bible salesmen, have a heavy time unloading their stuff. Coming of Irish Catholic stock, they must have an even heavier time squaring their patter with any faith. Though they bear names like gangsters'—Paul the Badger, Charlie the Gipper, Jimmy the Rabbit, Ray the Bull—their way of getting dough is craven, and they don't sound exactly Christian in any traditional sense as they soak the badly-off in the name of the Lord. The Bible is "the greatest piece of literature of all time . . . and we have three plans on it. Cash, C.O.D., and also . . . a little Catholic honor plan." We see the salesmen embarked on their ghoulish sacred touches, sitting nervously with bashful families in a difficult pretense by everyone there that they are engaged in a social call. The salesmen make pleasant exclamations—"I hope this brings you lots of luck!" and all the rest of it. There are push-button civilities like "Nice meeting you" and "God bless you." Anything to fill the gaps. They conduct breezy charades of being neighbors or social workers ("I tell you, you've got your best friend here") instead of peddlers desperate for a sale. Sometimes their automaton acts are so out of joint with the forced hosts' anxiety to make the occasion go well that the interchanges start to miss target, like Ionesco's or Lewis Carroll's. "It's very enjoyable talking to you, and this is not the Irish blarney," gabbles a salesman to an old lady. But she hears only the word "Irish" and responds with beaming wrongness, looking delighted and saying warmly that she had an Irish relative.



After work, the salesmen meet in motels and play poker. The unseen camera, which can somehow be burdensomely felt, nudges them into describing their code. They admire professionalism, technique, stamina. "You got to get out there and you got to push, push, push." At least, that's what they say. But there must be more to them than that, more than the famous total-truth technique catches. In a remark made by Paul the Badger in an unfilmed interview, for instance, he sweetly describes Ray the Bull, who does indeed look rather like a bull, as "a frustrated ballet dancer."

In fact, there are tones and tones of expression—octaves of them—that are regularly missed out by precisely the direct-cinema method that is supposed to be most eloquent about the nuances of people's hidden feelings and intentions. Especially when the camera subjects are clumsy with words and incoherently unhappy about what their lives must seem to amount to, on the evidence of friendless scenes played out under scrutiny—which would be true of most of us, and must be no less true of the patter merchants and the readily caricatured who are often chosen for the *cinéma-vérité* treatment—embarrassment, fear, and the comically social pressure of the unacknowledged camera will limit them to styles of jocularity and bravado that don't necessarily represent more than a fraction of their being. The more apparently private a situation is, the falser the *cinéma-vérité* technique often makes it come out. In "Salesman," for instance, there is a motel-room scene that starts with one of the men talking to his wife on the long-distance telephone, and it doesn't feel real. The way everyone behaves has the awkwardness of a moment when a lot of children who have run out of words have been told to go on talking and being natural while Daddy finishes the reel in a home-movie camera. In public situations, the process of being observed and recorded obviously doesn't have such an effect. In "Salesman," there is a genuinely funny scene at a Bible salesmen's convention as it is being addressed by a deep-breathing man who is introduced as the Bible firm's "theo-

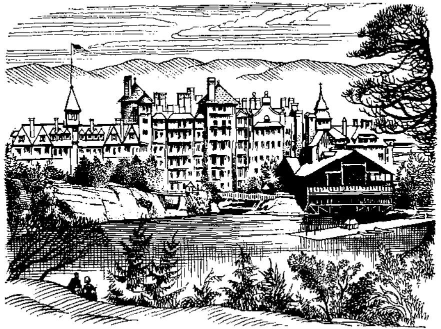
COTTON:
YOU CAN FEEL
HOW GOOD
IT LOOKS



DAVID SMITH follows the fashion by following the figure. Sharply indents the waistline on this cool, *comfortable*, cotton cloqué with a charming tracery of white flowers. Yellow/white, blue/white; sizes 8 to 16; about $32.00 at these and other fine stores. Abercrombie & Fitch, all stores; Halle Bros., Cleveland; Jelleff's, Washington, D.C.; L. L. Berger, Buffalo.

COMFORTABLE·CAREFREE
COTTON

Cotton Producers Institute, Box 12253, Memphis, Tenn. 38112.



Leisure paced Friendly place

Seven thousand acres of unspoiled natural beauty...spring-fed lake...a resort where your whole family can relax and play together. Congenial hospitality. Healthy recreation—golf on our scenic course, boating, swimming, fishing...miles of forest trails to hike or ride horseback...lovely gardens to stroll. Delightful entertainment—musicales, cinema, much more. 300 rooms. Also family cottages. Delicious meals. See your Travel Agent, or call (212) 233-2244.

Mohonk
MOUNTAIN HOUSE
90 miles from N.Y.C., NYS Thruway Exit 18
LAKE MOHONK • NEW PALTZ, N.Y. 12561

The Longpoint Chambray

A great new look for the chambray shirt. Via collar points that are long, straight and elegant. Fine-textured cotton. Tapered body. Wear it with or without a collar pin. Weathered blue. Also available in softly flared button-down collar. Sizes 14-16½, sleeves 32-36. $8.50.

Please add 75¢ for postage.

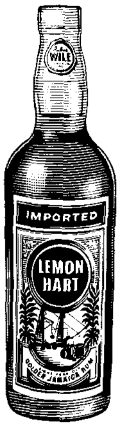
at
Paul Stuart
Madison Avenue at 45th Street
New York, N.Y. 10017

logical consultant." The camera and the recording equipment plainly make no one behave like any more of an ass than he would if they weren't there. The four particular salesmen of the movie are in the audience, and they listen to the gobbledygook without thinking about being observed. Because the minds of the four men are obviously concentrated now on their lives, the Maysles brothers can catch fugitive expressions on their faces that allow them sudden dignity and sadness. For our part, it is hard not to laugh at the feast of godly gumph, but one feels cheap about doing it, maybe because one doesn't know anything about the speakers except their public ludicrousness. (People in bathing suits on the beach don't often look comic once you know them.) I imagine that the Maysles brothers, who don't go in for easy laughs, would say that their proper butt here is hypocrisy and idiocy, rather than the hypocrites and idiots whom we seem placed to patronize, but it doesn't work out quite that way. Exalted by the spirituality that the theological consultant has injected into the question of bigger turnovers ("God grant you an abundant harvest"), a salesman stands up and says with excited piety that his wife wants "to have a few more kids and all this kind of rot. So, I'm going to make thirty-five thousand dollars this coming year. That's all." The convention claps, moved by the mixture of family feeling and salesman's drive, and we laugh. The film makes it seem inescapable that we should often break up, but many of the same situations and lines could happen in, say, one of Dostoevski's marvellous lunging farces, in a context where they wouldn't work to the characters' cost at all; and I don't believe that this means that "Salesman" or its sort reports human action more piercingly. There isn't necessarily a more deeply searching truth in the recording of fact than in the inventing of it. And, compared to a reporter of the same kind, a man in direct cinema is probably slightly less well placed to be a good witness of behavior. The processes of filmmaking and film editing are less delicate than prose at recording and boiling down the density of human motive, and the equipment of filming is more obtrusive and perpetually more unfamiliar than the presence of a man or a woman equipped only with insight and a memory.

There will obviously always be an element of obscured fakery in this sort of reporting, written or filmed, because choices and guesses have to be made, and because the influence of the report-

Have a good RUM for your money...have
LEMON HART

JAMAICA RUM



dark or golden, both 8 years old. Ideal for Planters Punch, 86 Proof.

DEMERARA RUM

IMPORTED
Lemon Hart & Sons
LEMON HART
DEMERARA RUM

smooth, not pungent. Great for Polynesian drinks. 86 and 151 Proof.

Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc., New York

PLEASE DO DANCE IN THE AISLE
BUT LET THE WAITERS THROUGH
MYKONOS
LUNCHEON
COCKTAILS
DINNER
SUPPER
349 W. 46 ST. (W. of Eighth Ave.) Tel. 265-1590

JAMAICA AT ITS VERY BEST

- luxurious club atmosphere
- 2 golden beaches
- all rooms private balconies overlooking the sea
- terrace dining; dancing nightly
- superb cuisine
- golf, tennis, sailing, fishing, all water sports

Early Reservations Suggested
Plantation Inn
Ocho Rios, Jamaica, W.I.
Jay H. S. Young
General Manager

TOM'S Shangri-La
Res. MU 3-0996
237 Madison Ave.
near 37th Street
CANTONESE & MANDARIN COOKING
3 private rooms for meetings & parties
Ample parking after 6 P.M.

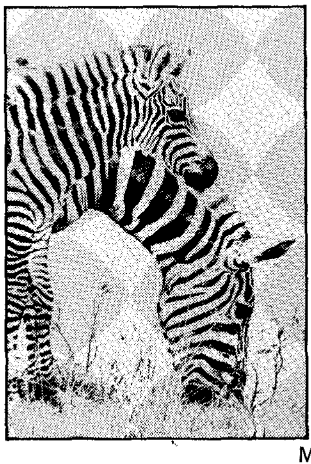
er or the camera on behavior can never be completely admitted and allowed for, though the journalists by now have had time to develop techniques that acknowledge their own presence, and some of the advantages of fiction have lately been opened to factual reporting. For instance, it is beginning to win the literary extra dimension of being allowed to suggest a guess at the thought of someone the reporter has grown to know quite well, and it can incorporate the information of intimates so as to arrive at some equivalent of a novelist's knowledge of how characters behave when they are alone. The question of how well all this works depends entirely on how much one trusts the reporter, in journalism or in the growing school of direct cinema. The Maysles brothers have our trust, and I can see why they try so hard, and against the odds, in "Salesman" to find equivalents for some of the techniques of prose. For one thing, they have allowed themselves soliloquy. The salesmen often talk to themselves when they are alone in their cars. You jump, and then think that there must be another salesman in the back seat. But there isn't, and the technique jars with the style of the film. There is also the problem that salesmen aren't born inventors of monologue. A small child talking to himself in a crib can be listened to for hours, the average actor improvising a play for about five minutes, and these salesmen for no more than three seconds, after which one is left to cope with the impression that they have gone laboriously nuts.

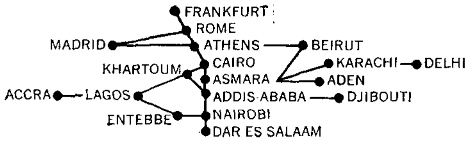
The most eloquent and naturally theatrical scene in the film is between Paul, who is frantic to make a sale, and an exhausted-looking youngish woman called Mrs. O'Connor. "Most of the people that I place Bibles with are Irish, because they are very devout Catholics, you know," says Paul. "But I'm not Irish," says Mrs. O'Connor. "Well," says Paul helplessly, who can manage nothing for the moment. "That doesn't make any difference. What are you, dear?" "Polish," she says. "Well, the Polish are good people . . . and they are devout Catholics, too. It doesn't make any difference." The camera stays close on her face, which is under a tension we don't quite understand. "I can't see buying another Bible," she says. He tries again. "It's the only thing that won't depreciate. . . . A heritage in the home . . . It's like a good wine; it matures with the years." (But surely he must be *listening* to himself, mustn't he? To the clichés relentlessly grinding on while a

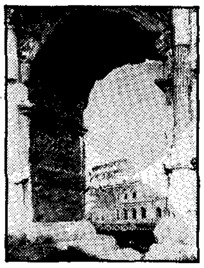
jet to east africa

Get Europe FREE

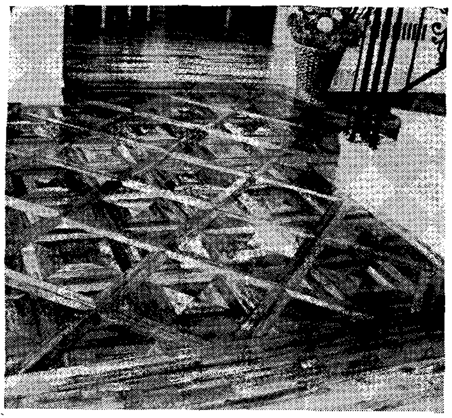
Jet to Nairobi, for example, where you can visit Treetops, go on safari, enjoy water sports, shop for bargains, live the life of colorful Kenya, have a choice of modern hotels. But it's only one of many exotic vacation spots in incredible East Africa, and you can see the best of them on Ethiopian Airlines. On the way, or on the way home, take in the popular Historic Tour of Ethiopia, and swing through Athens, Rome, and Madrid or Frankfurt, all at no extra air fare. And you'll fly in luxury all the way.







May we send you our East Africa brochure?
Boeing Fan Jet Passenger and Cargo Service
ETHIOPIAN AIRLINES
In NEW YORK, 51 E. 42nd St. In HOLLYWOOD, 1800 N. Argyle St.
Visit the nearest TWA Office or your Travel Agent



FREE INFORMATION OFFERED ON IMPORTED PARQUETRY FLOORING at COST OF MEDIUM-PRICED CARPET

Now you can enjoy the rich, warm beauty and carefree maintenance of imported parquet wood floors . . . at a cost comparable to medium priced carpet and tile.

New production methods make available to homeowners, Thai-Teak (Tectona Grandis), Black Karuni, and other magnificent tropical woods at prices you can readily afford.

Write for free full color pamphlet #459.

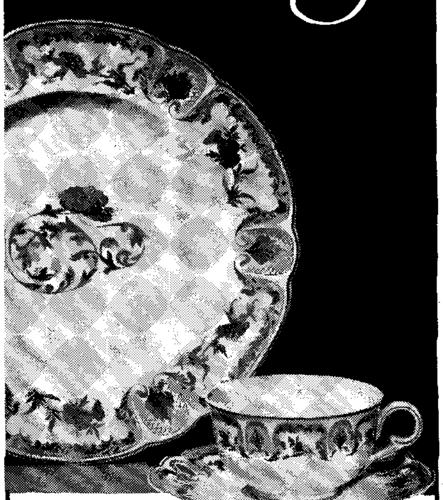
SYMBOL OF EXCELLENCE

Thai-Teak®
Kerriwood®
Karpawood®

Black Karuni®
Kandatawood®
Kasalawood®

BANGKOK INDUSTRIES, INC.
1545 W. Passyunk Ave., Phila., Pa. 19145

Chantoung



Limoges Porcelain Dinnerware
Chantoung-set, your table speaks with an elegance distinctly Limoges.
5-piece place setting $40.00.

Write for literature and name of nearest dealer.

Robert Haviland & C. Parlon
225 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. 10010

woman is nearly in tears—because she is scared about money, or reminded of something?) "How about three, six, nine, or twelve months from now?" he says. Her face goes on shaking. Yet she can't quite send him away, for some reason. "No, I'm sorry," she stammers, spinning things out, almost talking to herself. "Not at this particular time. . . . No, because I don't know what's going to . . . God knows what the next six months are going to bring." He makes a decently meant but horrible stab at a joke, offering an insufficient cure for some malady that he is probably aggravating. "The only thing we're sure of is death and taxes," he says roguishly.

Paul is the hero of the picture and the least successful of the salesmen. To have fixed on him in particular—and on a salesman at all—as the center of a fable about American nomadism and the American pressure to expend nearly impossible courage in the conquering of puny tasks struck me both as being rather an over-neat reduction of the country and as being typically self-critical. No other land could imaginably have produced this picture. It took a Scotsman, Adam Smith, and then Napoleon, to call England a nation of shopkeepers, and no Englishman believed them enough to bleed much from that cut. Only in America could two of the inhabitants symbolize their nation as a land of salesmen, and do it with charity and distress.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*From "Jonathan and His Continent," by Max O'Rell, 1889*]

While the Hohenzollerns, the Hapsburgs, and the *Firebrandenburgs* review their troops; while her standing armies are costing Europe more than $1,000,000,000 a year, in time of peace; whilst the European debt is more than $25,000,000,000, the American treasury at Washington, in spite of corruption, which it is well known does exist, has a surplus of sixty million. Whilst European governments cudgel their wits to devise means for meeting the expenses of absolute monarchies, the Washington government is at a loss to know what to do with the money it has in hand.

•

It was already, or close upon, the sacred hour of one, an hour sanctified by English traditions to the consuming of a midday meal. In one or two houses I could see through the uncurtained windows a group of one or two people round a dining table, but even that was exceedingly rare.—*From "The Clocks," by Agatha Christie.*

If not unique.

Oil on canvas 31½ x 35¾ inches

MISS ROSELLE FITZPATRICK

ALFRED MAURER
(1868-1932)

HIRSCHL & ADLER Galleries inc.

21 East 67th St. NY 10021 Open Tues. through Sat.
Tel. 212 LE 5-8810 Cable Hiramart, N. Y.

900 NORTH MICHIGAN
Jacques
FRENCH RESTAURANT
CHICAGO

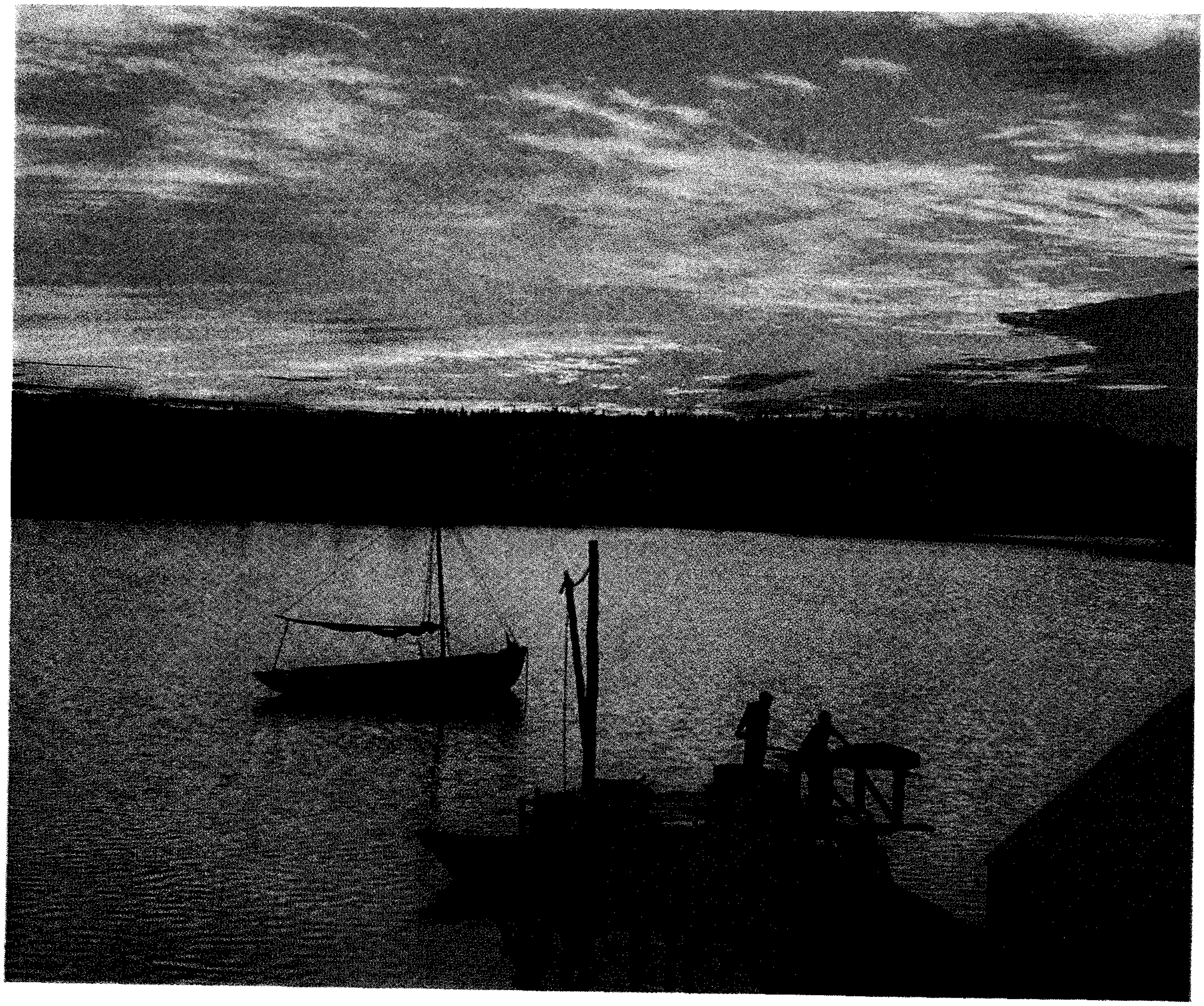
Dine in our beautiful year-around garden or French dining room. Also facilities for private parties. Parking at Delaware entrance. For reservations: WH 4-4795

OPEN DAILY 11:30 A. M. TO 12:00 P. M.

People who stay at the Colonial Inn feel like they've never left home.

The Colonial Inn
on the green – CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS
Loring N. Grimes, Innkeeper (617) 369-9200

MONTEGO BAY
at the Royal Caribbean HOTEL
A sophisticated bit of **JAMAICA** that swings . . . blue mountains, crystal waters, a beautiful 600 ft. private beach. Fully air conditioned, 175 rooms, a staff of 300—no conventions—adults only. Privately owned by Mr. & Mrs. Lawrence M. Paul. See your Travel Agent or
LEONARD HICKS ORGANIZATION



this is Nova Scotia...
evenings softly gold and blue
beaches silent in the warm night
keening pipes swirling kilts
only moments away in time

NOVA SCOTIA

Canada's
Ocean
Playground

for NOVA SCOTIA TRAVEL INFORMATION write:

New York 30 West 54th St., New York, N.Y.
10019 Tel: 212-581-2420

Boston 607 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.
02116 Tel: 617-267-1431

Name______________________________

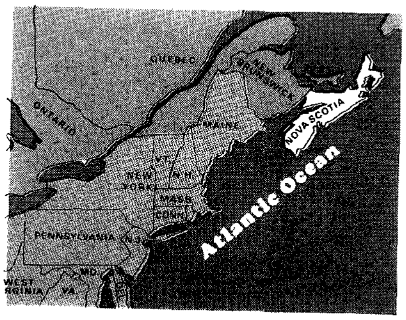
NY-19-4-69

Address______________________________

City______________________________

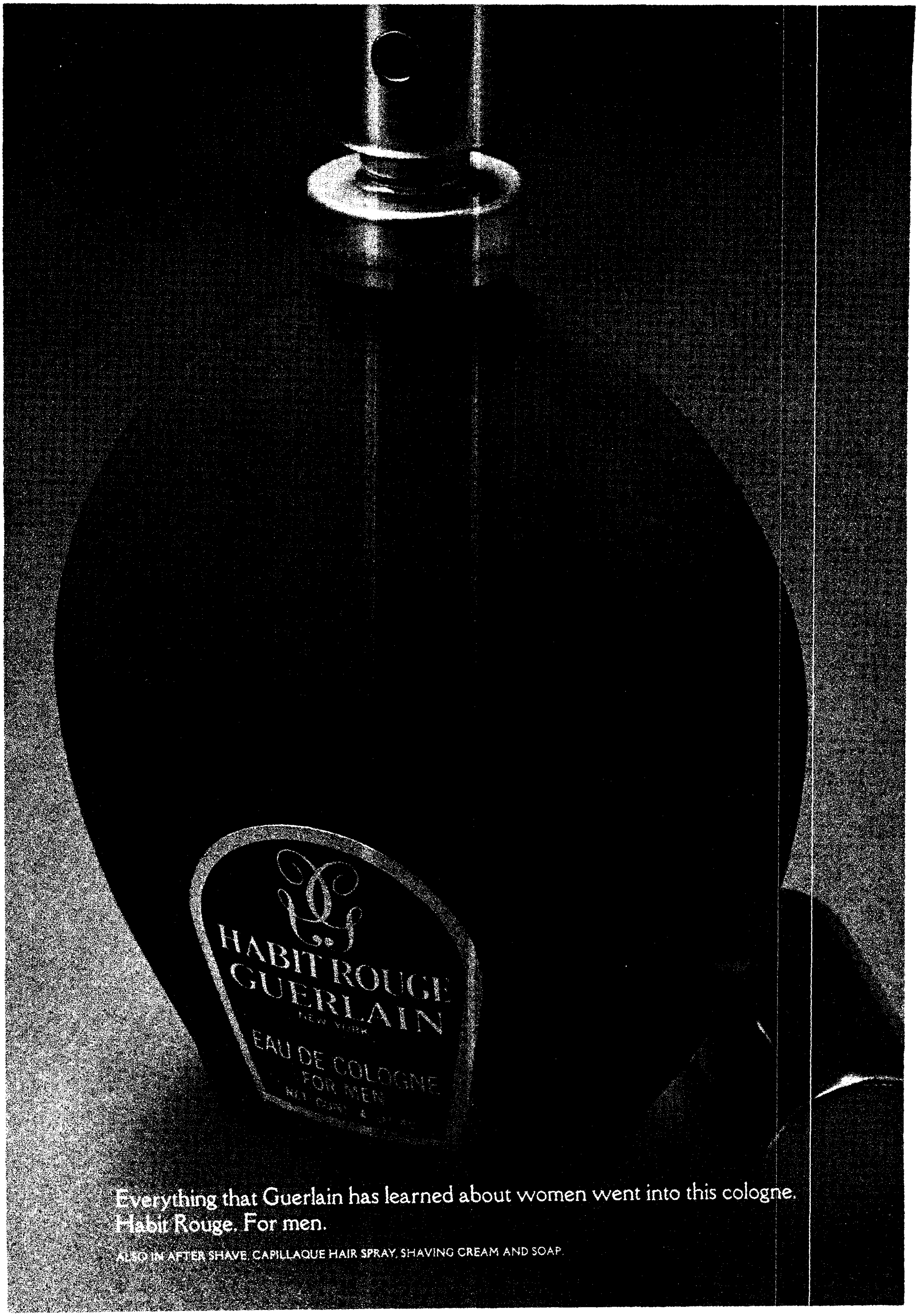
State________________Zip Code________

or Nova Scotia Travel Bureau
P. O. Box 130, Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada.



QUEBEC
ONTARIO
NEW BRUNSWICK
NOVA SCOTIA
MAINE
VT.
N.H.
NEW YORK
MASS.
CONN.
PENNSYLVANIA
N.J.
MD
WEST VIRGINIA
VA
Atlantic Ocean

The 1969 Canada Games
2700 athletes - gold medal competition - Halifax - Dartmouth - Aug. 16 to 25

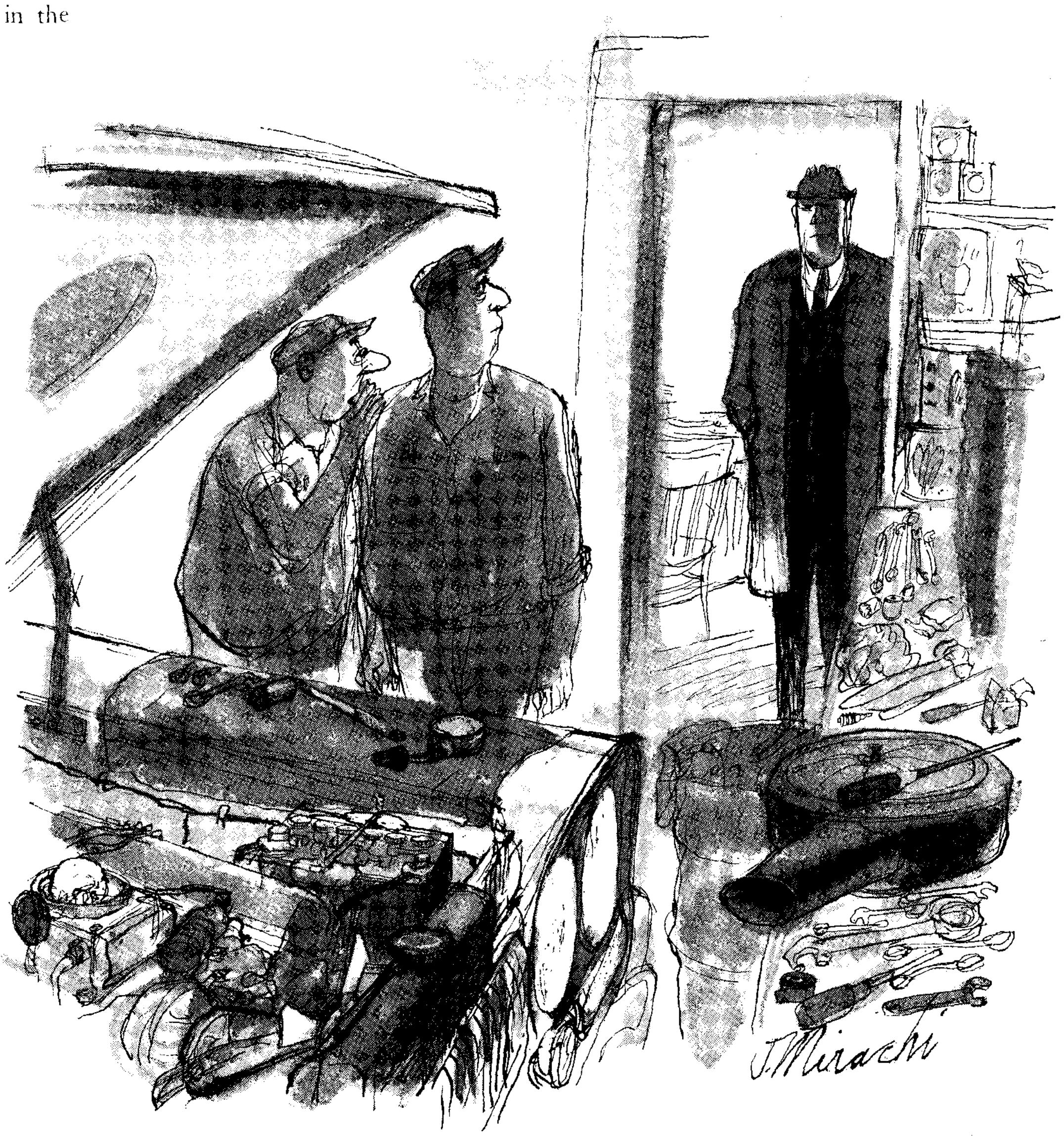

HABIT ROUGE
GUERLAIN
NEW YORK
EAU DE COLOGNE
FOR MEN
Everything that Guerlain has learned about women went into this cologne.
Habit Rouge. For men.
ALSO IN AFTER SHAVE, CAPILLAQUE HAIR SPRAY, SHAVING CREAM AND SOAP.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

APRIL 12

TO govern with any degree of effectiveness and to maintain anything resembling national unity, the Nixon Administration must pursue a course that, in theory, is all but impossible. It must turn away from, and even rebuff, its basic constituency and devote most of its attention, most of its energies, and most of the revenues it collects to those Americans who in the main opposed its candidates in last fall's elections and who are now spoken for by the opposition party, which controls both houses of Congress. Nixon's nomination and his narrow election were victories for conservatism. He needed conservative Southern support to win at his party's convention last August and at the polls three months later. Though his Democratic opponent was not entirely without affluent backers, Nixon's campaign was financed almost exclusively by the rich. He did badly in all the major cities and gained his plurality mostly in the South, in the small towns and the countryside outside the South, and in the suburbs almost everywhere. He must now say, as many before him have said, that he is "President of all the people," but it is in the tradition of American politics, and of all democratic politics, for a leader to give priority to the claims and interests of those who supported him. Not much in the way of ideology or class interest cements the "coalition" that elected Nixon; it has elements as diverse and conflicting as the opposition has. It is possible, nevertheless, to generalize broadly about what most of its elements want and to estimate the political cost of their continued loyalty. In a general way, their wants are negative ones: they want less government, lower taxes, and less turbulence and change. They want, in short, what no President in this period can possibly deliver—a fact of which the candidate was clearly aware throughout his campaign. While he appealed to the yearnings of what he called "the forgotten Americans" and repeatedly said that he shared them, he shrewdly refrained from promising any early satisfactions, except in giving occasional assurances that he and his new Attorney General would take steps to restore "law and order."

There was very little passion or militancy in the Nixon constituency, and he could probably hold it together if he could somehow manage to be the kind of President that Dwight Eisenhower was—one who made no effort to turn back the clock but was rather successful in stopping it for eight years. Those who supported Eisenhower were willing to settle for that, and, in all likelihood, those who supported Nixon would be, too. Not even his Southern backers expected him to resegregate the buses and other "public accommodations"—that vote went to George Wallace—but they surely hoped and expected that he and his subordinates would bring about a kind of *de-facto* moratorium on change. And this, probably, was more or less what was in the minds of those who voted for him in other parts of the country. While they would like less government and lower taxes, they would find it possible to sustain their approval of Nixon if he did no more than bring a temporary halt to federal initiatives and hold taxes at about their current level. And Nixon, of course, would be a happy man if he could arrange things this way. But it is inherent in the very nature of the crises he faces that he cannot hope to preside over any kind of moratorium. If the country is to hold together during his tenure, then its President must use the federal power more vigorously than it has been used in the past, and he must do something about redistributing wealth, with taxation as his principal instrument. It is not only that he cannot behave as his supporters would wish him to; it is an imperative of the situation in which he finds himself that, unless he is willing to face personal and national disaster, he must act *against* the interests of those to whom he owes



"You give him the estimate. You're more his size."

In Denmark, summer temperatures range from 61 to 90 degrees. Some days are sunny for 15 hours. The evenings are short. Always cool. And nothing warms them up like a Birger Christensen fur.

BIRGER CHRISTENSEN
38 Ostergade-Copenhagen-Denmark

By Appointment to the Royal Danish Court

C'EST LES BERNARD

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, TAURUS. For those remarkable people born from April 21 to May 21, Les Bernard has the perfect gift: their own sign of the zodiac pin done in 14-carat gold-plated sterling called diamond-point, set with a real ruby. $15.00. From a collection of a dozen cosmic conversation pieces at Rich's; Jacobson's. Or write Les Bernard, Inc., 417 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016.

C'EST LES BERNARD

his election, even to the point of wresting more of their money from them than any of his predecessors have ever done. In other words, he has to deny and, in a sense, destroy his power base, and it is a basic tenet of political science that anyone who does this invites his own destruction. A leader, even of the most magnetic sort, is only as strong as his power base, and if the base is not an army and its weapons, or an iron-fisted bureaucracy with military support, it can be only a popular constituency that gives general consent to the kind of leadership being offered. And no leader can expect to have the consent of those whose status he must threaten and whose wealth he must expropriate.

History is rich in examples of leaders who have betrayed or ignored or turned against the interests of those to whom they owed their power. Nearly all such leaders have come to bad ends—at least in terms of the retention of power—and although Nixon cannot yet be said to have faced up to the imperatives, there are already signs of erosion in his power base. The White House has several times lately been warned by Southern congressmen and Republican chairmen that disenchantment is growing rapidly among white Southerners, and that in an election held today Nixon might very well lose the entire South to George Wallace or someone like him. But there are some examples of leaders who have acted contrary to the wishes and interests of their supporters and have still managed to survive. A recent and highly relevant example is Charles de Gaulle, whose restoration in 1958 was accomplished with the help of the Gallic equivalent of "the military-industrial complex" and of several other elements comparable to those that supported Nixon. A speedy removal of the French military and political presence from Algeria was hardly what many of these supporters wanted or expected, but it was what de Gaulle gave them and the nation, and France as a whole was immensely gratified. If Nixon gets us out of Vietnam, this nation will be no less gratified, and the strictly political losses will be insignificant alongside the political gains. On Vietnam, and on most major questions of foreign policy, there seems to be very little that distinguishes the mass of people whose votes he got from those whose votes he did not get. (The military-industrial complex may exert great influence on policy, but its strength at the polls is negligible.) The desire for peace is almost universal in this country now, and the

How to gain the advantages of investment management for a $5,000 to $50,000 portfolio

If you have saved or acquired $5,000 to $50,000, you naturally want to make your capital grow. But you may actually be *losing* ground due to inflation and taxes.

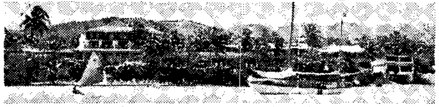
To help solve this problem, clients in 55 countries have placed their accounts under The Danforth Associates Investment Management Plan, a unique program originally developed by a Boston family to manage its own common stock investments.

As in any investment program, losses do and will occur. However, the plan thus far has proved especially efficient in providing continuing capital growth supervision for *individual* portfolios starting with from $5,000 to $50,000 in cash or securities.

For a complimentary copy of a 42-page report describing this tested plan and its complete 10-year "performance record," simply write Dept. E-77.

THE DANFORTH ASSOCIATES
WELLESLEY HILLS, MASS., U.S.A. 02181
Investment Management • ***Incorporated 1936***

The real JAMAICA



Slow-paced, idyllic. Incredibly thoughtful Jamaican service. Silver Seas is the real Jamaica. More like a private club than a hotel. See your travel agent. Or write RR Hotel Representatives, 1270 Sixth Avenue, New York 10036. Ask for the real Jamaica.

Silver Seas Hotel. Ocho Rios.

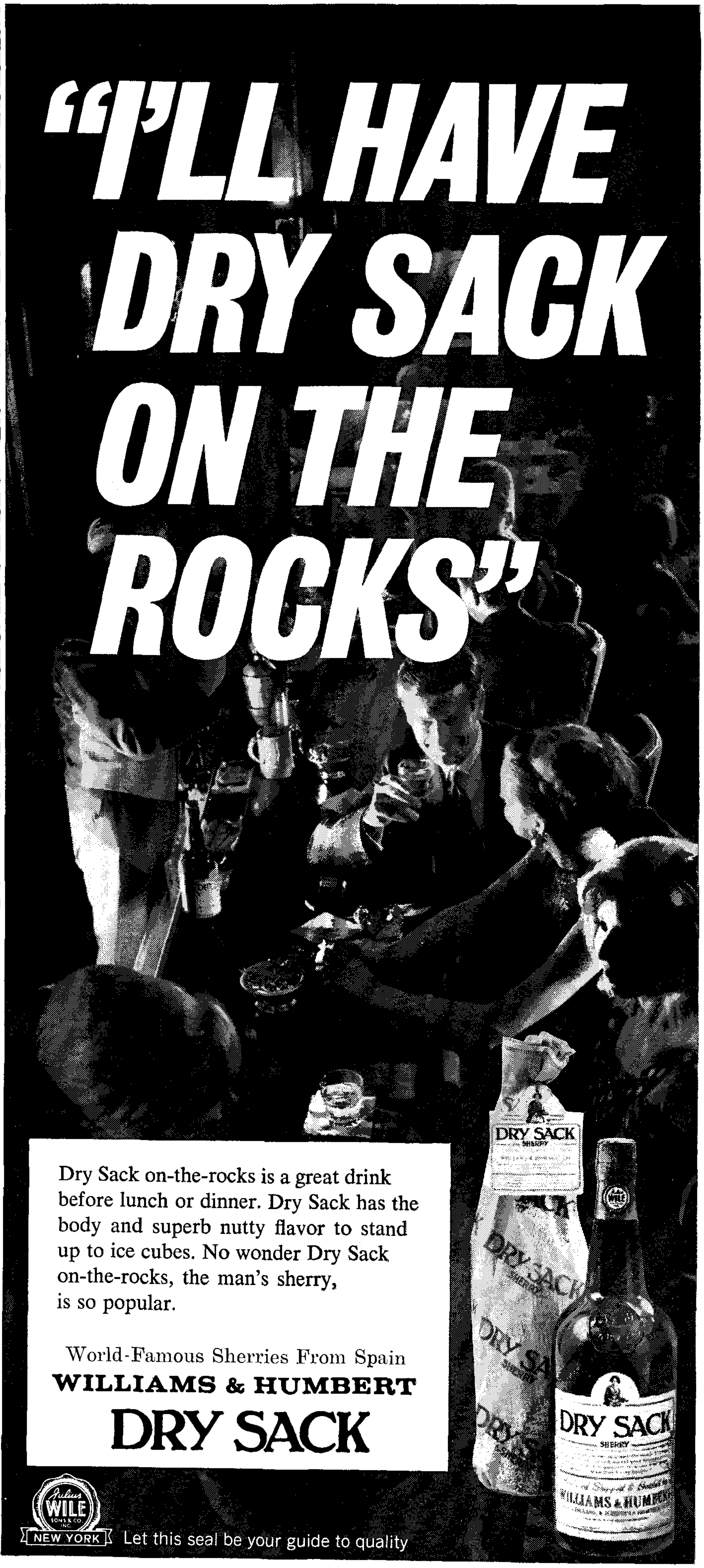
MANIERRE DAWSON
Paintings 1909—1913
April 5–May 1, 1969
SCHOELKOPF
825 Madison Avenue New York, N.Y. 10021

Takeda's JAPAN ROOM
Sukiyaki Cooked at Table
Tatami Room
Lunch Cocktails Dinner
58 West 56 Street JU 2-6153

man who could satisfy it would be forgiven much and would find many new sources of approbation, just as de Gaulle did a decade ago.

Peace would also greatly aid such a man in his efforts to deal with domestic affairs. Although it is a fact that most reputable economists are agreed that putting an end to the war and its drain on resources would yield very little in the way of funds that could soon be diverted to non-military use, the existence of peace could not help but improve the atmosphere, and it would at least divert much of the government's attention from military to non-military affairs. The President's problem, however, would be essentially what it is today—that of a man who can serve his constituency and hold it together only by inactivity, the consequences of which would be further division, increased alienation, and the eventual crumbling of the Union he is sworn to preserve. Faced with such a plight, a President—assuming he is aware of it, and there is no reason to doubt that Nixon's awareness is anything but acute—can attempt to deal with it in two ways, which may be employed simultaneously. He can try to reëducate his supporters, and he can seek to broaden his political base by making friends of former enemies. In the present case, reëducation would require persuading the well-to-do and complacent that their long-range interest—their own survival—requires them to abandon their complacency and share much of their wealth. It is this that most theorists regard as impossible, or very nearly so. What Edmund Burke called "enlightened self-interest" manifests itself rarely in any society, and seldom, if ever, in decisive ways. There may be traces of it in the actions of certain large corporations that have wealth to spare and assets of such magnitude that a long view is almost forced upon them. But votes are cast by individuals aware of their mortality, worried about their immediate needs, captives of their existing moods. A Fidel Castro may be able to bring about changes in the thinking of large numbers of his countrymen, but Nixon is in no one's eyes a *maximum* leader, and the United States is not Cuba. The second approach—attracting new followers in numbers greater than those deserting the ranks—is by far the more promising one, and it is plainly the one that was favored by Nixon in his campaign and that has to some extent been on display in the early months of his Presidency.

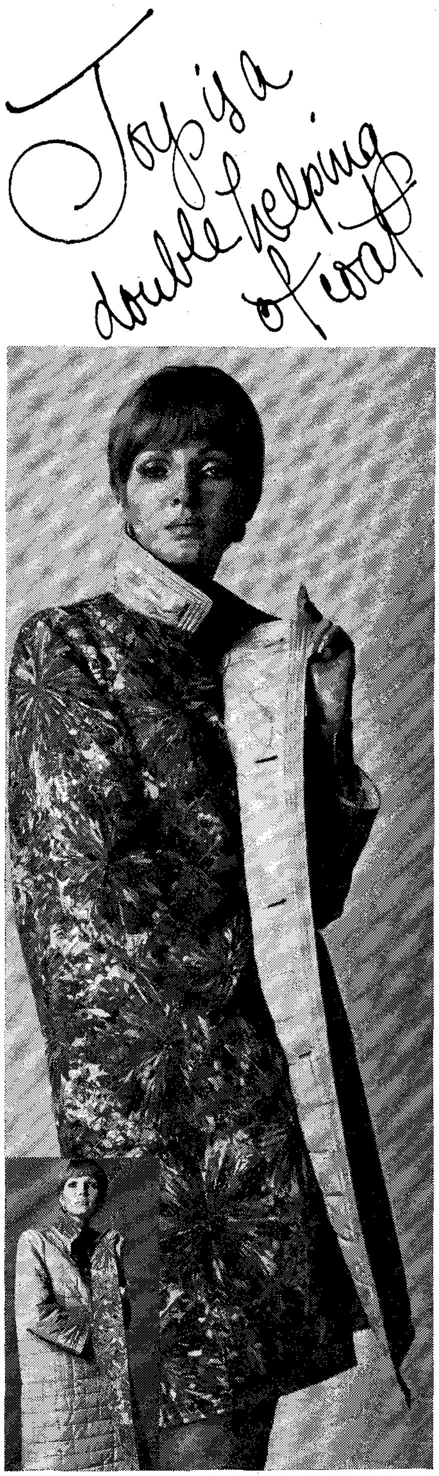
Last May, three months before he won his party's nomination at Miami



Dry Sack on-the-rocks is a great drink before lunch or dinner. Dry Sack has the body and superb nutty flavor to stand up to ice cubes. No wonder Dry Sack on-the-rocks, the man's sherry, is so popular.

World-Famous Sherries From Spain
WILLIAMS & HUMBERT
DRY SACK

Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC. NEW YORK Let this seal be your guide to quality



Joy is a double helping of coat

The print, a blithe melange of color, completely reversing to platinum, honey or daffodil in a light-as-air wonder fabric of DuPont Antron® nylon* that sheds raindrops, repels stains. Sizes 6 to 16. About $80. At Bergdorf-Goodman, New York; Filene's, Boston and branches; Rich's, Atlanta; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati; Marshall Field & Co., Chicago and branches; Neiman-Marcus, Texas.

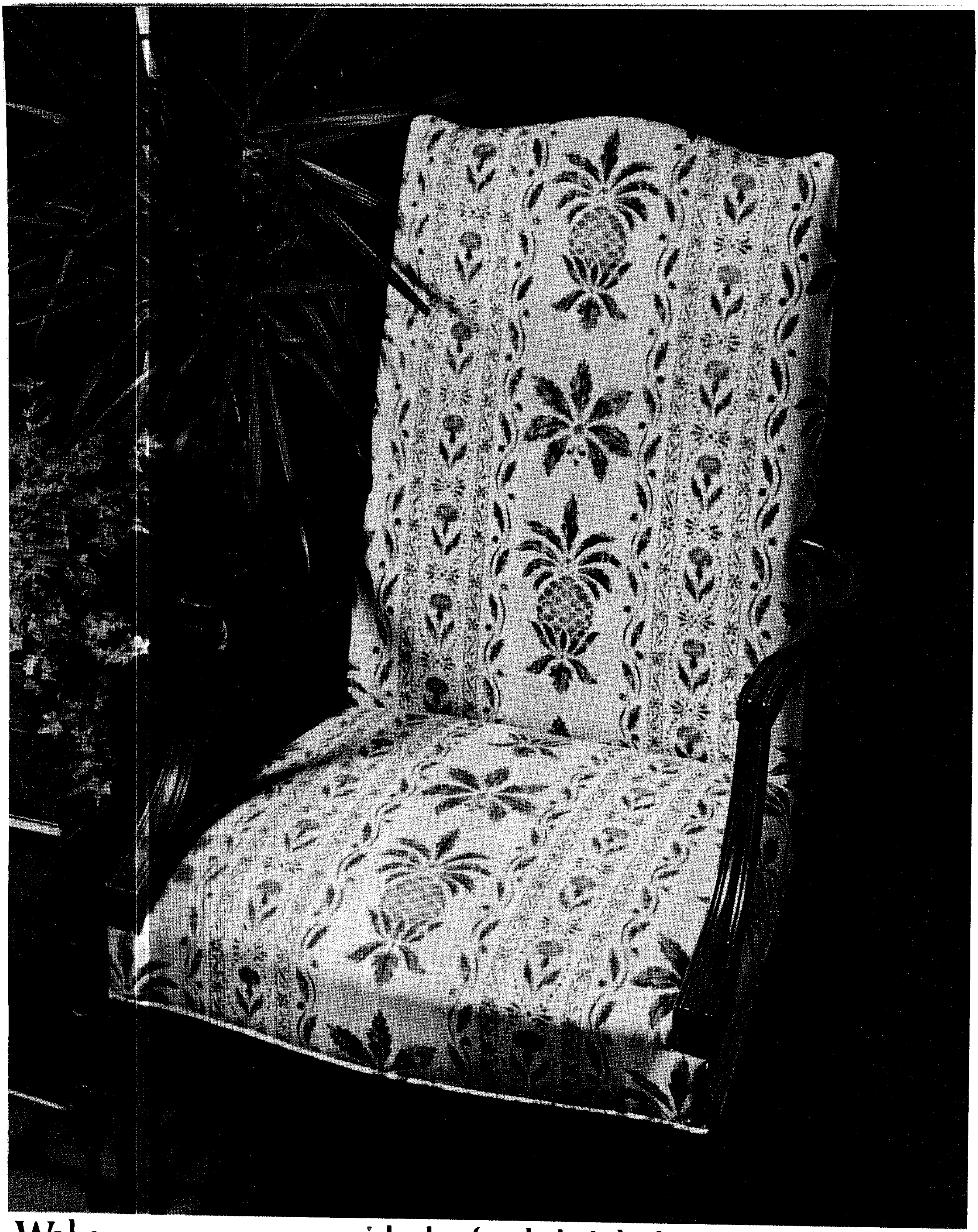
*DACRON FILLED
®REG. T. M.

COUTURE
SPECIALTIES
a division of Handmacher
533 Seventh Avenue, New York

Beach, the candidate who is now the President delivered an address over network radio that was remarkable for both boldness and looseness of thought. It was subsequently published in pamphlet form under the title "A New Alignment for American Unity," and it declared that there existed an American consensus broader than any that Lyndon Johnson ever dreamed of. It was so broad that if it had in fact existed Nixon's election would have been very close to unanimous. Indeed, he virtually announced that unanimity had been reached. "The new majority is not a grouping of power blocs but an alliance of ideas," he said. "Men and women of all backgrounds, of all ages, of all parties are coming to the same conclusions. Many of these men and women belong to the same blocs that formed the old coalitions. But now, thinking independently, they have all reached a new conclusion about the direction of our nation." Naturally, the "new conclusion" that "all" had reached was exactly the one the candidate had reached, though what this conclusion implied about "the direction of our nation" he did not at that time divulge—nor, it must be said, has he done so in the eleven months since. But he was quite specific about the partners in the new "alliance of ideas." First, there was the entire Republican Party; he was at the time seeking its nomination, and he had to maintain that his voice that night was "the Republican voice, the voice of both liberals and conservatives within the Party," and that "its good sense is becoming more appealing to millions of Democrats and Independents." The next set of adherents were "the New Liberals." He explained that except for a few retrograde spirits—mired back in the thirties—liberals in general were becoming disillusioned with big government and were eager, as he was, to decentralize. He admitted that there were differences between him and "the New Left," but he thought that these might prove to be not very enduring: "I have a feeling that many of the young people who call themselves New Leftists now are in fact more closely attuned to the voice of the New Liberal."

And so this extraordinary document—little noticed at the time, and subjected to little comment or analysis—went on. After the New Liberals and the redeemable New Leftists came the New South ("No longer prisoner of the past; no longer bound by old habits or old grievances or the old racist appeals"), and after the New South the Black Militants ("They do not want to be recipients; they want to be participants"). On to "the Silent Center," in which was to be found every American otherwise unaccounted for in the "alliance of ideas." It was political fantasy, and demagogy of a not particularly virulent but nonetheless brazen sort. At the same time, it was a rather daring political enterprise—a man seriously bidding for the favor of a Strom Thurmond and not altogether certain that he will get it takes a chance when he announces an alliance with the New Liberals, to say nothing of segments of the New Left and the Black Militants. Most of all, though, it revealed Nixon's sharp sense of his own vulnerability and, for all its fraudulent air of political bravado, a good deal of prescience about the difficulties a Nixon Administration would labor under. Professing to describe a new consensus, he actually described a shattered and probably irreparable one. Knowing how narrowly based his constituency would be in the event he won election (Lyndon Johnson had withdrawn six weeks earlier, but Robert Kennedy was alive and was an active, formidable candidate), and how difficult it would be to serve that constituency, he was reaching out for new—though, of course, quite improbable—sources of support.

By pressing for some progress in school integration in the South, Nixon's Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare may, as so many politicians have warned, have caused some damage to the Administration's standing in the South (which in 1968 was "no longer prisoner of the past"), but it seems safe at the moment to say that the majority of Nixon's supporters are still with him. Most polls show that his performance in office has the approval of a majority throughout the country. To be sure, this is a form of courtesy extended by the people to any very new President. But to say that he has given little offense so far is to say almost nothing—or, rather, to say that he has done almost nothing. This period is now at a mandated end. Early next week, he must inform the Congress what he wants to do about the budget drawn



Wake up every room with the fresh, bright beauty of Cotton.

GREEFF FABRICS covers a Hickory chair with "Guilford". Derives the pineapple pattern, symbol of hospitality in Colonial times, from an old American wall stencil. Transfers it to pure cotton, so receptive to subtle colorations, so resistant to everyday wear. Red and blue on parchment (shown), tomato/olive on curry, butterscotch/olive on sand, blue/green on oyster. Ask for Greeff's "Guilford" cotton fabric at better stores across the country.

COMFORTABLE · CAREFREE COTTON

Cotton Producers Institue, Box 12253, Memphis, Tennessee 38112.

Mealtime is a national pastime in Scandinavia. That's why there's nothing "traditionally airline" about the food and drink we serve. It's traditionally Scandinavian.

Like Smorrebrod. Innocent-looking Aquavit (looks are so deceiving). Entrees that stir the soul. Great wines. And desserts so rich they're sinful.

And everything is imaginatively prepared, elegantly served.

Then there's that delectable bit of Scandinavian pastry you see here: an SAS stewardess. She possesses all the graces Scandinavian women are so famous for. Beauty. Warmth. Intelligence. Wit. Plus an instinct for knowing what will please you—almost before you do.

So come fly with us to Scandinavia or worldwide. We've more direct flights to Scandinavia than anyone. And within Europe, we serve more cities than any other transatlantic or transpolar airline. Leave from New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Seattle, Anchorage, Montreal. Call your travel agent. Or SAS. It's just your dish.

Scandinavia - you'll love us for it.

SAS
SCANDINAVIAN AIRLINES

SAS is famous for its great Scandinavian dishes.

up and submitted by the Johnson Administration. It is hard to see how he can meet this responsibility of office without establishing at least some of those priorities that will tell us all what kind of President—and whose President—he intends to be. That he has held off so long is a fairly clear indication of his own uncertainty, and perhaps of his anguish, in dealing with it. There are those who are persuaded that whenever there is any doubt in Richard Nixon's mind as to whether to move right or left, he moves to the right. He is conservative by instinct, they say, and has always been moved by instinct in the "crises" that he has written and talked so much about. There are others who think that his strongest instinct is for survival, and that he will obey it whatever it seems to dictate in the way of political direction. In any case, "left" and "right" are terms of little utility in dealing with the problems he now faces. There is nothing either liberal or conservative about disengaging or persevering in Vietnam or about deploying or not deploying the ABM. If it is desirable to "conserve" a relatively free society, then some redistribution of wealth might commend itself to the most conservative of minds. But while politics can be largely divorced from formal and hardened ideologies, it cannot be divorced from power and conflicts of social and economic interest. Even if he brings an end to the war, Nixon, to survive, must dare to do far more than what he probably considers necessary to hold his 1968 constituency together. Its power, which was barely enough to put him in office in 1968, is on the wane, and almost certainly could not reëlect him in 1972, assuming that democracy in America survives that long. If he does dare to do more, his future will still be uncertain, but he may help assure the future of democracy, and even make progress toward creating something like the "alliance of ideas" whose existence he mistakenly announced last May.

THE NATO ministers have concluded their celebrations and deliberations, and King Hussein, though his formal talks with the President and others have been completed, is staying on for an appearance on "Meet the Press." In New York and Geneva, talks go on over the Middle East and arms control, while in Paris—perhaps in several places in that city and, it is rumored, "elsewhere"—there are negotiations over Vietnam. The Administration line is that progress has been or

This Steinway® was started June 15, 1968.
This Steinway will be finished June 20, 1969.

A year may sound like a long time to work on one grand piano, but Steinway has proven that's how long it takes to make a fine musical instrument.

Of course, we could save a lot of time if we didn't make the Steinway Accelerated® Action. (But then Steinway wouldn't have its unique responsive touch.)

Or if we didn't kiln dry the wood before and after gluing. Or didn't hand condition the felt in every hammer for truest tone. Or go through the months of precision voicing and tuning.

The reason just about every great pianist you can think of chooses Steinway isn't because it takes a year to make it.

It's because of the way it sounds when it's finished.

Which is really the only reason anyone should ever buy a Steinway.

Steinway & Sons

For information, write: John Steinway, Steinway Hall, 111 West 57th Street, New York, 10019

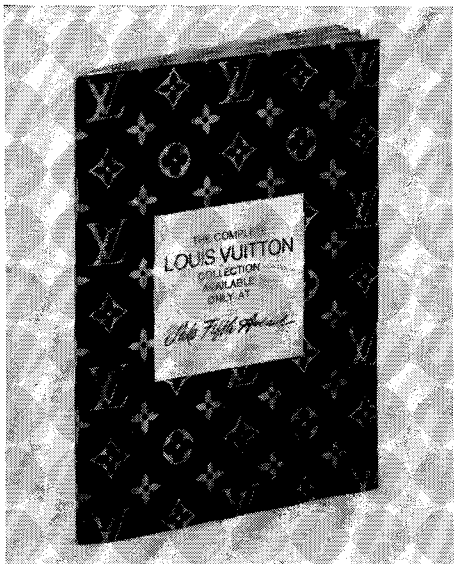
WARP KNIT SLACKS
FOR THE GROOMED GOLFER

For wrinkle resistance, shape retention, cool comfort, correct fashion, tee off in our warp knit golfer's slacks. Traditionally tailored of a polyester and rayon blend in candy stripes of blue/white, gold/white, red/white. State waist size. For finished bottoms, specify cuffs or plain, and send outseam measurement (from top of waistband to trouser bottom). $27.50

On mail orders, add sales tax and $.75 for parcel post.

FRANK BROTHERS
FENN-FEINSTEIN

9 E. 57th Street, New York
264 York Street, New Haven
633 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago
214 Worth Avenue, Palm Beach



THE COMPLETE LOUIS VUITTON COLLECTION AVAILABLE ONLY AT Saks Fifth Avenue

We have just completed a new catalogue picturing our complete collection of luggage and handbags, pocket and travel accessories, created by world-renowned

LOUIS VUITTON
OF PARIS

To obtain your copy of this 36-page booklet, simply write or phone. There's no charge, of course.

Saks Fifth Avenue

is being made in most of these conferences, and few of the known participants have taken the opposite view. The NATO ministers agreed in principle on the desirability of negotiating en bloc with the Warsaw Pact partners, but they didn't want to set a date, and they did want to set a number of military and political conditions. King Hussein came here to announce that the Arab states—at least his own and, according to him, Nasser's Egypt—are willing to make certain concessions on territorial matters and on rights of navigation in the Suez Canal that they were earlier reported to be unwilling to make. This is taken as good news by us and as propaganda by the Israelis, who at least profess to think that it doesn't matter much what the King tells the President, and who are deeply suspicious of the four-power talks in New York. In Geneva, both sides are stalling rather amiably, each awaiting developments elsewhere and each conceding that the possibility of an agreement has been enhanced by the development of reconnaissance satellites, which, by and large, can do as good a job of "inspection" as any earthbound observers could do, even if such observers were given the right to examine anything they chose—a right that the Soviet Union has never been willing to grant, and one that we, for all our talk of having nothing to hide, would grant only with reluctance and against heavy opposition. As for the talks in Paris—those being held in the Hôtel Majestic—there has lately been a remarkable effort to belittle their importance and to insist, as practically every *leading Administration spokesman from* the President down has done, that if the war ends in a negotiated settlement, the terms will be worked out not at the meetings that Ambassador Lodge is attending but at "private" or "secret" meetings. What effect this has on the morale and stamina of the Ambassador and his staff is not known, nor is anything known about the talks, if any, that we are assured are proceeding in some other place or places.

Nevertheless, despite all the gaps in knowledge and despite heavy discounts being made on all the talk of "progress," there is, as far as foreign policy is concerned, more hope in the air than there has been for some years. It is based not on specific diplomatic developments but on what appears to be the convergence of American and Soviet interest in eliminating, or at any rate reducing, tensions everywhere. The period of convergence may be a very brief one and already just about

where all the pampered pirates stay and play...

Bluebeard's Castle & Beach HOTELS
ST. THOMAS, U. S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

Set your spyglass on BLUEBEARD'S, high over the sky-blue harbor. Drink in the Dungeon Bar, survey your domain from the 300-year-old tower. Go Calypso in the Pirate's Parlour. Dine on the starlit Terrace or in the Rogues' Galley. Then dream of doubloons in your air conditioned room. Treasure hunt the mile-long beach at BLUEBEARD'S BEACH HOTEL.
Milan V. Glumidge, Gen. Mgr.

For color folders, information see your Travel Agent.
Represented by **THE LEONARD HICKS ORGANIZATION**
532 Madison Ave., New York 10022 • MU 8-0123

Sun Luck
RESTAURANTS, N.Y.C.

Specializing in CANTONESE, PEKING, SHANGHAI & CHUNGKING Cooking.
For those who want VARIETY & the ULTIMATE in Chinese Cuisine
Luncheon Cocktails Dinner Banquet Facilities

- **IMPERIAL**, 935 Lex. at 69 ST. • LE 5-4070
- **GOURMET**, 157 W. 49 ST. • JU 2-8182
- **EAST**, 75 E. 55 ST. • PL 3-4930
- **QUEENS**, 91-16 59th AVE. (Nr. Queens & Woodhaven Blvd.) ELMHURST • 446-1166
- **SUNNYSIDE**, 45-12 Queens Blvd. (Nr. Sunnyside Garden) 361-1328
- **FLUSHING**, 144-08 Northern Blvd. (At Parsons Blvd.) 445-1144

Le Restaurant Par Excellence
LUNCHEON · COCKTAILS DINNER · CLOSED SUNDAY
QUO VADIS
26 EAST 63RD ST. at MADISON AVE., N.Y.C. · TE 8-0590

RESTAURANT L'Aiglon
PRE-THEATRE DINNER
PRIVATE DINING FACILITIES
CONTINENTAL CUISINE OF DISTINCTION FOR LUNCHEON AND DINNER
13 E. 55TH, N.Y.C. PL 3-7296
OPEN SUNDAYS

the finest in Italian Food
ITALIAN
24 W. 55TH, N. Y. C.
daily except Sunday
luncheon cocktails dinner
PAVILION
JU 6 5950

over. This is almost certainly the case in one field—that of arms control. If, for example, one superpower or the other begins the deployment of missiles with multiple warheads, satellite inspection will no longer be feasible, while the objections to "on-site" inspectors will presumably remain. Still, there is a common appreciation of the costs and the dangers and the ultimate uselessness of nuclear escalation. Since missiles are merely inanimate objects and hold nothing against one another, it might in the end be easier to eliminate the tensions created by their existence than to end the bloody tensions that arise from differing human aspirations in Southeast Asia and the Middle East, where neither of the superpowers exercises the kind of sovereignty that each could bring into play in limiting or disposing of its own armaments. Yet many observers now believe that Washington and Moscow are earnest in their desire for peace in both areas, and that while each piously insists that it contemplates no "imposed" settlement of either conflict, this is precisely what each does contemplate. In Vietnam, settlement could rather easily be achieved by an American withdrawal of troops and a Soviet withholding of matériel. This would not end the fighting, and it might result in China's taking a larger hand in the war and in a quick victory for the Northern forces and the Vietcong. There would be screams here and in Saigon—and no doubt in Moscow, too—but for the moment the superpowers seem more interested in an early disengagement than in its political consequences. This is not so clearly the case in the Middle East, where both have far more at stake. But what both seem now to realize about the Middle East is that the dangers of a confrontation leading to general war are far greater there than in Vietnam, or even in Central Europe. The fear of general war is a healthy one, and while it cannot produce an entirely just peace, it might produce one approximately just in its terms—the superpowers being roughly equal in the influence and prestige they bring to the bargaining table—and, in the process, avert total human disaster.

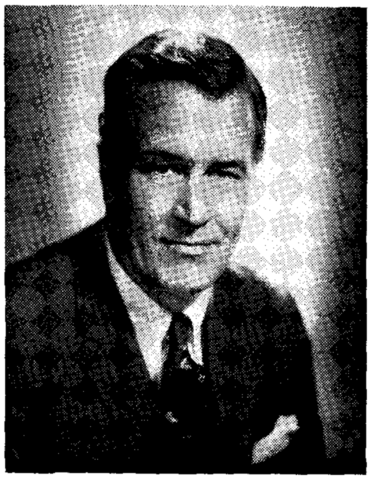
—RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

BEAUTY CONSULTANT, Miss Evelyn Kindler of Germaine Monteil, will beat C. Crawford Hollidge, Wellesley, tomorrow and Tuesday and at Hollidge in Boston, on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday to help solve your beauty problems.—*Photograph caption in the Boston Herald Traveler.*

It isn't going to work.

Bachrach
now brings the
world's most distinguished
men's portraiture to
Atlanta


Thomas E. Martin, Jr., V. P. & Regional Mgr.,
Eastman Dillon Union Sec. Co., Atlanta, Ga.

A sitting
in black and
white plus
six glossies
costs only
$47.50.
Direct color
from $150.00

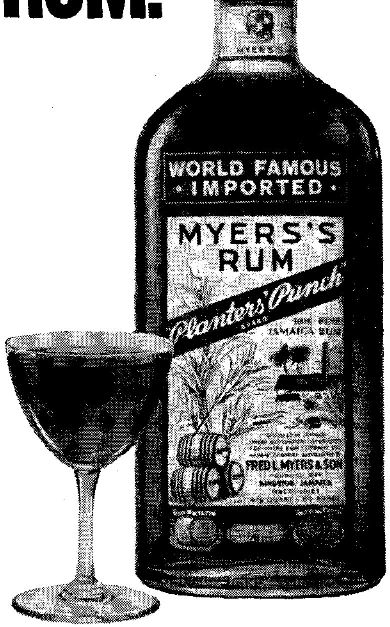
Fabian Bachrach, photographer of men
1105 National Bank of Georgia Bldg. Atlanta, Georgia 30303 Tel. 522-5043
Baltimore • Boston • Chicago • Hartford • New York • Philadelphia • Short Hills, N.J. • Washington

Find your frames
where the world's great museums do

THE HOUSE OF HEYDENRYK
Now at 417 East 76th St., N.Y.C. 10021 • 249-4903
Frames from $10.95 to $2800.00

IF YOU LIKE
A NICE, BLAND,
DELICATE
LITTLE
DAIQUIRI...

STAY AWAY
FROM
MYERS'S
RUM.



Myers's doesn't make a nice, bland, delicate little anything. What it does make is a hearty, full-flavored rum drink. That's because Myers's is dark Jamaican rum. And people who know rum will tell you dark Jamaican rum is the rummiest rum of all. So, naturally, the Myers's Daiquiri is the rummiest Daiquiri of all.

Use Myers's Rum every time the drink calls for rum. You'll love it. Providing you're ready for a good, full-flavored rum.

For free recipe booklet, write General Wine & Spirits Co., Dept. 319, 375 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10022
Myers's—the true Jamaican Rum. 84 Proof.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Rebuttal

IT would be euphemistic to say that the reaction to my modest effort at kingmaking last week was mixed. I was besieged with phone calls. A couple of my candidates said that they were not qualified, and anyhow wouldn't take the job of general manager of the Metropolitan Opera if the board of directors tendered it to them on their knees. A friend of the Metropolitan phoned me to call my attention to the fact that the roster of Metropolitan singers was at least sixty per cent American at present, and that the permanent production staff was almost wholly so. Certain candidates were criticized. Regina Resnik, whom I had suggested because I had special knowledge that she was soon to become a stage director, was thought to be totally unqualified in the fund-raising department. Julius Rudel? Too nice a fellow. Tito Capobianco? Ditto. Herman Krawitz? Ditto. The view seems to be remarkably prevalent that the general manager of the Met should have the personality of Genghis Khan or Attila. "Those star singers are monsters," one of my informants remarked. "You have to be able to control them, and that takes a lion tamer." Well, I still think that a psychologically acute manager could handle them with both firmness and gentleness. I also think that the Met is still in need of a manager who can get along with conductors of a superior sort, and who can give them a share of authority. And I would like, as I have said before, to see the Met freed of the neo-Bayreuth, La Scala, and Jean-Louis Barrault-sponsored sets that have cluttered its stage in recent years. Rudel and Capobianco remain important candidates in my mind. However, no further nominations will issue from this source. After all, it is the board of directors' responsibility. I do not envy them.

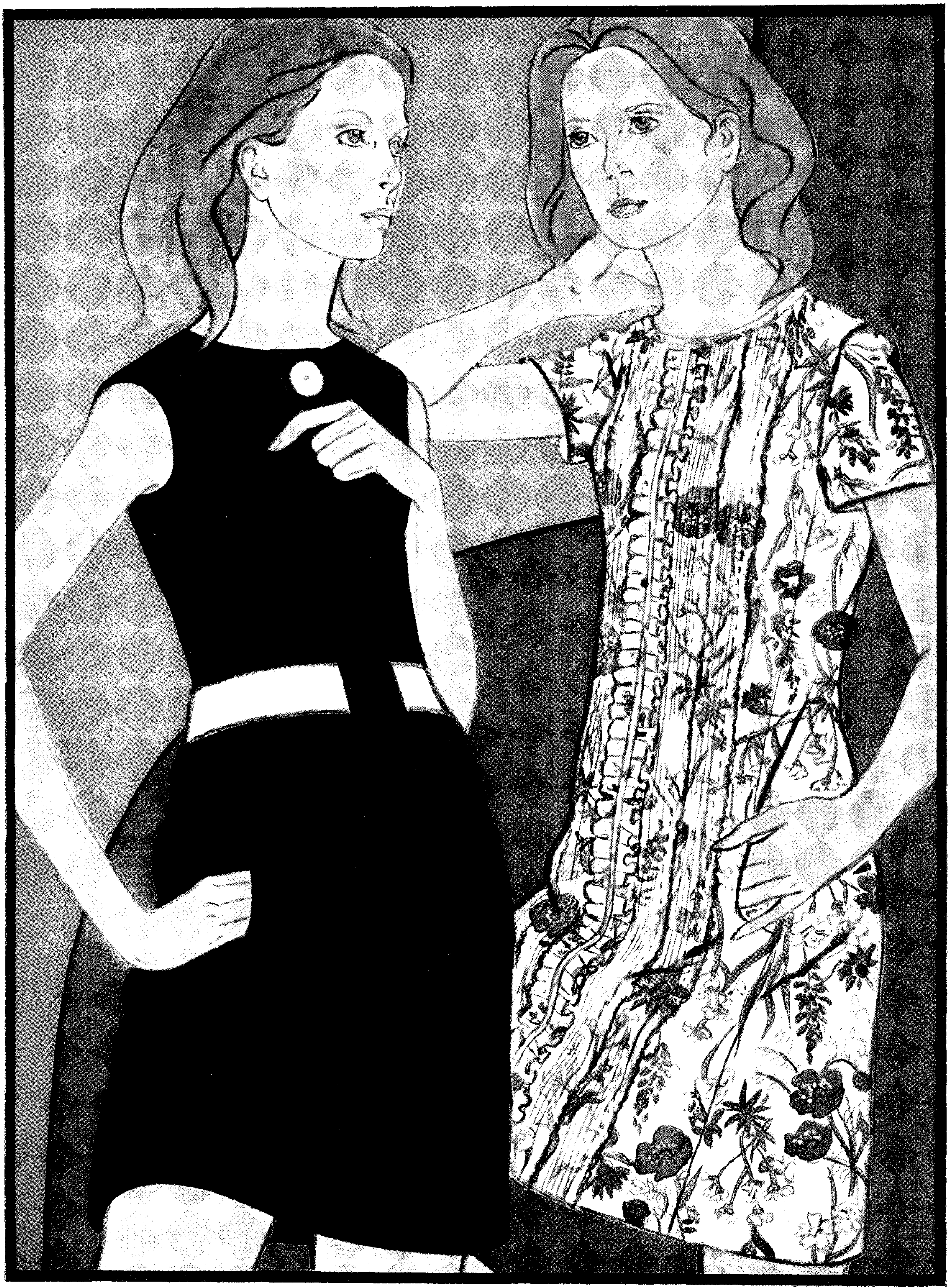
EUGÈNE D'ALBERT's neglected opera "Tiefland," which has apparently not been heard here since 1914, was presented by the American Opera Society in Carnegie Hall last Wednesday evening, and I, for one, was impressed by its beauty. It is, as a friend remarked, probably the one opera in which the hero stabs the heroine in the *arm*. But that act of sado-masochism is highly significant. Only after it occurs does the heroine fall in love with the hero. Briefly, the plot concerns a villain named Sebastiano who wants to get rid of his proletarian mistress, Marta, so that he can marry a wealthy woman, and to this end marries her off to a simple mountain shepherd boy named Pedro, retaining, however, his rights as Marta's lover. As an inducement, Sebastiano gives Pedro charge of a mill he owns in the decadent lowlands. You can easily imagine how it all works out. Marta, who had been picked up out of the gutter by Sebastiano, is nevertheless a woman with a conscience. She is not in love with Pedro, and she feels pretty bad about being a pawn in Sebastiano's plot. Those mean lowlanders, who know what is happening, scoff at the marriage. Marta begs Pedro's forgiveness and presents him with a knife, asking him to kill her. Pedro, who by this time has caught on, makes that stab. Marta, happy to be punished, immediately falls in love with Pedro. There is a scuffle between Pedro and Sebastiano over whom Marta really belongs to. Then the news arrives that Sebastiano's marriage to the wealthy woman has been called off because her parents have discovered his villainy. Sebastiano approaches Marta again, whimpering that she is all he has left. At this point Pedro is understandably fed up, and so he strangles Sebastiano and departs, along with Marta, for that pure mountain air.

There is nothing wrong with this, as opera plots go, and d'Albert has written a great deal of eloquent music to go with it. This music dates from approximately the period of Puccini's "Madame Butterfly," but it is wholly different in conception from the Italian master's. It is, as might be expected from a German-oriented composer of the period, distinctly Wagnerian, but it is a bit lighter than the music Wagner wrote. The scoring is in general thick and complex, yet in places the idiom is almost that of salon music. As with Wagner, the orchestra is dominant and the singers are merely instruments. It is an opera with dramatic tension and moments of musical magic, and I am at a loss to explain why it is not more often performed. The role of Marta, for one thing, is a natural vehicle for a great operatic actress.

Angela Gulin, who made her

In The Tanner Manner

Doers and daydreamers summer in Tanners. Left. For Doing: the wide-belted dress in Tanlin, a Dacron® and flax fabric. Blue, green, yellow. Right. For Dreaming: tucked and lace accented princess dress in Kodel® and cotton field flower print. Lilac, red or yellow keyed. Both in sizes 8 to 18, and in drip-dry fabrics. From the Fair and Warmer Collection. $40 each.



Rosette Pennington, New York City/Boston, R. H. Stearns/Chicago, Charles A. Stevens/Detroit, B. Siegel Co./Florida, Frances Brewster/Florida, Maas Bros./Indianapolis, L. S. Ayres/Madison, Mac Neil & Moore/ Milwaukee, Mac Neil & Moore/Naples, Fla., Johnson's/Newark, Hahne & Co./ Springfield, Ill., Bressmer's. Or for the store in your city, write: Tanner of North Carolina, 530 Seventh Avenue, New York, New York 10018.

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky • The Paddington Corporation, N.Y.

JUSTERINI
Founded 1749 & BROOKS

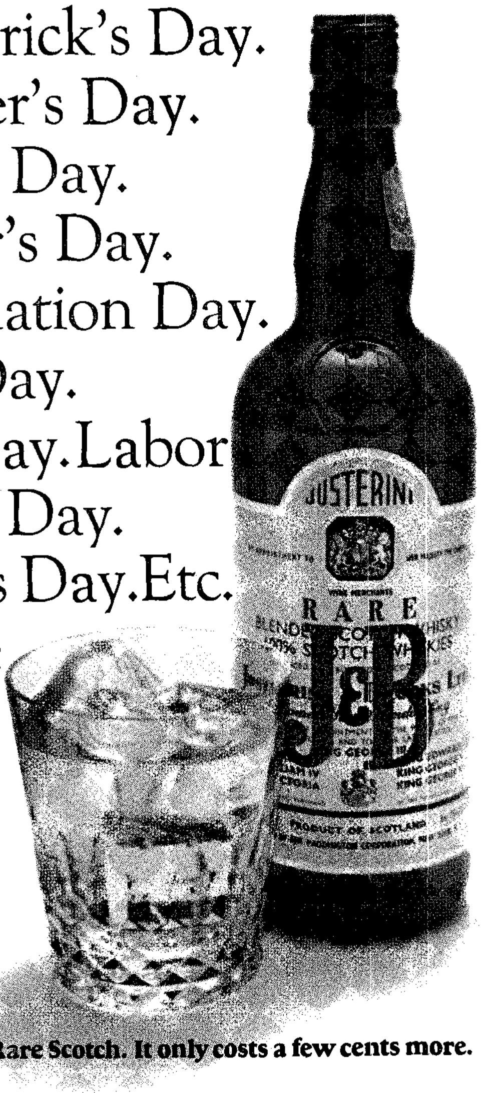
Celebrate everything with it.

TUE WED THU
4 5 6
11 12 13

New Year's Day.
St. Valentine's Day.
Ground Hog's Day.
St. Patrick's Day.
Mother's Day.
Arbor Day.
Father's Day.
Graduation Day.
Flag Day.
Independence Day. Bastille Day. Labor Day. Columbus Day. Election Day. Thanksgiving Day. Christmas Day. Etc.

(With J&B Rare Scotch, the rest of everything is up to you.)

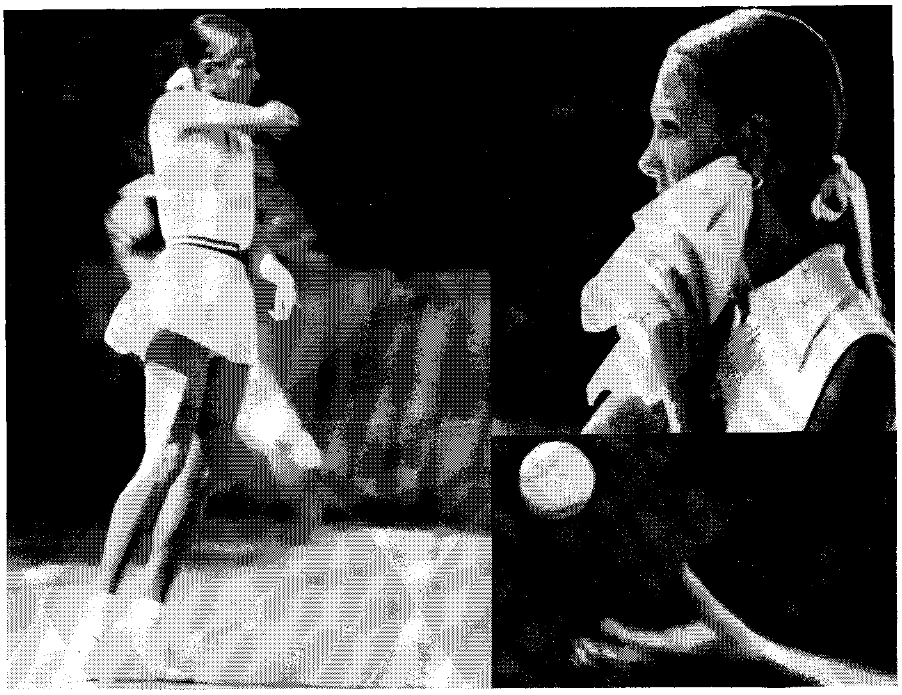
Cheers.


JUSTERINI
RARE
J&B
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND

J&B Rare Scotch. It only costs a few cents more.

American début as Marta, is not exactly that. She is a plump woman with a rich but unevenly produced voice, which is at its best toward the top of her range. Edgar Keenon, who was making his New York début, in the role of Sebastiano, sang with obvious competence, but his voice proved to be a trifle inexpressive, and in lesser roles Kate Hurney, John Guarnieri, David Ronson, and Richard Allen sang dutifully but without any special vocal distinction. The discovery of the evening was a tenor named Ion Buzea—a sort of Rumanian Corelli—who sang the role of Pedro. Mr. Buzea has a voice of enormous power, which he uses sometimes with polish, sometimes with a certain lack of restraint. He is tall, slim, and handsome, differing in these respects from most tenors, and he is capable of modulating his big voice with considerable variety of color everywhere except at the very top, where he tends to let loose with deluges of sound. Mr. Buzea is still young, and much can be expected from him in the future. The conductor, Otto-Werner Mueller, also making a New York début, handled things fairly efficiently, but he nowhere brought rhythmic vitality to the score.

THE most interesting thing on the program of last Thursday night's Philharmonic concert in Philharmonic Hall was a performance, apparently the first ever heard here, of Scriabin's Second Symphony. It was introduced by a new conductor, a Pole named Georg Semkow, who showed a mastery of his craft in several other compositions as well. But it was the Scriabin symphony that stood out, and not only because of its novelty. It is long, it is diffuse, it sometimes does not seem to be going anywhere in particular, and yet I find it a beautiful composition. Further hearings might clarify some of its intricacies. Even though it is an early work, it has all those chains of unresolved chromatic chords that appear later on in things like the "Poème d'Extase," which was very popular hereabouts in the twenties. It sounds like Wagner, Franck, and Tchaikovsky from time to time, but it is unmistakably Scriabin, which is to say that it is a work of pronounced individuality and expresses a romantic vision of an almost hallucinatory sort. The program notes said that Western listeners were apt to place its composer halfway between Richard Strauss and Stravinsky. Not I. I see no connection with Stravinsky's music at all, and Richard Strauss survived Scriabin by thirty-



Tennis. It takes inches off your body
and adds years to your skin.

Lots of exercise in the hot sun certainly will firm you up. But it will also dry you out. That's why Bonne Bell's After Sun Beauty™ is so important. It replaces the vital moisture the sun takes away. Splash it on after you shower or bathe. Your skin will stay smooth, sleek and young. You really shouldn't play tennis without it.

Bonne Bell®
Lakewood, Ohio 44107

The official cosmetic of the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association.

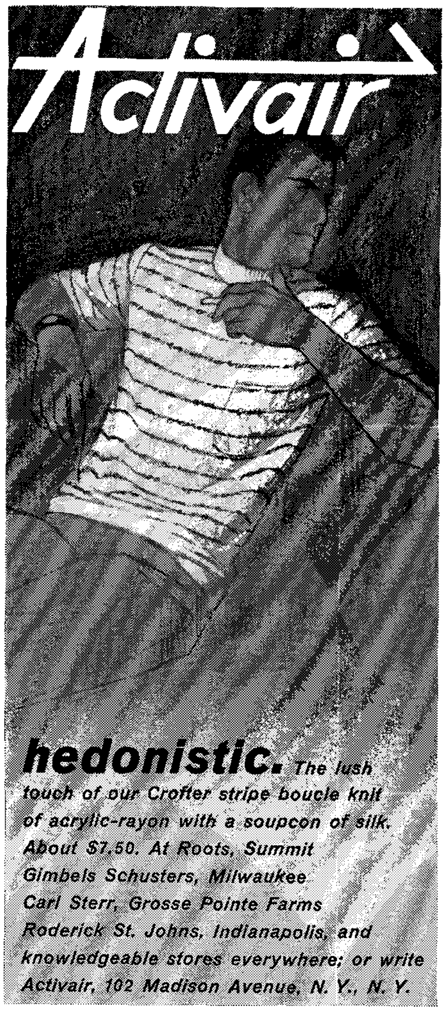
It fits your pocket, palm or purse.

Kodak
INSTAMATIC
S-10 CAMERA

That's how nice and slim the Kodak Instamatic S-10 camera is. You load it instantly and have no settings to make. And you get really good, sharp color snapshots or color slides. In a complete outfit it's less than $35.

Kodak Instamatic® S-10 camera.

Price subject to change without notice.


Activair

hedonistic. The lush touch of our Crofter stripe boucle knit of acrylic-rayon with a soupcon of silk. About $7.50. At Roots, Summit
Gimbels Schusters, Milwaukee
Carl Sterr, Grosse Pointe Farms
Roderick St. Johns, Indianapolis, and knowledgeable stores everywhere; or write Activair, 102 Madison Avenue, N. Y., N. Y.

You'll find something new to talk about in Surinam.

Talk about the luxurious Surinam-Torarica Hotel right next to a tropical jungle. It's air-conditioned, has great food, a magnificent casino, an olympic-size pool. Talk about the Bushnegro fire dancers, Jungle Safaris, Moslem Mosques, Dutch curio shops. Surinam (Old Dutch Guiana) is only a few jet hours away via Pan AM or KLM or BWIA or Air France. For more information ask your Travel Agent, or call (212) 265-7474, or use this coupon.

Executive House Hotels
630 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10020
Tell me all about Surinam

Name____________________
Address____________________
Phone No.____________________
City______State______Zip Code______
NY-419

Surinam-Torarica Hotel/Casino.
Another Fine Executive House© Hotel.

five years or so, writing much more coherent music.

MARTHA GRAHAM, though she would probably bridle at the thought, has always been, to my mind, a romantic artist. Her dance is not merely a matter of movement and spatial organization. It deals obsessively with a great subject, sex. Often the subject is thwarted sex—or the tragedy of non-communication between lovers, or the loneliness of the sexually deprived, or the grand tragedies in which incest, rape, and other deviations play a part—but it is nearly always sex. And I mean this as a compliment. For only the greatest artists are equipped to handle this subject without either prurience or sentimentality. I have not seen her work often enough to be able to assess it in any detail, but I went to the City Center last Tuesday night to attend the opening of a season by her and her troupe, and I found the three works on the program—"Canticle for Innocent Comedians," "The Plain of Prayer," and "A Time of Snow"—quite engrossing. The first of these had, here and there, touches of comedy of the sort that are present in earlier works like "Every Soul Is a Circus," though these touches were much less broad. The second was about a place said to be in Tibet, and was on the exotic side, full of saffron Buddhist robes and stately movement, and owing just a reminiscence or two to Denishawn. The third was about Héloïse and Abélard—a tragic work that brought to life one of the most recent of the great myths, and that seemed to me to project its meaning admirably. The outstanding dancers of the evening were Helen McGehee, Takako Asakawa, Yuriko Kimura, Phyllis Gutelius, Bertram Ross, Mary Hinkson, the high-whirling William Louther, who struck me as special, and Robert Cohan. The women were generally attractive, and so was the music, by Thomas Ribbink, Eugene Lester, and Norman Dello Joio. None of this music was of the grinding, atonal type. Since Miss Graham is a style setter, perhaps this fact is a straw in the wind. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

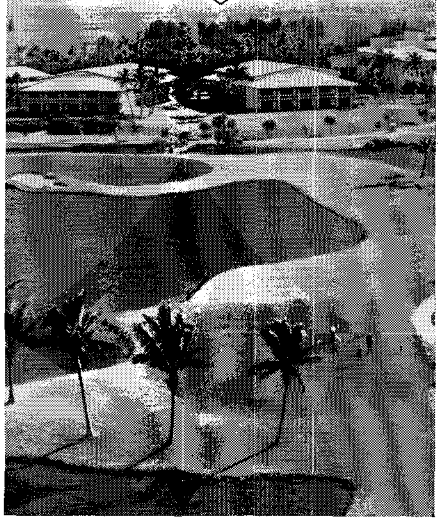
> A proposal of the Harrisburg Redevelopment Authority involving possible demolition of the city's new planner when he takes office next Friday, it was indicated yesterday.
> —*Harrisburg (Pa.) Patriot.*

In Harrisburg, they don't fool around.

DORAL
COUNTRY CLUB
AND HOTEL, MIAMI

One of America's finest resorts . . .
with complimentary golf for guests

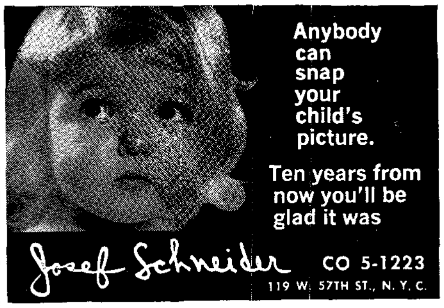
Contact your travel agent
or call Miami (305) 532-3600



You can learn to write in the Italic hand if you have an Osmiroid pen, an Italic nib and our free introductory manual.

OSMIROID
ITALIC

Only $2.50 at art material, stationery and pen shops as well as college book stores. Your check or money order can also be mailed to Pentalic Corp., 132 West 22nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10011. Add 50 cents to cover handling. State whether right or left handed. . . . Nothing is more satisfying than learning to produce the beautiful thicks and thins that characterize the italic hand and it's easy to learn as the pen, held at the proper angle, does most of the work for you. So be a penman, own an Osmiroid.


Anybody
can
snap
your
child's
picture.
Ten years from now you'll be glad it was
Josef Schneider CO 5-1223
119 W. 57TH ST., N. Y. C.

"The flavor of the French Provinces in the heart of Beverly Hills . . ."
LUNCHEON — DINNER
Maison Gerard French Provincial Cuisine
224 South Beverly Drive • CR 3-5430

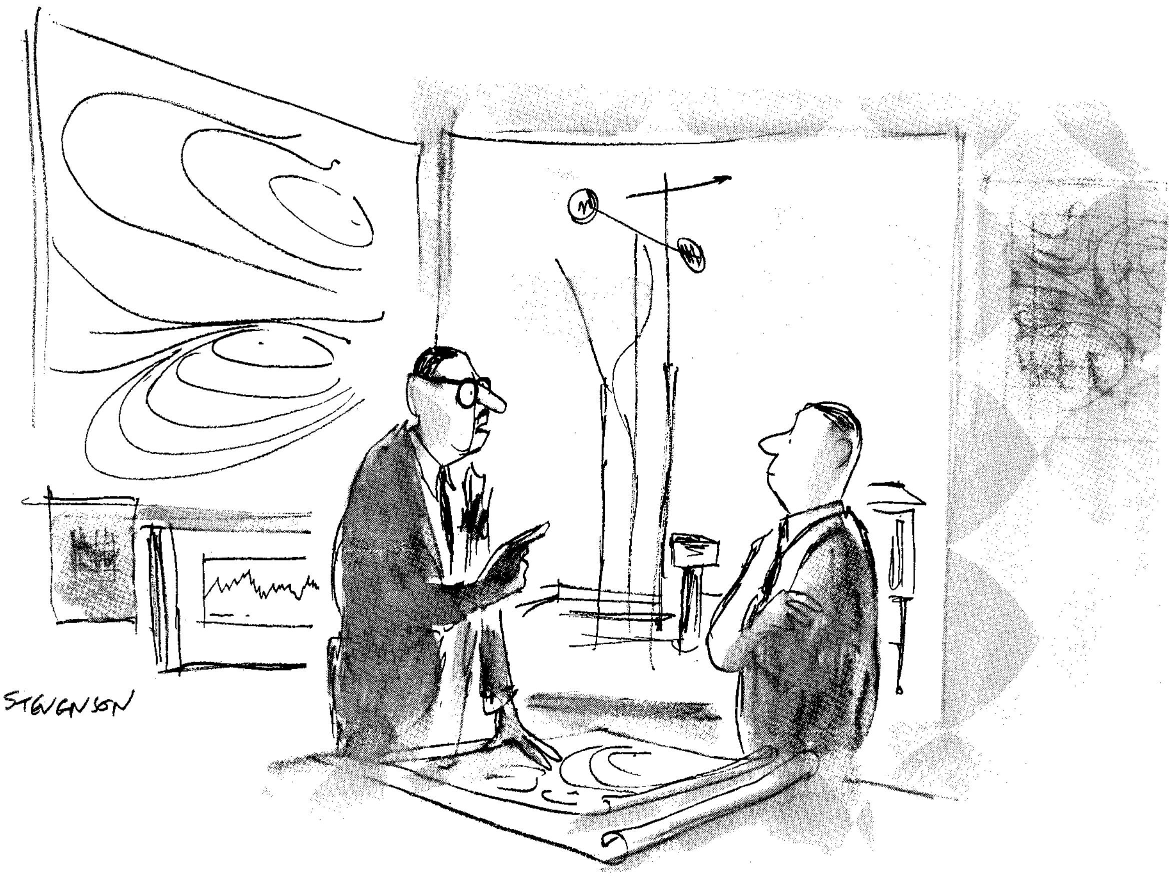
BOOKS

What Can You Expect?

THE moment a child is born, it joins a particular kind of world. A doctor has done the delivery in a hospital, or a midwife has done it in a rural cabin, or the baby has emerged unassisted. That baby learns how to sit up, walk, talk, play, dress, and eat. Genes have a lot to do with the child's appearance and appetites and growth, but what *happens* to anyone, infant or grownup, is almost inevitably ordained by the laws of nature. A boy might have it in him to become a tall, strong, energetic man, and a girl might have it in her to become an unusual beauty, but without proper food they will not survive infancy, let alone reach adulthood in anything like the condition they might have attained, had life been more generous.

All this is common sense, but a common sense that is often missing in arguments over the rights and powers of those two antagonists "nature" and "nurture," each of which has its strenuous partisans. Nor is the struggle only abstract, ideological, or philosophical. When a subject such as what goes to make up "intelligence" is debated, very concrete and practical issues are involved. If intelligence is to be considered something fixed and precise, a biological "given," then teachers are right to separate the quick-witted child from the slow one, and to look upon themselves as agents for each kind of child: the child comes to school with a good, fast mind, an average one, or a slow one, and the school's job is to find out and act accordingly. This teacher works well with fast learners, that one with the dull child; So-and-So has a knack for those in the middle, who respond to her and go as far as they can as a result of her attentive ear, her light, gentle touch. On the other hand, "intelligence" can be considered a complicated and variable activity by which the mind, under certain circumstances—and what is favorable for one person can be the opposite for another—meets up with facts and situations and comes to understand them, act upon them, gain some control over them. This view places great stress on complexity and variability. Idiots can have astonishing powers of recall; geniuses can be dumb about so very much; writers can barely know how to count; any number of brilliant social scientists can't write a straight sentence. More to the point of our present national problems, children can be stubbornly, impossibly backward in school but shrewd, imaginative, and resourceful at home—or, more likely, on the streets and in the alleys.

At this point, the anthropologist and the psychiatrist (and perhaps the merely intelligent teacher or parent) may remind us that some children grow up in a family, a neighborhood, a town where schools mean a lot and the children's achievement in them means everything to their parents. Such children learn that it makes a difference if they pay attention to the teacher and do what she says; others literally learn not to learn. One boy's parents are well-to-do and ambitious, but he is afraid to learn and so has what child psychiatrists call a "learning block." His brain seems normal but his mind won't, for any number of reasons, take in the facts and put them together. A blurred, indistinct world seems safer—an attitude obviously the result of certain experiences. Many children have no such psychological problem but still don't do well at school—because they come there, as it is now put, "disadvantaged" and "deprived." A number of physicians and nutritionists and neurophysiologists argue that a diet low in critically important vitamins, minerals, and proteins causes serious damage to an infant's brain, so he comes to school retarded not by disease or injury but by the repercussions of a nation's social and economic problem, which becomes an intense personal problem for millions of families. Yet even if poor parents can provide their children with decent meals and medical care and clothes—which is not usual—there is a larger issue. Do parents give their children



"Although numerous people discuss meteorological conditions, Newsome, few make any substantial attempt to alter them."

When you want to see as well as you look
SPINNAKER
EVERGLADE
SUNVOGUES
The Serious Sunglasses
AMERICAN OPTICAL CORPORATION

Wear SUNVOGUES—the serious sunglasses. Many sunglasses are only dark glasses that shut out light. SUNVOGUES *filter* out harmful infrared and ultraviolet rays. The lenses are ground optically correct to prevent distortion. Over thirty designs for men and women. Through the Eye Care professions and at finer stores. From eight to twenty-five dollars.

confidence, or do they feel discouraged about life most of the time? It takes a lot of persuasion, subtle suggestion, charm, or even force to make an infant the kind of child teachers like: well scrubbed, eager, obedient, responsive. Mothers who live in broken-down tenements, who never know when the next few dollars will come, have little energy left for their children. Life is grim and hard, and the child has to learn that. He learns it and learns it and learns it—how to survive all sorts of threats and dangers, why his parents have given up on school, why they have fallen on their faces. He learns about racial hatred, the state of the economy, technological change; he learns whether he is an insider or an outsider, whether storekeepers and property owners and policemen treat his family with kindness and respect or with suspicion and even out-and-out contempt. By the time a child of the ghetto comes to school, his knowledge might well be what has been awkwardly called "the intelligence of the so-called unintelligent as it appears in sly, devious, and haunting ways."

The teacher may know all that but have little time to ponder the social and psychological forces that make children so very different from one another before they have had a single day of school. To the teacher, the differences are a beginning, not an end. Six-year-old children are what they are, and they are quickly found out by their teachers and school psychologists and by "objective criteria"—by all those intelligence tests, each with its own twist, its own special, prideful, reasonable (or extravagant) claims. These tests are employed to separate children by "tracks": fast, medium, slow. The theory is valid; the able and gifted ones will not intimidate the fearful and slow ones, nor will the slow ones cost the fast ones their right to learn at a speed they find congenial. Yet those who score well in the tests take an interest in schoolwork and become known as first-rate students; those to whom teachers and the work they assign are a big bore or a big fright become the "problem child," the "disruptive child," the slow-witted or stupid one—no matter how bright they may be "underneath."

Well, what can the poor overworked, underpaid teacher do about all that? Can he be responsible for our nation's injustices, for its history of racial strife, for the regional circumstances that doom white Appalachian children and Indian children and Mexican-American children as well as black children? Can schools make up for lacks and shortages and cruelties at home? Can a few hours in a classroom, even one run by the most capable and best-intentioned of teachers, really change a sullen, troubled child's destiny? Can it be that teachers in dozens of ways, for dozens of reasons, determine which children will eagerly absorb their lessons and which ones will say maybe or positively no? Can the child's performance in school be considered the result as much of what his teachers' attitudes are toward him as of his native intelligence or his attitude as a pupil?

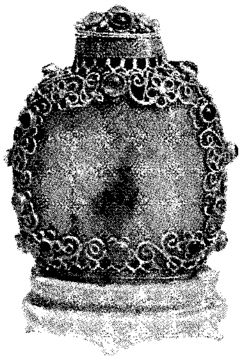
A book with the dramatic and suggestive title of "Pygmalion in the Classroom" (Holt, Rinehart & Winston) has a lot to say about the whole issue. The authors are Robert Rosenthal, a Harvard social psychologist, and Lenore Jacobson, a San Francisco school principal, and their study has to do, in the pedantic words of their subtitle, with "teacher expectation and pupils' intellectual development." They began their work in 1964, when they gave the "Harvard Test of Inflected Acquisition" to most of the children of what they have called the Oak School, an elementary establishment on the West Coast. (The only ones not tested were to leave the school before the next round of tests.) The test had prophetic powers, the school's teachers were told: "As a part of our study we are further validating a test which predicts the likelihood that a child will show an inflection point or 'spurt' within the near future. This test which will be administered in your school will allow us to predict which youngsters are most likely to show an academic spurt. The top twenty per cent (approximately) of the scorers on this test will probably be found at various levels of academic functioning. The development of the test for predicting inflections or 'spurts' is not yet such that *every* one of the top twenty per cent of the children *will* show a more significant inflection or spurt in their learning within the next year or less than will the remaining eighty per cent of the children."

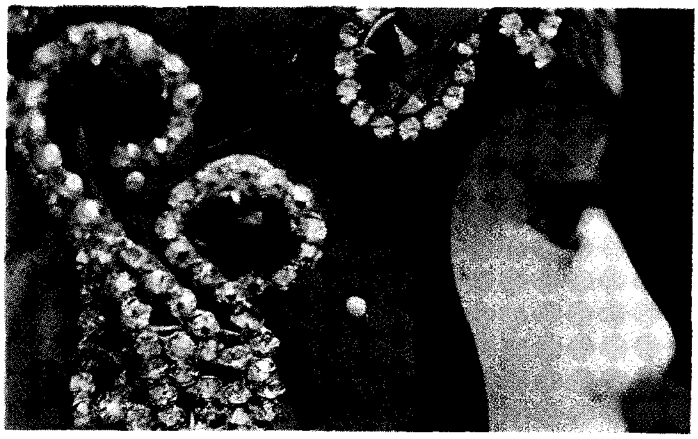
There is no "Harvard Test of Inflected Acquisition." Dr. Rosenthal and Mrs. Jacobson had a mission to fulfill, and they knew that such a name would impress schoolteachers of the second half of the twentieth century; when someone out of Harvard comes around

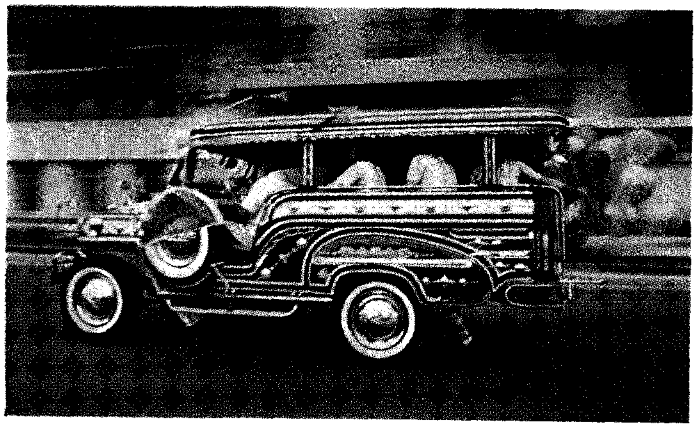
Europe was everything you imagined.
The Orient is everything you cannot.

Singapore can't be confused with Hong Kong. Bali and Bangkok are worlds apart. You won't bump into Fred and Ethel in Zamboanga or Cebu.

Philippine Air Lines' California-Orient Express can take you to more of the Orient than anyone else. And bring you back with more of it, too.







200 STOCKTON ST. at UNION SQUARE **SAN FRANCISCO**

NAME ZIP 94108

ADDRESS

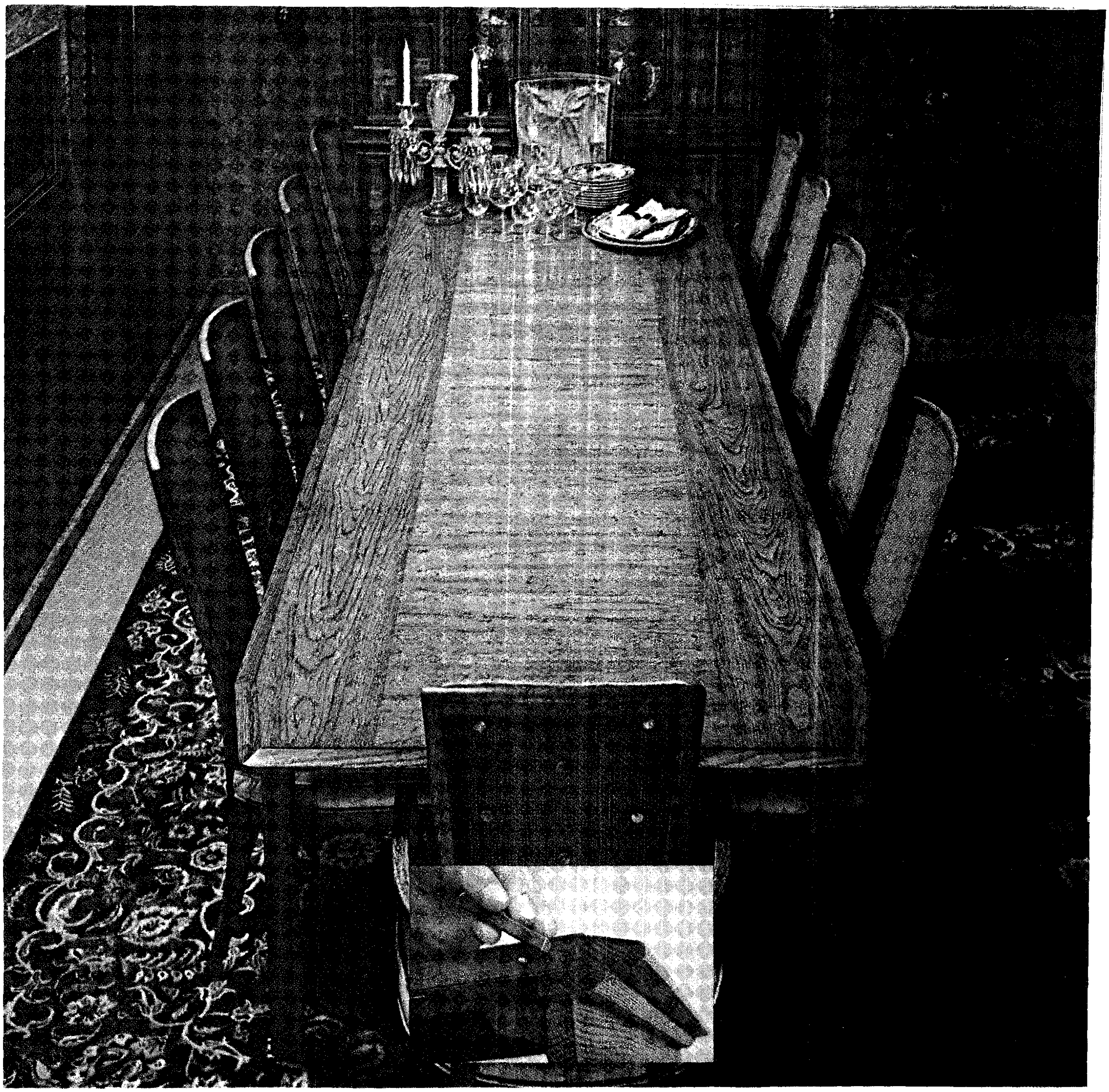
CITY STATE ZIP

TRAVEL AGENT

☐ Here's $1 (cash or money order) for your wonderful 64-page booklet about the Orient.

PHILIPPINE AIR LINES

NY 4-69



THE $150 DIFFERENCE

When a table is designed so that each of its leaves adds to its beauty as well as its length, only more money can buy it.

You might be able to find a table that looks a little like this for about $270. It won't be as roomy. You might have to hide its leaves with a cloth. But if all you want is a table that will squeeze in the occasional ten you have over for dinner, you'll be happy with it.

This Heritage dining table will cost you about $420. Or $150 more than its look-alike. With no leaves in, this table seats six. With all three leaves in place, it easily seats twelve. But with each leaf you add, you add more than just room. You accentuate its design.

Above the oak base and legs of this table is a top of pecky pecan veneer. Set so its parts form a bond that's stronger than solid wood. Selected so its patterns of grain flow the length and breadth of this table.

So unique is each grain of the pecan veneer, we label each table with a registry number that corresponds with its leaves. So subtle are the grain's variations, we number each leaf with its order to make sure the match will always be perfect once our table is yours.

The higher price on this Heritage table, or any other piece of furniture we make, buys something that only more money can buy. Whether it's the way we'll work with a wood to take a table out of the realm of pure function. Or the way we'll shape a sofa from the inside out to support the look you select.

When you see work like this, you'll find the Heritage name. Swinging on a hang-tag from this table from our new Transcept Collection. Hiding under the cushion of a wing chair from our Distinguished Upholstery Collection. If you would like to know more about Heritage and see how it could fit into your home, send two dollars for a Heritage catalog collection and room planning kit to Dept. NY-4-1969 Heritage Furniture Company, High Point, North Carolina.

HERITAGE®

A division of Drexel Enterprises, Inc.

to estimate "inflected acquisition," a woman who struggles to teach boys and girls their letters and numbers can only be grateful for the assistance afforded by Progress and Science. The children were really given the useful Flanagan's Tests of General Ability, or TOGA. TOGA is one of a hundred tests most teachers don't know about. They do know, however, that social scientists are smart. So the Oak School teachers had reason to believe they were aiding research by lending their children to an experiment that would help establish the value of yet another man-made "instrument"—the name given all those questionnaires and tests by the psychologists and sociologists who make them up. Naturally, the teachers also believed that they would become privy to interesting and important information. The Oak School divides each grade into fast, medium, and slow tracks, and TOGA supposedly supplied lists of pupils for all three tracks of each grade. TOGA apparently could spot the "spurters," or "bloomers," and the teachers were let in on the discoveries, though they were cautioned not to tell what they knew to any children or parents. But what really happened was that Dr. Rosenthal and Mrs. Jacobson had arbitrarily selected the names; the TOGA scores had nothing to do with it. A third-grade class made up of fast learners might supply only one or two children to the honor roll of the "Harvard Test of Inflected Acquisition," and a first-grade class that seemed extremely slow might present eight or nine children headed for better things indeed. If any of the children on the lists turned out to be "special," it was because their teachers were told they were or were going to be.

Teachers have a lot to do besides reading and rereading the names of a few children who just might be headed for a kind nod from fate, and the Oak School went about its regular business for a year, interrupted only by two more bouts with TOGA. Then our two authors returned to Cambridge with the "data." Teachers are always grading their pupils—how they are getting along in each subject, how they behave, what their "attitude" is. All that, too, went East to the computers. The teachers were asked for more information: How successful might the children be; were their achievements in class the result of native ability or, say, a capacity for pure drudgery; was this child "appealing, well adjusted, affectionate" and that one "hostile and motivated by a need for approval"? What did the

Royal Worcester Flameproof Porcelain looks so lovely by candlelight it's hard to believe it slaved in a hot stove all day

Cook in it. Serve in it. But please don't eat those luscious fruits that grow all over it. They're for decoration. Not dessert. The Royal Worcester collection of Flameproof Porcelain consists of casseroles, ramekins, baking dishes, and souffles in all sizes and shapes. All in white. The better to show off the sun-ripened colors, individually fired in the great English tradition. From $2.00 to $45.00 at stores that serve only the best. Casserole shown, 2¼ qt., $25.00. Also available in Canada. For a free Flameproof folder write: Royal Worcester, 11 East 26th Street, New York 10010, Dept. N-2.

For an authentic Dry Margarita...

You better use Gavilan—the Dry Tequila

A wet tequila will never make it. With Gavilan, you can mix the authentic Dry Margarita...the authentic Bloody Maria... the authentic Tequila 'n Bitter Lemon...the authentic Tequila Sour...or Tequila on the Rocks. Anything else is for authentic Tourists!

GAVILAN TEQUILA

Imported
TEQUILA WHITE
PRODUCE OF MEXICO
TEQUILA
GAVILAN

The Mexican Government has awarded the Official Seal of Guaranteed Quality to the Distillers of Gavilan Tequila.
Free Recipe Book! Write Dept. 100. Foreign Vintages, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., New York 10020—90 Proof

No two figures are alike!

For beauty and comfort, on the golf course or beach, Berlé specialists offer you a suit exactly fitted to your individual requirements. Available in a variety of styles, patterns and colors. From $28.50

J. Berlé
DELINEATOR ©
15 EAST 57th STREET
BETWEEN 5th AND MADISON AVES.
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022 • PL 5-6250

Fine business & social stationery
monograms/coats of arms/crests
wedding invitations & announcements
address dies/reception & visiting cards
menu & dinner cards

DEMPSEY
Stationers & *Engravers*
CARROLL

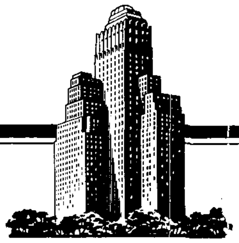
38 East 57th Street, New York / OX 5-6380
217 Worth Ave., Palm Beach / (305) 655-3605
Phipps Plaza, Atlanta, Ga. / (404) 261-2670

Visit our gallery and find the artist of your choice

PORTRAITS, INC.
We represent 200 of today's leading portrait painters and sculptors
41 EAST 57th STREET NEW YORK

authors and their research assistants discover? Their report—"Pygmalion in the Classroom"—is full of charts and graphs and statistics and percentages and carefully weighed statements, but there are conclusions that have great significance for this nation, preoccupied as it is with severe educational problems of many kinds. Among the children of the first and second grades, those tagged "bloomers" made astonishing gains in the later tests: "About every fifth control-group child gained twenty IQ points or more, but of the special children, nearly every second child gained that much."

The lesson in the book is clear: All sorts of young children did very much better in school than others like them, presumably because their teachers *expected* them to become "bloomers," and TOGA's putative prophecy was fulfilled so conclusively that even hard-line social scientists were startled. They were also taken aback by other results. The greatest gains were among the Mexican-American children, a "minority group" with "cultural disadvantage" and "cultural deprivation." Despite these condescending labels, the Mexican children became much better students in their teachers' eyes, too. What is more, the children who looked classically Mexican did better than those who looked a little "Anglo," which prompts the authors to speculate, dryly, that "the teachers' pre-experimental expectancies of the more Mexican-looking boys' intellectual performance was probably lowest of all. These children may have had the most to gain by the introduction of a more favorable expectation into the minds of their teachers." But the teachers were not won over by the remarkable improvement; the Mexican children still were rated low in "adjustment" and intellectual curiosity. Harvard people might know something, the teachers appeared to agree, but these miraculous improvements had come about because of something that had nothing to do with the teachers and their attitudes as educators, as men and women who believe in some children and view others, right from the start, as hopeless. Yet maybe a teacher can silently let a child know that good things are, incredibly, around the corner because the experts say so. A teacher's faith is apparently not required—only her loyalty to experts, the secular gods of the twentieth century. Dr. Rosenthal and Mrs. Jacobson are quite aware of the effect a pair of scientists armed with tons of paper can have on opinions. What obviously surprised



Enjoy New York at
a Prestige Hotel Address
at Moderate Rates...
overlooking Central Park!

The Barbizon-Plaza
AT 106 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH, N.Y.C.

... renowned locale of the world's finest hotels. The Barbizon-Plaza's fine personalized service, superb French Cuisine and 24 hour operator-attended elevators have made us the favorite of travelwise men and women.

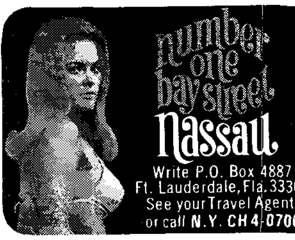
RESERVATIONS
AT GUARANTEED RATES
Choice Singles ....$15.50 to $22.50
Choice Doubles....$21.50 to $28.00
Tower Studio Suites $30.00 to $35.00

Free Indoor Garage with:
Singles from $20.00.
Doubles from $27.00.

WRITE FOR
FREE COLOR BROCHURE "N"
TELEPHONE: (212) CI-7-7000 • TELETYPE: 212-640-4099

ENTERTAIN
HANDSOMELY
IN OUR
Victorian Suite
& VERSAILLES ROOM
An elegant atmosphere to welcome your social parties of ten to 175 guests for dinners, supper dances or receptions. Illustrious cuisine and rare vintages, of course. Call our Banquet Department, RH 4-1600.

HOTEL CARLYLE
MADISON AVE.
AT 76th ST.



Write P.O. Box 4887
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. 33304
See your Travel Agent
or call N.Y. CH 4-0700

Nassau, Bahamas
SHERATON BRITISH COLONIAL HOTEL

Takeda's
IRORI
AUTHENTIC JAPANESE STEAKS &
SEAFOOD PREPARED ON OPEN GRILL
Individual Private Tables
60 W. 56th ST. tel. 247-3349

them was the substantial and persisting nature of that effect, obtained in spite of the long-standing prejudices of teachers. "One wonders whether among these minority-group children who over-represent the slow track and the disadvantaged of Oak School their gains in intellectual competence may not be easier for teachers to bring about than to believe."

The prejudices of teachers—and the effects the prejudices have on learning—come across on almost every page of this book. Bright children who were labelled "bloomers" were found more pleasant and attractive by their teachers; slow children labelled "bloomers" were grudgingly viewed as "more autonomous but less affectionate." When children in the lowest track inexplicably improved, the teachers became confused and angry: "The more such a child gained in IQ, the more unfavorably he was evaluated by his teacher in almost every respect." The authors remark, ironically, that "if a child is to show intellectual gains, it may be better for his intellectual vitality and for his mental health as seen by his teacher, if his teacher has been expecting him to gain intellectually. It appears that there may be psychological hazards to unexpected intellectual growth."

What actually happened in the Oak School? The authors of "Pygmalion in the Classroom" admit that they don't know. Before they tell about their project, they offer a more general discussion of what I suppose is best called the "self-fulfilling prophecy" as it takes place in everyday life, in the practice of medicine and psychiatry, and in the education not only of children but even of animals. Banks have failed simply because frightened people *believed* them to be in trouble. Certain groups of people have always been considered to be by nature inferior and uneducable, and because they have been treated so, they have appeared so, behaved so, and confirmed the beliefs of their oppressors. And patients feel better, get better, because they are persuaded that a given pill will do its job. There is evidence that even something as tangible as surgery draws upon psychological overtones for its success. In 1961, Henry K. Beecher, professor of anesthesiology at the Harvard Medical School, published in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* an article called "Surgery as Placebo." He described a new operation to relieve angina pectoris, and reported that the benefits of it were the result "of what happened in the minds of the patients and the surgeons involved." Experi-

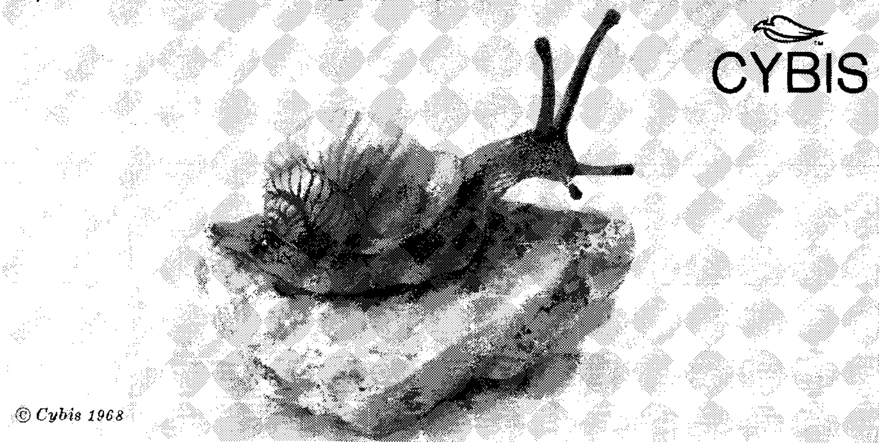
The lawn racket

When you're fed up with it, tell the man next door about the Silent Scotts lawnmower.* No gas, no oil, no smell, no profanity. And it rolls like a royce. After he's taken the hint you can throw away your ear plugs and sleep late on Sunday morning.

*from Scotts, the grass people.

At fine stores. Collector's catalogue $1. Cybis Porcelains, NV, Trenton, N. J. 08618

CYBIS



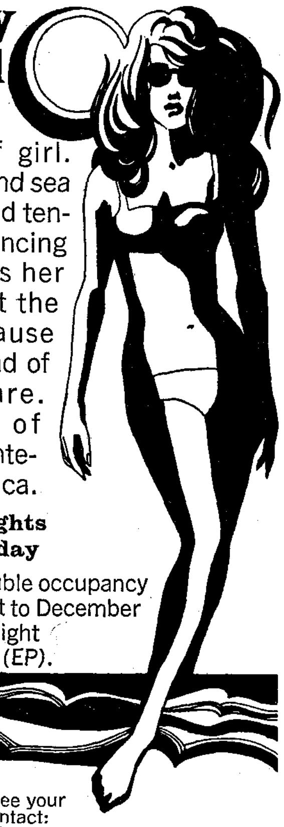
© Cybis 1968

See "A History of American Porcelain", Eastern Wash. State Historical Society, Spokane, Wash., Apr. 4–30.

ANGEL LOPEZ & SONS
chateau madrid
ALBERTO ROCHI
Flamenco by
RAMON de los REYES
& his company
Never a
cover charge
PL 2-8080
NOW AT 48th ST.
just e. of Lex. Ave. in Hotel Lexington

"50 YEARS OF PAINTING BY
MAX WEBER"
1881–1961
Major Comprehensive Exhibition
1907–1957
APRIL 15–MAY 10
Fully Illustrated Catalogue $1.00
•
BERNARD DANENBERG
GALLERIES
1000 Madison Ave., at 77 St.
Mon–Sat, 10–6

The Colony Girl



Our kind of girl. She's a sun and sea girl. A golf and tennis girl. A dancing girl. She lets her hair down at the Colony because that's the kind of place we are. Your kind of place. At Montego Bay, Jamaica.

7 Days—6 Nights from $19 per day

per person, double occupancy (MAP), in effect to December 15, 1969. 7th night complimentary (EP).

For reservations see your travel agent or contact:
ROBERT REID ASSOCIATES, INC.
Representatives
1270 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y. 10020
Phone: (212) 757-2444
Offices in Chicago, Miami, Toronto, London, Eng.

A New Experience in Atlantic City!

The Inn of the Three Tuns

Olde English Vittles and Potables in the tradition of the 18th Century Steak Pub. *Cocktails from Noon, Dinner from 6.*

SHELBURNE HOTEL
One Ton (2000) Boardwalk
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.
N.Y. Free Call: 1-800-257-7908

Not everyone will like High Hampton

The resort accommodations are unpretentious, but the food, facilities, and congenial people are as enjoyable as the beauty of silent peaks enclosing it. Private 18-hole golf course/bent grass greens, tennis, riding, trap-shooting, boating, swimming, fishing. Children's program. Early May to late Oct. Brochure *from High Hampton Inn & Country Club,* Dept. N, Cashiers, N. C. 28717.

ments revealed that surgeons who believed enthusiastically in the new method brought relief to patients four times as often as the skeptical surgeons did. It even turned out that a feigned operation, done under anesthesia and believed by the patient to be a complicated surgery, was equally effective. Psychiatry has not even begun to settle the issue of which treatment works for what reason. Entire mental hospitals have been suddenly transformed by the arrival of a new drug or "technique," and just as quickly the old despair and gloom have reappeared. Psychiatric theorists argue fiercely, attack one another in dense, muddled language—often enough to conceal from themselves, let alone others, the ever-present hunch that the mind is healed not only by rational explanations, however intricate and compelling, but by experiences (in the doctor's office, outside his office) that have to do with faith, reassurance, suggestion, persuasion, all of which a doctor can first inspire or offer out of his heart, and later nervously dress up in elaborate language that is respectably scientific.

"To summarize now what has been learned from research employing animal subjects generally," the authors say, "it seems that those that are expected to perform competently tend to do so, while animals expected to perform incompetently tend also to perform as prophesied." In describing an experiment, Dr. Rosenthal relates animals to children in a way every teacher might think about: "At the beginning of that study experimenters assigned allegedly dull animals were of course told that they would find retarded learning on the part of their rats. They were, however, reassured that 'it has been found that even the dullest rats can, in time, learn the required responses.' Animals alleged to be dull, then, were described as educable but slow. It was interesting in the light of this to learn that of the experimenters who had been assigned 'dull' animals, forty-seven per cent believed their subjects to be uneducable. Only five per cent of the experimenters assigned 'bright' rats were equally pessimistic about their animal's future. From this result one wonders about the beliefs created in schoolteachers when they are told a child is educable but slow, deserving but disadvantaged."

In the Oak School, "disadvantaged" children suddenly came to life and made astonishing gains. Yet they were given no crash programs, no special tutoring, no trips to museums; their teachers were simply told that those

Are you still holding up the U.S. mail?

You are if you don't use Zip Code!

ADVERTISING COUNCIL
advertising contributed for the public good

Steak Like mother never...

at The OLD BOURBON Steak HOUSE
INTERNATIONAL PROMENADE
NEW YORK HILTON / JU 6-7000

Pine Crest
Florida's Fine School

Admissions for the above-average student. Coeducational college preparatory from grade 7. Box Y, Fort Lauderdale, Fla. 33308

BROADWAY JOE
"NEW YORK'S TOP STEAK HOUSE"
open 4:30 P.M. to 1 A.M.
315 W.46 ST.NYC CI 6-6513 CO 5-9196

particular children bore watching. Another research project is needed if we are to discover how teachers go about letting children know they have a special destiny. No doubt dozens of signals are made: gestures, postures, facial expressions, a manner of approach, a choice of words and the way they are spoken, a look in the eyes, a touch of the hand. Soon the child gets the message—perhaps in the best way, unselfconsciously. He begins to feel the teacher's feelings, the pleasure of approval, and begins to learn more. There comes a time when the issue is not only emotional but intellectual, when a teacher's expectations become a child's sense of prideful achievement, which in turn enables *him* to expect more—of himself.

"Pygmalion in the Classroom" is not meant to be a popular book, though as books written by social scientists go it possesses an exceptionally accessible narrative style. The writers are not afraid of a readable and lively sentence, and they mix blunt social comment with the most complicated statistical equations and tabulations. Without attempting eloquence, they have achieved the matter-of-fact eloquence that goes with an original, imaginative study of people and their doings with one another. The authors constantly remind us of the ethical dimensions of scientific work. After all, they might have persuaded the teachers of Oak School to think less of certain children and to feel right about expecting nothing—right because scientists have said that it is useless to expect much but *decline* in certain children.

I like the way Dr. Rosenthal and Mrs. Jacobson question themselves, their moral purposes, and state their loyalties—ultimately to man as more than the sum of all labels and categories, and to man as full of hidden as well as apparent possibilities, for the good and for the bad. And I also like the title of this book. At the end, Eliza Doolittle is quoted: "The difference between a lady and a flower girl is not how she behaves, but how she's treated." In Shaw's "Pygmalion" a professor helps make a slattern into a lady, but in the Greek legend the issue is more momentous, a matter of life and death—which is what the alternatives are for our schoolchildren.

—ROBERT COLES

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

COMPANIONS OF THE HOLIDAY, by Donald Richie (Walker/Weatherhill). Like perfect paper figures,

PRODUCT OF PORTUGAL
THIS WINE SHOULD BE SERVED SLIGHTLY CHILLED
C. DA SILVA OPORTO
ESTATE BOTTLED · PRODUCE OF PORTUGAL
ISABEL ROSÉ
WINE VINTAGE 1964
ALCOHOL 11% BY VOL. 1 PINT 8 FL. OZ
PRODUCED BOTTLED AND SHIPPED BY
C. DA SILVA (VINHOS) S.A.R.L.
VILA NOVA DE GAIA, PORTUGAL

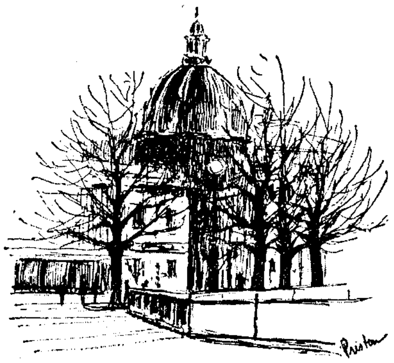
Isabel Rosé is a real swinger from Portugal.

1.99 the fifth
(N.Y. State price)

Let's tell it like it is. Isabel Rosé is the swinger you'll love to take to picnics or dinner parties. Isabel is not too sweet—but she's too full of love to be a dry wine. And even if you're not wearing beads—you'll dig Isabel's gold medal, hung on her for her estate bottled quality. Pick up Isabel and make the scene!

Imported by Charles Morgenstern Co., Inc., Freeport, New York.

The New Yorker Subscription Order Form



Please enter my subscription to
The New Yorker,
payment for which is enclosed.
One Year (52 issues) ☐ $10
Two Years (104 issues) ☐ $17

(Extra postage outside U.S. and its possessions:
Canada, Latin America, and Spain—
$1 per year; other foreign—$3.)

name

address

(Please include zip code number.)

The New Yorker, 25 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036

Setsu, an old housekeeper; Sumiko, the maid; Sumiko's swain, the meat boy; a curious and wizened egg man; and an old dog flutter softly through a tale of intricately wrought illusion and refined belowstairs debate. This most delicate of dramas, which yet encompasses hatred, love, and death, is set largely in Setsu's kitchen and in a garden, where, in the summer dusk, housekeeper and maid repair in summer kimonos to think and watch the fireflies rise. The story is told with loving humor and with nostalgia for the ways of old Japan. No member of the bread-eating postwar generation so frequently discussed in the kitchen would tolerate the vicarious existence of the loyal servant, nor would he know these filigree happinesses. The book is delightfully presented; Japanese ideographs head each chapter.

A CARD FROM MOROCCO, by Robert Shaw (Harcourt, Brace & World). A retired English Army officer in Spain befriends an American artist, the son of a Boston policeman. As common ground they have middle age, loneliness, an unflagging thirst for the cheap local wine, a taste for the boring and bawdy in conversation (a drawback, this, as Mr. Shaw's descriptions are minimal, and the novel is largely in dialogue form), a hint of homosexuality swept under the rug of a lifetime, and a miserable sense of seediness and failure. In expatriates, apparently—and more especially in expatriate drunks—any amount of nauseating quaintness is countenanced. Absurd pasteboard characters, they wobble in and out of the white sunlight and picturesque little Moorish bars. There are no other characters worthy of note, and no women at all.

THE STORIES OF JAMES STERN (Harcourt, Brace & World). The settings of the stories in this memorable selection are diverse—the Ireland of the author's childhood, the hunting field or a country house in England, a small freighter off Honolulu, an isolated one-man police station in South Africa, an Irish bar on Third Avenue, Germany at the end of the Second World War. Good storytellers are so rare that one almost expects Mr. Stern, who portrays places so convincingly, to show weakness when his central character is a shy former public-school boy, or a rich and eccentric old woman, or a hypersensitive child, or a miner (as in the moving account of a visit

THE RICE HOTEL

You'll like Houston's traditional host

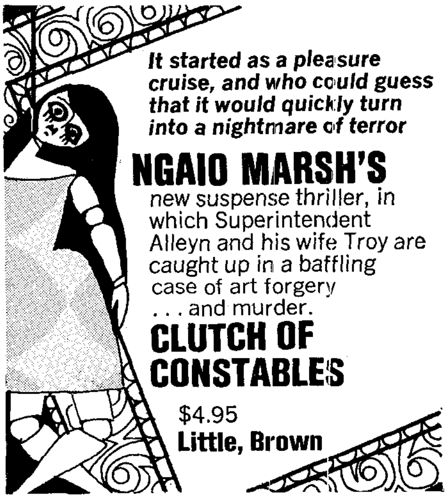
We're in the most interesting section of downtown Houston. From The Rice, you can walk (a block or two) to the burgeoning new Civic Center, Jones Hall, Old Market Square. And just down Main Street from us is the shopping and financial district. Check us out. Then we'll check you in . . . and show you why our location alone didn't make us Houston's traditional host.

Main at Texas, Houston · (713) CA 7-2111

THE HOUSE OF GREEN TURF
by Ellis Peters
The author of *The Grass-Widow's Tale* and other bone-chilling novels of suspense turns to Austria for the setting of this story of a young concert singer who is convinced she has caused a man's death. $5.50
MORROW

A New Rinehart Suspense Novel
By JOHN CREASEY as GORDON ASHE
A Clutch of Coppers
At a top-level conference in London, Scotland Yard's Patrick Dawlish and the Crime Haters find murder and kidnapping unexpectedly on the agenda. "Good Creasey-Ashe action."
—*Publishers' Weekly*
$3.95 from your bookseller
Holt, Rinehart and Winston, Inc.

CORITA
the retrospective in a box
32 color prints
five foot mural
original poster
big book, Sister Corita
$25.00
Pilgrim Press
United Church Press
1505 Race Street
Philadelphia, Pa. 19102



It started as a pleasure cruise, and who could guess that it would quickly turn into a nightmare of terror
NGAIO MARSH'S
new suspense thriller, in which Superintendent Alleyn and his wife Troy are caught up in a baffling case of art forgery . . . and murder.
CLUTCH OF CONSTABLES
$4.95
Little, Brown

SECLUDED SO. CALIF. RANCH
480 acres 27 mi. east of San Diego. Former horse ranch. Healthy climate at 900-1900 ft. 2 houses, barns, corrals, spring water wells, pumping system, utilities. Ideal for retreat, club, think tank, dude ranch. Priced below market. Terms. Rare investment.
Dan R. McFadden, 1508 Murray Drive
Los Angeles 90026 (213) 661-3255

How long has it been since you've had a REAL vacation?
The Buccaneer
St. Croix, U.S. Virgin Islands
Write for FREE color brochure
315 E. 72nd St., NYC 10021

to the pitheads and back-to-backs of Derbyshire and South Wales in 1931), or, at the very least, when he describes a struggle to the death between a swan and a fox. But he never does.

GENERAL

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF DIETRICH BONHOEFFER, by Mary Bosanquet (Harper & Row). This biography tells, simply and convincingly, how a handsome, charming, musical, opinionated German (1906-45) became a Christian martyr. Waywardness is part of the story: Bonhoeffer's early interest in religion was a surprise—almost a disappointment—to his modern, secular-minded family; his religious opinions went against the grain of the liberal theological faculty at Berlin University; and his notions of Christianity and of the role of the church were wholly opposed to those of his nation's ruler, Adolf Hitler. Yet sheer perversity is certainly not the whole tale. It does not explain Bonhoeffer's amazing resourcefulness in maintaining Christian resistance to Hitler. Or his courage. He helped others to flee, but he himself rejected several opportunities to leave Germany; if he did not foresee his execution, he risked it. Miss Bosanquet does not assume that her audience shares Bonhoeffer's faith; she merely says, plainly and precisely, what happened, and leaves each reader to derive what edification he can from an inspiring life.

TWO STUDIES IN CONSTITUTIONAL INTERPRETATION, by Telford Taylor (Ohio State). The first of these absorbing essays, "Search, Seizure, and Surveillance," outlines the history of the search warrant and describes its present uses and the protections it can and cannot guarantee. The main concern of Mr. Taylor, a professor of law at Columbia, is that American law has not yet sufficiently distinguished a warrant—which, as the Fourth Amendment says, limits a search and seizure to a particular object or objects—from a court order allowing wiretapping or other forms of electronic surveillance, which gather any and every kind of material. (The Supreme Court's decision of March 10th on this matter, which cites the Fourth Amendment, may relieve his concern.) Mr. Taylor's second study, "Fair Trial and Free Press," explores what the American bar and press are doing to resolve a pecul-

"We love roughing it here in the Canadian Wilderness"

If you're looking for a teepee, igloo or wickiup. Forget it. We've tamed the Canadian wilderness at Sutton Place—and replaced it with the kind of elegance you thought went out with the British Empire. You can choose a room in traditional or contemporary decor.

Enjoy cocktails overlooking the city. Relax in the swimming pool. Dine grandly in The Royal Hunt Room. Go slumming in The Bull and Bear Pub.

You'll enjoy roughing it at Sutton Place—just steps from Toronto's fashionable boutique district.

THE SUTTON PLACE HOTEL
Our kind of service is a practiced art.

The Sutton Place Hotel • 955 Bay St. • Toronto 5, Ont. • (416) 924-9221

Cut out for a trip

A tour, a trip, a holiday—call it what you will but find it in the brand-new **Fielding's Travel Guide to Europe: 1969 Edition.** $7.95 and you're flying. More brand-new travel news: **Fielding's Guide to the Caribbean,** $7.50; **Fielding's Quick Currency Guide for Europe** and also for the **Far, Near & Middle East,** $3.95 each; **Fielding's Selective Shopping Guide to Europe: 1969 Edition,** $1.95 Fielding Publications/William Morrow

It's smart to go Fielding!

"A marvelous romp to be enjoyed by people on both sides of 35."
—*Publishers' Weekly*

Remember Jack Hoxie
by Jon Cleary

A delightful novel of the Generation Gap and the psychedelic world of modern youth.

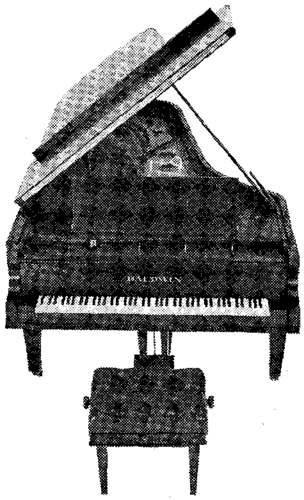
$5.95
MORROW

BOMBSHELL
RICHARD RAINE

A series of bomb explosions that wipes out thirteen of Europe's key politicians sends English investigator David Martini on a whirlwind manhunt from Venice to the Alps accompanied by a sexy newspaperwoman and a German policeman.

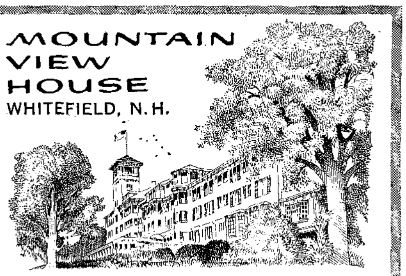
$4.95 HARCOURT, BRACE & WORLD

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Lorin Hollander's Accompanist

The New Baldwin



MOUNTAIN VIEW HOUSE
WHITEFIELD, N.H.

In the heart of the White Mountains

Gracious hospitality in the tradition of the Dodge family for four generations. Congenial guests enjoy swimming, golf, tennis, entertainment, movies, and dancing. Cocktail Lounge. Fine food. 185 rooms.

Frank Schuyler Dodge, Jr., Manager

SEASON BEGINS JUNE 25TH

Jasper's
ITALIAN RESTAURANT TRADIZIONALE
featuring
•Veal Lemonata Doré
•Fettuccine a l'Alfredo
BERE MANGIARE BENE
405 West 75th Street, KANSAS CITY

"Sip and savor Gourmet Cantonese Specialties at . . ."
BRUCE HO'S FOUR SEAS
New York Manhasset
116 E. 57 ST. N.Y.C. • PL 3-2610

iarly American dilemma: although uninhibited press comment has sometimes made a fair trial impossible in the United States, a freely reported open trial has sometimes safeguarded justice.

MEN WHO PLAY GOD, by Norman Moss (Harper & Row). Mr. Moss, a British journalist, has written a detailed and brilliant account of how the hydrogen bomb was made and what its presence has done to transform our lives. The book is full of illumination—much of it about unfamiliar things—and it is written with great objectivity and care. There are fascinating profiles of Edward Teller, Herman Kahn, the British bomb protesters, and Strategic Air Command pilots and their British and French counterparts. (Mr. Moss quotes an R.A.F. officer as telling one of his pilots, who was worried about whether he could get back to England after he dropped the bomb, "Your best bet, old man, is to keep on flying east, come down somewhere deep in the country, and settle down with a nice, warm, Mongolian woman.") Of special relevance to our present quandary over the ABM system is Mr. Moss's discussion of the meaning of weapons of deterrence. In a world in which two powers are contending and can annihilate each other—and everyone else—it is essential for stability that neither power feel inferior, and hence threatened. As Mr. Moss concludes, "The peoples of the world today are all exposed, all vulnerable, all hostages to reason and restraint."

•

The admissions officers queried listed in order of importance the items to which they give major consideration:

Curriculum studies
The high school itself
Counselor's recommendation
Year of graduation
Intended college major
Counselor's comments
Subject or year failed
IQ scores
American College Testing scores
Success estimated by counselor
College Entrance Examination Board Achievement Test scores
Telephone number
Birth year
Merit Scholarship Qualifying Test scores
Extracurricular activities
Standardized high school achievement test scores

—*Christian Science Monitor.*

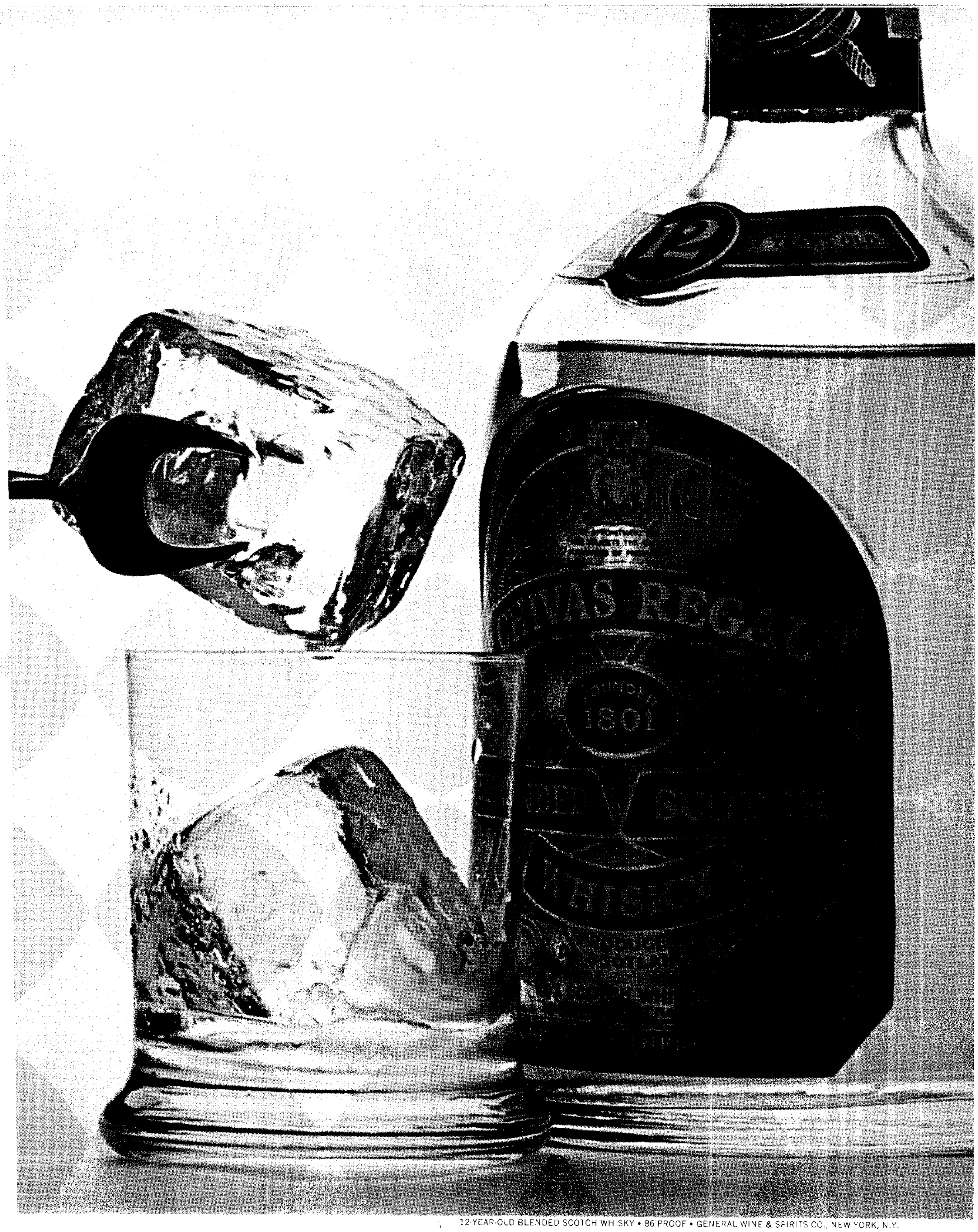
No wonder our kid didn't make it, with a phone number like ours.

CONNIE STEVENS
wends her way into your heart
from April 25 to May 13
Performances 9:15 & 12:15
For reservations call
PLaza 9-3000
PERSIAN ROOM
AT THE PLAZA
HCA Hotels

CHANDLER'S
49E49STNYC
NEW YORK'S PRIME STEAK HOUSE...SUPERLATIVE STEAKS, CHOPS, ROAST BEEF, LUSCIOUS LIVE TROUT AND LOBSTER...ALL SERVED SEVEN DAYS A WEEK AT THE CONVENTIONAL HOURS AND AFTER-THEATRE, TOO. FOR RESERVATIONS, PHONE PL 1-1960.

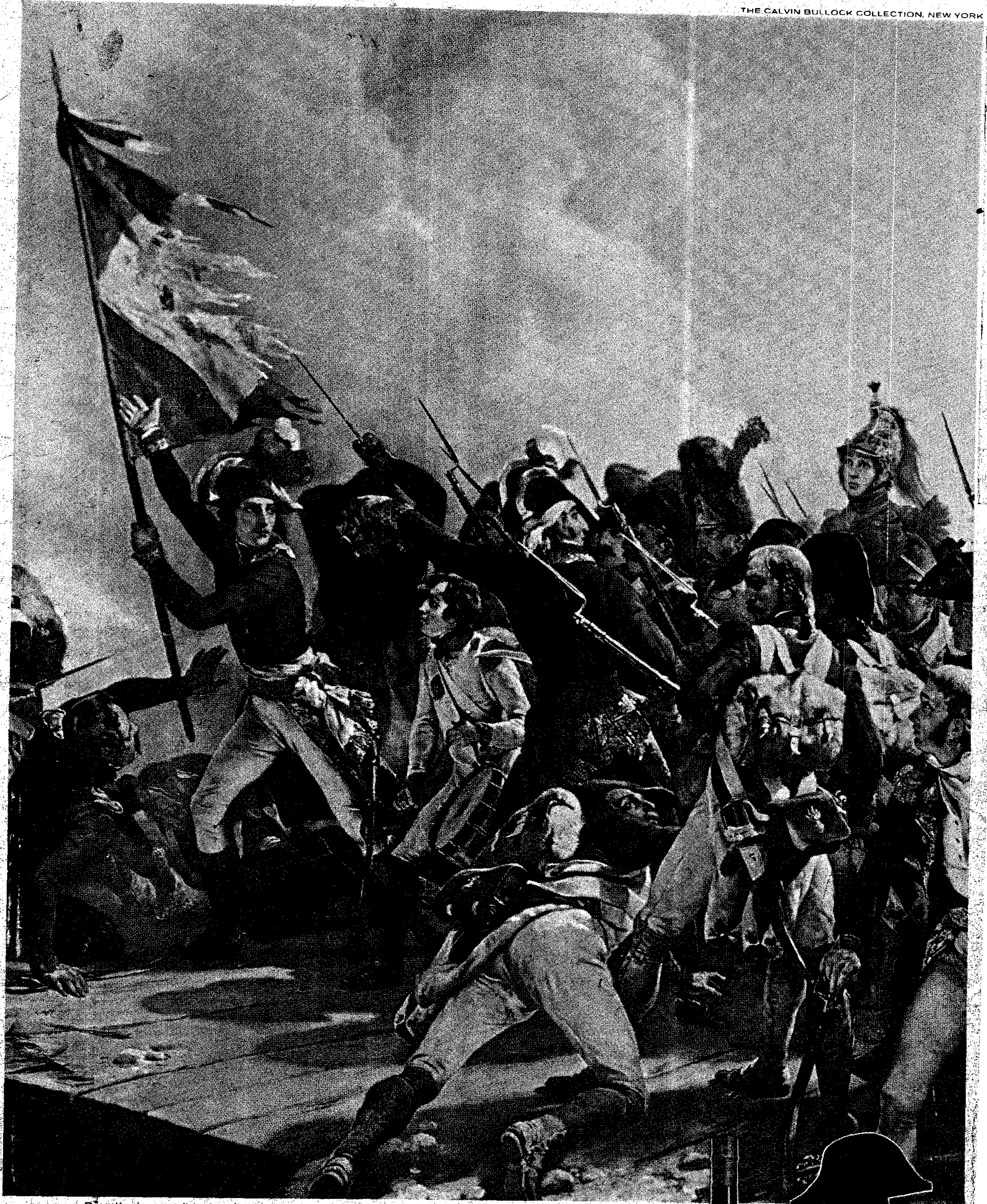
For the gift you'd like to keep yourself....
The Whitney Shop NEW CANAAN CONNECTICUT

FANNY'S
WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT
Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.
Hours 5 to 10 pm daily (OPEN EVERY DAY) 1601 Simpson St.
Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm Phone GR 5-8686 Evanston, Ill.


12
CHIVAS REGAL
FOUNDED 1801
WHISKY

12-YEAR-OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF • GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

When serving Chivas Regal, do you suddenly become exceedingly generous with your ice cubes?



THE CALVIN BULLOCK COLLECTION, NEW YORK

Bataille du pont d'Arcole. Detail from the painting by Emil Jean Horace Vernet (1789-1863). On November 17, 1796 when his troops were unable to capture the bridge at Arcole, Napoleon seized the colors and led his men to victory in one of the most important engagements of the Italian campaign.

COURVOISIER
COGNAC
IMPORTED BY W.A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y. 80 PROOF. SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.